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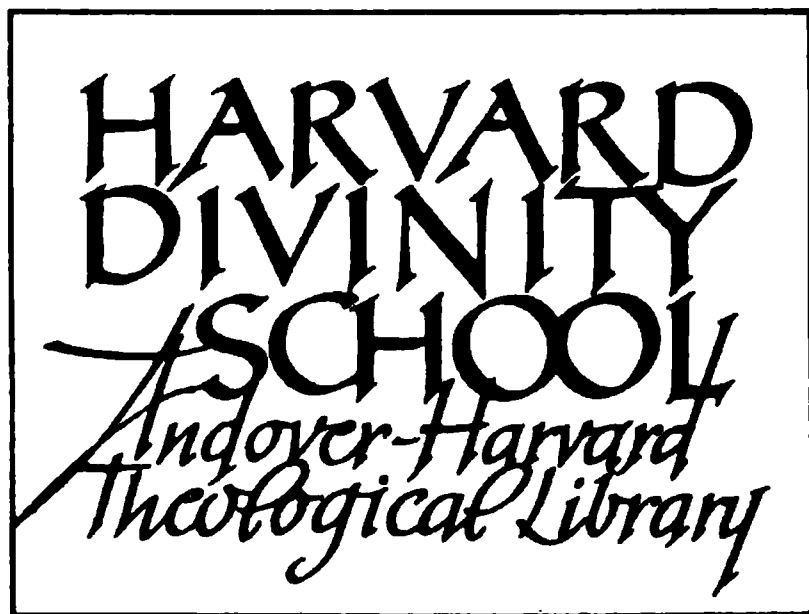
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Journal of the Wingdon of 1800

1800-1801



Hymns of the Kingdom of God

REVISED

EDITED BY
HENRY SLOANE COFFIN
AND
AMBROSE WHITE VERNON

NEW YORK
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY

1916

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11
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The revised edition of **HYMNS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD** marks no radical departure from the general principles governing the preparation of the earlier editions, as set forth by the editors in their original preface.

The changes that have been made are the result of an extended experience with the book in actual use, together with many valuable suggestions from a variety of sources, and the revised edition is offered to churches in full confidence that it will be found adequate for all purposes of worship, and a source of inspiration to congregational singing.

Those hymns which gave the book a distinctively literary value have been retained, and its usefulness further enlarged by the inclusion of several hymns which have been written since its first publication.

The revision of tunes has been more extensive than that of the hymns. It will be seen that practically all the familiar hymns are set to their associated tunes, and that the newer hymns are usually set to tunes sufficiently familiar to make them immediately available for general use. This brings within the limits of any congregation many hymns of rare poetic beauty and literary richness that might not otherwise be sung.

The original plan of placing so far as possible, hymns of the same metre on opposite pages has been retained, thus affording a choice in the use of tunes.

Throughout the book a high musical standard has been maintained, and only music of a devotional, churchly character has been included. While the great English and American composers are well represented, no other source has been neglected that would contribute music which lends itself to worship and inspires effective congregational singing.

We desire to express our thanks to Mr. George Whelpton, to whom the responsibility of this revision has been largely entrusted, for his valuable assistance and hearty cooperation.

THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY.

NEW YORK, 1916.

EDITORS' NOTE

Each generation of Christians emphasizes a particular aspect of the everlasting Gospel. Our own lays the stress upon the Kingdom of God. We have been led to believe that, as the Kingdom was the burden of our Lord's message, it should be the burden of His Church's prayer and praise. This book is an attempt to furnish the Church with a hymnal in which Christian communion with God is viewed as fellowship with the Father and the Son in the establishment of the Kingdom.

The editors have sought to make a small collection of large hymns. We have carefully examined several thousand hymns which have found a place in the worship of English-speaking churches during the last two hundred years. We have respected the sacred canon of Christian experience. We have felt that the older and the more widely used a hymn is, the more suited is it to common worship, and the better adapted to manifest and to promote the unity of the Church of Christ. We have striven, however, to include only hymns which are poetically beautiful, which express a normal and healthy spiritual experience, contain no divisive theology, and are specifically Christian in religion.

The text of each hymn has been traced back, as far as we were able, to its first edition. All changes have been carefully noted. If the author has sanctioned a change, the fact is indicated by the presence of two dates following his name. We have introduced no changes into familiar hymns save in a few instances where we have restored the author's original text and substituted it for the altered form which editors have published. We have also attempted to give the correct authorship or source, and the date of the tunes.

A small selection of children's hymns has been included because, while the editors believe that children should be taught the great hymns in the Sunday School, and so trained to join in the public worship of the Church, they also believe that in the Church service a hymn should occasionally be sung, which is especially adapted to their religious experience, in order that they may feel at home in the house of God. Such hymns often help older people to turn and become as little children.

This hymnal is sent forth in the hope that it will assist the Church of to-day to praise God heartily, intelligently and sincerely, to sing with the Spirit and with the understanding hymns which utter living convictions and which consecrate those who sing them to the purpose of Jesus Christ.

HENRY S. COFFIN.

AMBROSE W. VERNON.

Easter, 1910.

Contents

	Page		Page
Preface	iii	Authors and Translators of Hymns	xviii
First Lines of Hymns	vii	Composers and Sources of Tunes .	xxi
Alphabetical Index of Tunes	xiii	Index of Subjects	xxiv
Metrical Index of Tunes	xv	Opening Sentences	xl

The Hymns

	Hymns		Hymns
THE LORD OF THE KINGDOM.		TIMES, SERVICES, AND SEASONS.	
God, Our Father	1-35	Morning	344-358
Jesus Christ	36-121	Noon	359-360
The Holy Spirit	122-139	Evening	361-384
THE KINGDOM OF GOD.		The Lord's Day	385-393
The Church	140-152	Midweek	394
The Home	153-155	The Opening of Worship .	395-411
The City	156	The Close of Worship . .	412-418
The Nation	157-164	Confession of Faith . . .	419-430
The World	165-190	The Lord's Supper	431-445
The Consummation	191-198	Marriage	446
THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.		Burial of the Dead	447-450
Repentance	199-223	The Old and New Year . .	451-456
Faith	224-272	Spring	457
Hope	273-308	Summer	458
Love	309-343	Harvest and Thanksgiving .	459-461
		Autumn	462
		Dedication and Anniversary .	463-465
		Farewell Service	466
		For those at Sea	467
CHILDREN'S HYMNS			
CANTICLES AND ANCIENT HYMNS			
			468-488
			489-506

45
20

Index of First Lines

	HYMN
A charge to keep I have.....	291
A little kingdom I possess	485
A mighty fortress is our God.....	147
A parting hymn we sing.....	442
A thousand years have come and gone.	44
A voice upon the midnight air.....	63
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.	368
According to Thy gracious word.....	431
Across the sky the shades of night ..	456
Again as evening's shadow falls.....	367
All glory, laud, and honor	60
All hail the power of Jesus' name....	98
All my heart this night rejoices.....	48
All people that on earth do dwell.....	406
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	362
All things bright and beautiful.....	474
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	292
And is the time approaching.....	169
And now the wants are told	414
Angels from the realms of glory.....	47
Angels holy, high and lowly	3
Arise, O Lord of hosts.....	163
Around the throne of God in heaven ..	16
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	213
As the sun doth daily rise.....	357
As with gladness men of old.....	50
Ask ye what great thing I know	79
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.....	448
At even, ere the sun was set.....	364
At length there dawns the glorious day	182
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay.....	353
Awake, my soul, and with the sun....	344
Be known to us in breaking bread	432
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go.....	314
Because I knew not when my life.....	205
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	395
Before Thine awful presence, Lord....	427
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	20
Behold a Stranger at the door.....	221
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408
Believe not those who say.....	279
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	74
Blest be the tie that binds.....	144
Blow, winds of God, awake and blow..	114
Bread of the world, in mercy broken...	436
Break, new-born year, on glad eyes ..	455
Break Thou the bread of life.....	132
Breathe on me, Breath of God.....	133
Brief life is here our portion.....	193
Brightest and best of the sons.....	51
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	445

	HYMN
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm..	265
Christ for the world we sing.....	190
Christ in His word draws near.....	134
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	81
Christ, whose glory fills the skies....	345
Christian, dost thou see them.....	285
Christian, seek not yet repose	286
Christians, lo, the star appeareth.....	336
City of God, how broad and far	142
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	435
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	128
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, with	125
Come, kingdom of our God.....	180
Come, labor on! who dares stand idle	312
Come let us join with faithful souls..	178
Come, let us to the Lord our God.....	209
Come, my soul, thou must be waking..	356
Come, Thou almighty King.....	398
Come unto me, ye weary.....	208
Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye....	218
Come ye faithful, raise the strain.....	87
Come, ye thankful people, come.....	459
Commit thou all thy griefs.....	273
Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	122
Crown Him with many crowns.....	95
Day by day we magnify Thee.....	487
Day is dying in the west.....	375
Dear Lord and Father of mankind ..	263
Dear Lord and Master mine.....	321
Each mighty power of evil.....	170
Enduring Soul of all our life.....	126
Eternal Father, strong to save.....	467
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round..	148
Every morning mercies new.....	352
Every morning the red sun.....	486
Fairest Lord Jesus	106
Faith of our fathers, living still.....	149
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.	411
Father, hear Thy children's call.....	219
Father, hear the prayer we offer.....	293
Father, I know that all my life.....	242
Father in heaven, who lovest all....	484
Father of love, our Guide and Friend.	228
Father, to Thee we look in all our....	253
Father, to us Thy children	220
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	280
Fierce raged the tempest.....	55

Index of First Lines

HYMN		HYMN	
Fight the good fight with all thy might	296	Holy Spirit, truth divine.....	127
Fling out the banner! let it float.....	174	Hosanna to the living Lord	412
For all Thy saints who from their....	152	How blessed, from the bonds of sin....	327
For the beauty of the earth.....	2	How firm a foundation, ye saints	272
For thee, O dear, dear country.....	194	How gentle God's commands.....	269
Forever with the Lord.....	306	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..	104
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go.....	318	Hushed was the evening hymn.....	476
Forward! be our watchword.....	298		
From glory unto glory.....	451	I am not worthy, holy Lord.....	433
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	167	I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.....	214
From the eastern mountains.....	54	I bow my forehead to the dust.....	224
From the table now retiring.....	443	I could not do without Thee.....	117
From Thee all skill and science flow..	181	I heard a sound of voices.....	192
		I heard the voice of Jesus say	116
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.....	483	I look to Thee in every need.....	262
Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled....	449	I love, I love Thee, Lord most high....	256
Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes.	39	I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	143
Give to the winds thy fears.....	274	I love to tell the story.....	480
Glorious things of thee are spoken....	146	I say to all men far and near.....	85
Go, labor on, spend and be spent.....	315	I sought the Lord, and afterward.....	206
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	62	I thank Thee, Lord, for strength.....	342
God be with you till we meet again...	466	I think when I read that sweet story..	477
God bless our native land.....	158	(If thou but suffer God to guide) ..see	233
God Himself is with us.....	407	Immortal Love, forever full.....	113
God in the gospel of His Son.....	136	Immortal Love, within whose righteous	236
God is love, by Him upholden.....	4	In heavenly love abiding.....	245
God is love; His mercy brightens....	27	In life's earnest morning.....	429
God is my strong Salvation.....	270	In our day of thanksgiving.....	465
God moves in a mysterious way.....	250	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	78
God, my King, Thy might confessing..	17	In the hour of trial.....	261
God of our fathers, known of old....	162	It came upon the midnight clear.....	45
God of pity, God of grace.....	402	It singeth low in every heart.....	304
God of the earnest heart.....	343	I've found a Friend.....	112
God of the living, in whose eyes.....	150		
God of the morning, at whose voice....	346	Jerusalem, my happy home	197
God that madest earth and heaven....	378	Jerusalem the golden	196
God the All-terrible! King who.....	166	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	222
God, the Lord, a king remaineth.....	5	Jesus came, the heavens adoring.....	119
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering..	430	Jesus, holiest, tenderest, dearest ...	120
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.....	130	Jesus, I love Thy charming name.....	103
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....	124	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	301
Great God, we sing that mighty hand..	452	Jesus lives! thy terrors now.....	82
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	225	Jesus, Lord of life and glory.....	207
		Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	217
Hail, gladdening Light.....	382	Jesus, loving to the end.....	73
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	90	Jesus, name of wondrous love.....	105
Hail the glorious Golden City.....	184	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	234
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad..	185	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun....	173
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	171	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....	488
Hail to the Sabbath day.....	390	Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	101
Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs ..	307	Jesus, these eyes have never seen....	100
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....	202	Jesus, Thou divine Companion.....	110
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour ..	36	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	434
Hark, the herald angels sing	42	Jesus, to Thy table led.....	439
Hark, what means those holy voices...	49	Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown.....	72
He is gone: a cloud of light.....	89	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.....	396
He leadeth me: O blessed thought....	481	Joy to the world, the Lord is come...	38
He that goeth forth with weeping....	294	Judge eternal, throned in splendor....	161
He who suns and worlds upholdeth...	282	Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face.....	440		
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty..	354	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace..	137
<i>Holy night; peaceful night</i>	468	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling	235
		Lead on, O King eternal.....	284

Index of First Lines

	HYMN
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us..	226
Lead us, O Father, in the paths.....	231
Leave God to order all thy ways.....	233
Let folly praise that fancy loves....	469
Let Thy blood in mercy poured.....	444
Let us with a gladsome mind.....	14
Life of ages, richly poured.....	15
Lift up, lift up your voices now.....	86
Lift up your heads, rejoice.....	186
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass..	278
Light of light, enlighten me.....	388
Light of the world, we hail Thee.....	168
Lighten the darkness of our life's.....	232
Look from the sphere of endless day...	160
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious..	94
Look up to heaven! th' industrious sun	360
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee....	58
Lord, give me light to do Thy work ..	331
Lord God of morning and of night....	347
Lord, I believe; Thy power I own....	259
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	247
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	69
Lord, my weak thought in vain.....	255
Lord of all being, throned afar.....	10
Lord of life and King of glory.....	155
Lord of might and Lord of glory.....	313
Lord of our life and God of our.....	145
Lord of the living harvest.....	324
Lord of the worlds above.....	399
Lord, speak to me that I may speak...	316
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me.	24
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating.....	203
Lord, we come before Thee now.....	401
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.	404
Love divine, all loves excelling.....	109
Lovely to the outward eye.....	183
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	99
Make me a captive, Lord.....	243
Master, no offering.....	325
May the grace of Christ our Saviour..	418
Millions within Thy courts have met..	393
More love to Thee, O Christ.....	252
Much in sorrow, oft in woe.....	281
My country, 'tis of thee.....	157
My faith looks up to Thee.....	215
My God, accept my heart this day....	428
My God and Father, while I stray ..	239
My God, how endless is Thy love.....	365
My God, how wonderful Thou art.....	30
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made	290
My God, my everlasting Hope.....	249
My God, my only Help and Hope.....	268
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right...	319
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	237
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet.....	65
My soul awake! thy rest forsake.....	351
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	251
New every morning is the love.....	348
Not so in haste, my heart.....	280
Not worthy, Lord, to gather up.....	438

	HYMN
Now I resolve with all my heart.....	425
Now sing we a song for the harvest....	460
Now thank we all our God.....	18
Now the day is over.....	383
Now the laborer's task is o'er.....	447
Now when the dusky shades of night..	355
O blessed God, to Thee I raise.....	25
O Child of lowly manger birth.....	53
O come, all ye faithful.....	41
O come and mourn with me awhile....	71
O come, O come, Emmanuel.....	37
O day of rest and gladness.....	385
O everlasting Light.....	29
O Father, hear my morning prayer....	358
O for a closer walk with God.....	267
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.....	159
O God, in whom we live and move.....	295
O God, my strength and fortitude....	23
O God, not only in distress.....	240
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	227
O God of mercy, God of might.....	329
O God of truth, whose living word ..	177
O God, the Rock of Ages.....	34
O God, Thou art my God.....	391
O God, Thou Giver of all good.....	13
O God, who workest hitherto.....	322
O God, whose thoughts are brightest..	326
O grant us light, that we may know..	230
O happy home, where Thou art loved.	153
O holy city seen of John.....	187
O holy Lord, content to fill.....	473
O how shall I receive Thee.....	61
O it is hard to work for God.....	288
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424
O Jesus, King most wonderful.....	102
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace.....	349
O Jesus, "Man of Sorrows".....	76
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	200
O Light of life, O Saviour dear.....	363
O little town of Bethlehem.....	46
O Lord, I would delight in Thee.....	248
O Lord, it is a blessed thing.....	359
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea..	332
O Lord of life, Thy quickening.....	350
O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand...	164
O Lord, with toil our days are filled..	323
O Love divine, that stooped to share...	254
O Love that wilt not let me go.....	223
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
(O Mother dear, Jerusalem).....see	197
O North, with all thy vales of green..	165
O One with God the Father.....	118
O Paradise, O Paradise.....	191
O perfect Love, all human thought....	446
O quickly come, dread Judge of all...	121
O Rock of Ages, one foundation.....	328
O sacred Head, now wounded.....	75
O Saviour, I have nought to plead....	212
O Source divine and Life of all.....	11
O Thou from whom all goodness flows.	257
O Thou great Friend to all the sons...	115

Index of First Lines

	HYMN		HYMN
O thou, not made with hands.....	189	Sunset and evening star.....	450
O Thou, who hast at Thy command..	229	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	417
O Thou whose hand has brought us....	464		
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands	463	Take me, O my Father, take me.....	204
O Thou whose perfect goodness.....	409	Take my life and let it be.....	341
O where are kings and empires now..	141	Teach me, my God and King.....	320
O Word of God incarnate.....	139	Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	198
O worship the King all glorious above.	1	The Church's one foundation.....	140
On our way rejoicing.....	299	The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.....	386
Once in royal David's city.....	470	The day is gently sinking to a close...	381
One there is, above all others	111	The day is past and over.....	370
One thing I of the Lord desire.....	210	The day of resurrection.....	84
Onward, Christian soldiers	297	The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended..	371
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed..	123	The duteous day now closeth.....	372
Our day of praise is done.....	392	The glory of the spring how sweet....	457
Our God and Father, mindful.....	437	The golden gates are lifted up.....	91
Our God, our help in ages past.....	22	The head that once was crowned.....	92
		The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord..	135
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark.....	264	The homeland, O the homeland.....	195
Pleasant are Thy courts above.....	397	The King of love my Shepherd is.....	244
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits..	410	The Lord be with us as we bend.....	419
Praise God, from whom all blessings.	502	The Lord is King! lift up thy voice...	12
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven...	26	The Lord will come and not be slow..	175
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty.....	19	The morning light is breaking.....	172
Purer yet and purer.....	300	The night is come wherein at last....	374
		The radiant morn hath passed away...	361
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	241	The sands of time are sinking.....	305
		The shadows of the evening hours....	376
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	96	The Son of God goes forth to war....	277
Rejoice, ye pure in heart.....	475	The spacious firmament on high.....	8
Ride on! ride on in majesty.....	59	The Spirit breathes upon the word....	138
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	88	The strife is o'er, the battle won.....	80
Rise up, O men of God.....	330	The sun declines; o'er land and sea...	373
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	216	The sun is sinking fast.....	384
Round me falls the night.....	380	The wise may bring their learning....	479
		The year is swiftly waning.....	462
Safely through another week.....	387	There is a green hill far away.....	68
Saviour, again to Thy dear name.....	413	There is a safe and secret place.....	258
Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	108	There is no name so sweet on earth....	472
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..	377	(There is no sorrow, Lord).....see	66
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us....	478	(There's a wideness in God's mercy) see	35
Saviour, teach me day by day.....	423	There's not a grief, however light.....	66
Saviour, while my heart is tender....	420	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old ...	56
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding....	482	This is the day of light.....	389
See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph	93	Thou art, O God, the life and light...	33
Shout the glad tidings.....	40	Thou didst leave Thy throne.....	52
(Silent night, holy night).....see	468	Thou gracious Power, whose mercy....	154
Sinful, sighing to be blest.....	201	Thou hidden love of God.....	32
Sing to the Lord a joyful song.....	9	Thou in whose name the two or three..	394
Sing to the Lord of harvest.....	461	Thou Lord art love; and everywhere..	31
Softly now the light of day.....	369	Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding...	337
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	276	Thou Lord of life, our saving Health.	335
Soldiers of the cross, arise.....	311	Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334
Sometimes a light surprises.....	246	Through the day Thy love has spared..	379
Souls of men! why will ye scatter.....	35	Through the night of doubt and sorrow	302
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart.	131	Thy kingdom come, O Lord.....	179
Stand, soldier of the cross.....	422	Thy kingdom come, on bended knee...	176
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	283	Thy life was given for me.....	77
Standing at the portal.....	454	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	238
Star of morn, and even.....	415	To do Thy holy will.....	339
<i>Still with Thee, O my God</i>	416	To Thee, whose temple is all space...	338
<i>Summer suns are glowing</i>	458	Too soon we rise, the symbols.....	441
<i>Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear</i> ...	366	Twixt gleams of joy and clouds.....	287

Index of First Lines

	HYMN		HYMN
We are living, we are dwelling.....	289	When the Lord of love was here	57
We bless Thee for Thy peace.....	266	When the weary seeking rest.....	271
We come unto our fathers' God.....	151	When Thy soldiers take their swords..	426
We give Thee but Thine own.....	333	When wilt Thou save the people.....	188
We have not known Thee as we ought..	421	Where cross the crowded ways of life..	156
(We may not climb the heavenly)...see	113	Where is thy God, my soul	28
We plough the fields and scatter.....	7	While shepherds watched their flocks..	43
We stand in deep repentance.....	199	While Thee I seek, protecting Power..	403
Welcome, happy morning.....	83	While with ceaseless course the sun... 453	
What Thou wilt, O Father, give	340	Who is on the Lord's side.....	309
When all Thy mercies, O my God.....	21	With songs and honors sounding loud..	6
When, His salvation bringing.....	471	Work for the night is coming.....	310
When I survey the wondrous cross... 70		(Workman of God, O lose not)...see	288
When morning gilds the skies.....	107	Worship the Lord in the beauty.....	405
When my love to Christ grows weak... 64			
When on my day of life the night.....	308	Ye holy angels bright.....	400
When our heads are bowed with woe.. 67		Ye servants of God, your master.....	97
When the day of toil is done.....	303	Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	275

Canticles and Ancient Hymns

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	(Benedictus)	489
O come, let us sing unto the Lord.....	(Venite, Exultemus Domino)	490
O be joyful in the Lord	(Jubilate Deo)	491
We praise Thee, O God	(Te Deum Laudamus)	492
Glory be to God on high	(Gloria in Excelsis)	493
It is a good thing to give thanks	(Bonum est Confiteri)	494
My soul doth magnify the Lord	(Magnificat)	495
O sing unto the Lord	(Cantate Domino)	496
Praise the Lord, O my soul	(Benedic Anima Mea)	497
Our Father who art in heaven	(The Lord's Prayer)	498
God be merciful unto us	(Deus Misereatur)	499
Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant.....	(Nunc Dimittis)	500
Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us....	(Easter Chant)	501
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow..	(Old Hundredth)	502
Glory be to the Father	(Gloria Patri)	503
All things come of Thee, O Lord	(Offertory Chant)	504
The Lord bless you and keep you	(The Blessing)	505
Amens		506

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

Abends, 367, 473
 Abridge, 249
 Adeste Fideles, 41, 272
 Agapé, 328
 Agnes, 183
 Alford, 198
 All Saints, 182, 277
 All Things Bright and Beautiful, 474
 Alleluia Dulce Carmen, 161
 Alma (see Consolation)
 Almsgiving, 210, 332
 Amesbury, 224
 America, 157
 Amsterdam (see Tours)
 Angels' Story, 245
 Angelus, 364
 Antioch, 38
 Ar Hyd y Nos, 378
 Arlington, 292
 Armageddon, 309
 Armstrong, 57
 Artavia, 205
 Ascension, 90
 Aurelia, 140
 Austrian Hymn, 146, 289
 Avison, 40
 Avon (see Martyrdom)

 Battell, 232
 Batty, 443
 Beatitudo, 31, 228
 Bedford, 126
 Beecher, 110
 Belmont, 419
 Benedic Anima, 26
 Benevento, 453
 Bentley, 246
 Bera, 221
 Bethany, 251
 Bethany (Smart's), 49, 93
 Bethel, 129
 Bethlehem, 485
 Blairgowrie, 117
 Blenden, 287, 327
 Blessed Home, 186
 Blessed Name, 472
 Blessed Rest, 374
 Bonn, 48
 Boylston, 144
 Bracondale, 351
 Bradfield, 350
Braun, 190
Bread of Life, 132

Bremen (see Neumark)
 Brocklesby, 488
 Brookfield, 24
 Bullinger, 214

 Cambridge, 28
 Canonbury, 256, 316, 365
 Cantate Domino, 9
 Capetown, 124, 402
 Carol, 45
 Carter, 27
 Chalvey, 275
 Chautauqua, 375
 Chenies, 270
 Christmas, 85
 Christmas Morn, 479
 Cloisters, 145
 Come Unto Me, 208
 Commonwealth, 188
 Consolation, 218
 Constance, 112
 Converse, 35
 Corinth (see Alleluia Dulce Carmen)
 Coronæ, 94
 Coronation, 98
 Courage, 296
 Creation, 8
 Croft's 148th, 163
 Crossing the Bar, 450
 Crucifer (see Bethany Smart's)
 Crusaders' Hymn (see Schönster Herr Jesu)
 Crux Crudelis, 63
 Cyprus, 64

 Dalehurst, 58, 404
 Dania, 54
 Darwall, 96, 399
 Day of Rest, 424, 464
 De Profundis, 201
 Dedham, 178
 Dennis, 269
 Devonshire, 430
 Diademata, 95, 276
 Die Tugend, 460
 Diligence, 310
 Dix, 2, 50
 Dolomite Chant, 280
 Domenica, 390
 Dominus Fortis, 313
 Dominus Regit Me, 244
 Dorrnance, 418
 xii

Dort, 158
 Duke Street, 159, 173, 346, 452
 Dundee, 227, 250, 463

 Eagley, 114
 Easter Hymn, 81
 Eden Grove, 169
 Ein feste Burg, 147
 Eisenach, 318
 Ellacombe, 6
 Ellers, 131, 413, 441
 Ellesdie, 301
 Ellis, 436
 Elmhurst, 329
 Elton, 263
 Erling, 108
 Es ist das Heil, 456
 Essex, 79
 Eternity, 486
 Eucharistic Hymn, 436
 Evan, 428
 Evening Prayer, 377
 Eventide, 368
 Ewing, 196

 Faith, 322
 Farrant, 209
 Federal Street, 314, 435
 Felix, 220
 Feniton Court, 226
 Fernshaw, 247
 Festal Song, 330
 Fingal, 414
 Flemming (see Integer Vitæ)
 Fortunatus, 83
 Forward (see Watchword)
 Franconia, 416

 Galilee, 222
 Garden City, 392
 Gerhardt, 76
 Germany, 156, 347, 410
 Gethsemane (see Redhead, No. 76)
 Gloaming, 373
 God be with You, 466
 Gorton, 442
 Gounod, 111, 345
 Gower's Litany, 72, 219
 Gower's Recessional, 162
 Grace Church, 10, 393
 Greenland, 118, 324

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>Greenwood, 180
 Guildford, 241</p> <p>Hamburg, 255
 Hanford, 240
 Hanover, 1
 Hast Du denn Jesu, 19
 Haydn, 356
 Heber, 4
 Hebron, 394
 He Leadeth Me, 481
 Herbert, 239
 Hermann, 23
 Hesperus, 69, 254, 434
 Hinchman, 388
 Holley, 154
 Hollingside, 217
 Holy City, 194
 Holy Cross, 103
 Holy Night (see Stille Nacht)
 Holy Trinity, 66, 181
 Homeland, 195
 Horsley, 331
 Hosanna, 412
 Hursley, 366
 Hymn to Joy, 420</p> <p>I Love to Tell the Story, 480
 Ilfracombe (see Lambeth)
 Ilsley, 35
 In Memoriam, 445
 Innocents, 14
 Innsbruck, 372
 Integer Vitæ, 308
 Intercession (New), 271
 Intercession, 128
 Irby, 470
 Italian Hymn, 88, 398</p> <p>Jackson, 248
 Jewett, 237
 Jordan (see Cantate Domino)
 Jude (see Galilee)
 Just as I Am, 212</p> <p>Keble, 349, 396
 Kedron, 252
 Kelso, 352
 Kirby Bedon, 134</p> <p>Laban, 291
 Lacrymae, 439
 Lambeth, 101, 259
 Lancashire, 84, 170
 Langran, 115, 438
 Laudes Domini, 107
 Laus Matutina, 355
 Leicester, 433
 Leominster, 243, 306
 Llangloffan, 462
 Lodsworth, 417</p> | <p>Longwood, 231, 411
 Louvan, 11
 Love Divine, 109
 Love's Offering, 325
 Luther's Hymn (see Nun Freut Euch)
 Lux Beata, 236
 Lux Benigna, 235
 Lux Mundi, 199
 Lyndhurst, 300
 Lyons, 97</p> <p>Maidstone, 397
 Mainzer, 53, 160
 Manoah, 20
 Margaret, 52
 Marion, 475
 Marlborough, 253
 Martyn, 217
 Martyrdom, 257, 431
 Maryton, 317
 Materna, in C, 107; in Db, 469
 Meditation, 68, 265
 Meinhold, 444, 449
 Meiringen, 165
 Melcombe, 348
 Melita, 122, 467
 Mendebras, 385
 Mendelssohn, 42
 Mendon, 315
 Mercy, 127
 Merrial, 383
 Miles' Lanes, 98
 Ministry, 342
 Mirfield, 177, 455
 Miriam, 34
 Missionary Chant, 12
 Missionary Hymn, 167
 Morecambe, 131, 440
 Morley, 299, 429
 Morning Hymn, 344, 451
 Mornington, 320
 Morwellham, 187
 Mozart, 319
 Munich, 139</p> <p>Nachtlied, 382
 Naomi, 260
 Netherlands, 465
 Neumark, 233
 Nicæa, 354
 Nicolai, 105
 Night Watch, 379
 Noel, 44
 Nottingham (see St. Magnus)
 Nox Præcessit, 137, 142
 Nun Danket, 18
 Nun Danket All, 99
 Nun Freut Euch, 151
 Nuremberg, 340</p> | <p>O Jesu, 262
 O Perfect Love, 446
 Old Hundredth, 395, 406, 502
 Olivet, 215
 Ora Labora, 312
 Orchard, 62
 Orientis Partibus, 105 (for a modernized form see Redhead, 45)
 Ortonville, 99</p> <p>Paradise, 191
 Passion Chorale, 75
 Pater Omnium, 421
 Patmos, 192
 Pax Dei, 339
 Pax Tecum, 264
 Peace, 206
 Pearsall, 284
 Penitence, 261
 Pentecost, in G, 295, in Ab, 484
 Pilgrims, 307
 Pilot, 234
 Pleasant Pastures, 478
 Pleyel's Hymn, 357
 Posen, 423
 Prætorius, 91
 Presbyter, 278</p> <p>Quam Dilecta, 280
 Quem Pastores Laudavere, 204
 Quebec (see Hesperus)</p> <p>Rangeley, 187
 Rathbun, 78
 Ratisbon, 353
 Redhead No. 45, 15, 311
 Redhead No. 47, 67
 Redhead No. 76, 130
 Regent Square, 5, 47, 282
 Republic, 164
 Requiescat, 447
 Rest, 448
 Rivaulx, 337
 Rockingham Old, 25, 70
 Rockingham New, 425
 Rotterdam, 451, 461
 Russian Hymn, 166
 Ruth, 458
 Rutherford, 305</p> <p>St. Aëlred, 55
 St. Agnes, 102, 432
 St. Alban, 454
 St. Albinus, 82
 St. Alphege, 193
 St. Anatolius, 370
 St. Andrew, 273
 St. Andrew of Crete, 285
 St. Anne, 22, 141</p> |
|--|--|---|

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

St. Anselm, 61
 St. Asaph, 302
 St. Austin, 207
 St. Bede, 242
 St. Bees, 202, 401
 St. Bernard, 323
 St. Catherine, 32, 149
 St. Cecilia, 179
 St. Christopher, 74
 St. Chrysostom, 150
 St. Clement, 371
 St. Columba, 384
 St. Crispin, 211, 230
 St. Cross, 71
 St. Cuthbert, 123
 St. Drostane, 59
 St. Etheldreda, 358
 St. Flavian, 408
 St. Frances, 268
 St. Fulbert, 176
 St. Gabriel, 361
 St. George's Bolton, 386
 St. George's Windsor, 459
 St. Gertrude, 297
 St. Gregory, 400
 St. Hilda, 200
 St. John, 16
 St. Kevin, 87
 St. Leonard, 304, 326, 376
 St. Louis, 46
 St. Luke, 56
 St. Magnus, 92, 338
 St. Margaret, 223
 St. Mark, 121
 St. Matthias, 417
 St. Michael, 279
 St. Olave, 77
 St. Oswald, 293, 482
 St. Patrick, 89
 St. Peter, 21, 104, 403
 St. Raphael, 120, 225
 St. Stephen, in A, 36, in
 Ab, 125
 St. Sylvester, 203
 St. Theodulph, 60
 St. Thomas (S. M.), 321

St. Thomas, 119
 Sabbath, 387
 Salve Domine, 168
 Samuel, 476
 Sanctuary, 184
 Sarum, 152
 Sawley, 100
 Saxby, 409
 Schönster Herr Jesu, 106
 Schubert, 34
 Schumann, 274, 333
 Seelenbräutigam, 380
 Seraphim, 3
 Serenity, 113
 Seymour, 369
 Shackelford, 43
 Sicilian Mariners, 155
 Sienna, 29
 Silver Street, 343, 422
 Soho, 457
 Southwell, 266
 Spanish Hymn, 426
 Spohr, 267
 Springtime, 138
 Staincliffe, 363
 Star of Morn and Even, 415
 State Street, 143
 Stella, 33
 Stephanos, 213
 Stille Nacht, 468
 Stockwell, 294
 Strength and Stay, 65
 Stuttgart, 17, 222
 Sundown, 381
 Swabia, 389
 Sweet Story, 477

 Tallis' Canon, 13
 Tallis' Evening Hymn, 362
 Tallis' Ordinal, 427
 Temple, 378
 The Seven Words, 73
 Theodora, 483
 Toplady, 216
 Tours, 171, 471
 Trentham, 133

Troyte's No. 1, 239
 Truro, 360
 Trust, 336, 487
 .
 Unde et Memores, 437
 University College, 281
 Unser Herrscher, 334
 Urbs Beata, 196

 Veni Emmanuel, 37
 Vesalius, 153
 Vesperi Lux, 303
 Via Recte, 238
 Victory, 80
 Vienna, 341
 Vigilate, 286
 Von Himmel hoch, 39
 Vox Angelica, 307
 Vox Dilecti, 116

 Wainright, 391
 Waltham, 86, 174
 Waltham (Monk's), 189
 Ward, 335
 Ware, 136
 Wareham, 229
 Warrington, 135
 Warrior, 288
 Was Lebet, was Schwebet,
 405
 Watchword, 298
 Wearmouth, 359
 Webb, 172, 283
 Wentworth, 290
 Wesley, 51, 185
 Westminster, 30
 Winchester Old, 258
 Wir Pflügen, 7
 Woodman, 201
 Woodworth, 211
 Work Song (see Diligence)
 Wunderbarer König, 407

 York, 175
 Yorkshire, 148

Metrical Index of Tunes

Short Metre.

Boylston	144
Cambridge	28
Dennis	269
Domenica	890
Festal Song	830
Franconia	416
Garden City	892
Gerton	442
Greenwood	180
Laban	291
Mornington	820
St. Andrew	273
St. Michael	279
St. Thomas	821
Schumann	274, 833
Sienna	29
Silver Street	348, 422
State Street	143
Swabia	889
Trentham	138

Short Metre, with Refrain.

Marion	475
--------	-----

Short Metre, Double.

Chalvey	275
Diademata	95, 276
Leominster	243, 806

Common Metre.

Abridge	249
Antioch	38
Arlington	292
Beatitudo	31, 228
Bedford	126
Belmont	419
Bracondale	851
Bradfield	350
Christmas	85
Coronation	98
Dalehurst	58, 404
Dedham	178
Devonshire	430
Dundee	227, 250, 468
Eagley	114
Evan	428
Faith	822
Farrant	209
Fernshaw	247
Fingal	414
Hermann	28
Holy Cross	108
Holy Trinity	66, 181
Horsley	381
Jackson	248
Lambeth	101, 259
Leicester	438
Manoah	20
Martyrdom	257, 431
Meditation	68, 265
Miles' Lane	98
Mirfield	177, 455
Naomi	260
Nex Praecessit	187, 142
Nun Danket All	99
Ortonville	99
Praetorius	91
St. Agnes	102, 432

St. Anne	22, 141
St. Bernard	823
St. Etheldreda	358
St. Flavian	408
St. Frances	268
St. Fulbert	176
St. Magnus	92, 888
St. Peter	21, 104, 408
St. Stephen	36, 125
Sawley	100
Serenity	118
Soho	457
Southwell	266
Spohr	267
Springtime	138
Tallis' Ordinal	427
Westminster	80
Winchester Old	258
York	175

Common Metre, Double.

All Saints	182, 277
Amesbury	224
Bethlehem	485
Blenden	287, 327
Carol	45
Ellacombe	6
Materna	197, 469
Noel	44
Presbyter	278
Shackelford	43
St. Leonard	804, 826, 876
St. Luke	56
Vox Dilecti	116
Warrior	288

Long Metre.

Abends	867, 478
Angelus	364
Bers	221
Brookfield	24
Canonbury	256, 816, 865
Cruz Crudelis	63
Duke Street	159, 178, 346, 452
Eisenach	818
Federal Street	314, 435
Germany	156, 347, 410
Grace Church	10, 393
Hamburg	255
Hebron	894
Hesperus	69, 254, 434
Holley	154
Hursley	866
Intercession	128
Keble	349, 396
Louvan	11
Mainzer	58, 160
Maryton	817
Melcombe	848
Mendon	815
Missionary Chant	12
Morning Hymn	344, 451
Mozart	319
Old Hundredth	895, 406, 502
Pentecost	295, 484
Rest	448
Rivaulx	837
Rockingham, Old	25, 70
Rockingham, New	425
St. Crispin	211, 280
St. Cross	71

St. Drostan	59
Saxby	409
Staincliffe	868
Tallis' Canon	18
Tallis' Evening Hymn	362
Truro	860
Vom Himmel Hoch	89
Wainright	891
Waltham	86, 174
Ward	835
Ware	136
Wareham	229
Warrington	135

Long Metre, Double.

Cantate Domino	9
Creation	8

Long Metre, with Refrain.

Courage	296
He Leadeth Me	481
Hosanna	412

4.4.7.8.8.8.

Seraphim	8
----------	---

4.10.10.10.4.

Ora Labora	312
------------	-----

5.5.8.8.5.5.

Seelenbräutigam	880
-----------------	-----

5.6.8.5.5.8.

Schönster Herr Jesu	106
---------------------	-----

6.4.6.4. Double.

Bread of Life	132
---------------	-----

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Bethany	251
Kedron	252
Love's Offering	825

6.4.6.6.

St. Columba	384
-------------	-----

6.5.6.5.

Merrial	388
---------	-----

6.5.6.5. Double.

Erling	108
Lyndhurst	800
Morley	299, 429
Penitence	261
Ruth	458
St. Andrew of Crete	285

6.5.6.5. Double, with Refrain.

Armageddon	809
Dania	54
St. Alban	454
St. Gertrude	297
Watchword	298

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

America	157
Bethel	129
Braun	190
Dort	158
Italian Hymn	88, 398
Kirby Bedon	184
Olivet	215

Metrical Index of Tunes

6.6.5.5.5.5. Star of Morn and Even... 415	7.6.7.6. Double, with Refrain. I Love to Tell the Story... 480 Wir Pfügen 7	7.8.7.8.7.7. Hinchman 38 Meinhold 444, 44 St. Albinus 8
6.6.6.6. Dolomite Chant 280 Quam Dilecta 280 St. Cecilia 179 Via Recte 238	7.6.7.6.8.8. St. Anatolius 370	8.3.3.6.8.3.3.6. Bonn 4
Six 6s. Gounod 845 Laudes Domini 107 St. Olave 77 Waltham 189	7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5. Commonwealth 188	8.4.7.8.4.7. Haydn 35
6.6.6.6. Double. Blessed Home..... 186 Jewett 237	7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. Patmos 192 St. Christopher 74	8.4.8.4.8.4. Wentworth 29
6.6.6.6.8.8. Croft's 148th 163 Darwall 96, 399 St. Gregory 400 St. John 16 Samuel 476	7.7.5.7.7.5. Armstrong 57	8.4.8.4.8.4.8.4. Gloaming 37
6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6. Wunderbarer König 407	7.7.7. Lacrymae 439	8.4.8.4.8.8. Ministry 84
6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6 Nun Danket 18	7.7.7.3. Vigilate 286	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. Ar. Hyd y nos..... 37 Temple 37
7.5.7.5. Double, with Refrain. Intercession, New 271	7.7.7.5. Capetown 124, 402 Vesper Lux 303	8.5.8.3. Bullinger 21 Stephanos 21
7.5.7.5.7.7. Eternity 486	7.7.7.6. Agnes 188 Gower's Litany 72, 219 The Seven Words..... 78	8.6.8.4. St. Cuthbert 12
7.6.7.5. Double. Diligence 310	7.7.7.7. Cyprus 64 De Profundis 201 Innocents 14 Mercy 127 Nuremberg 340 Orientis Partibus 105 Pleyel's Hymn 857 Posen 428 Redhead No. 45..... 15, 811 Redhead No. 47 67 St. Bees 202, 401 Seymour 869 Theodora 483 University College 281 Vienna 841 Woodman 201	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. Paradise 19
7.6.7.6. St. Alphege 193	7.7.7.7. with Alleluia. Ascension 90 Easter Hymn 81	8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. St. Louis 4
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5. Rutherford 305	7.7.7.7.4. Chautauqua 375	8.6.8.6.8.6. Morwellham 16 Rangeley 16 St. Bede 24
7.6.7.6. Double. All Things Bright 474 Angels' Story..... 245 Aurelia 140 Bentley 246 Blairgowrie 117 Chenies 270 Christmas Morn 479 Come Unto Me..... 208 Day of Rest 424, 464 Eden Grove 169 Ewing 196 Gerhardt 76 Greenland 118, 324 Holy City 194 Homeland 195 Lancashire 84, 170 Llangloffan 462 Lux Mundi 199 Mendebras 385 Miriam 84 Missionary Hymn 167 Munich 139 Passion Chorale 75 Pearsall 284 Rotterdam 451, 461 St. Anselm 61 St. George's Bolton 386 St. Hilda 200 St. Kevin 87 St. Theodulph 60 Salve Domine 168 Schubert 34 Tours 171, 471 Urbs Beata 196 Webb 172, 288	8.6.8.6. Double. Republic 16	8.6.8.6.8.8. Meiringen 16 O Jesu..... 26
	Five 7s. Essex 79	8.6.8.8.6. Elton 26
	Six 7s. Dix 2, 50 Guildford 241 Kelso 352 Orchard 62 Pilot 234 Ratisbon 353 Redhead No. 76..... 130 Sabbath 387 Spanish Hymn 426 Toplady 216	8.7.8.7. Batty 44 Brocklesby 46 Carter 2 Dominus Regit Me..... 24 Dorrnance 41 Evening Prayer 37 Galilee 22 Quem Pastores Laudavere. 20 Rathbun 7 St. Oswald 298, 46 St. Sylvester..... 20 Stockwell 28 Stuttgart 17, 22 Trust 386, 46
	7.7.7.7. Double. Benevento 453 Hollingside 217 Maidstone 397 Martyn 217 Mendelssohn 42 St. George's Windsor.... 459 St. Patrick 89	8.7.8.7.4.7. Coronae 6 Heber 20 St. Austin 20 St. Raphael 120, 22
	7.7.7.7.8.8. Requiescat 447	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. Ein' feste Burg 14
		8.7.8.7.7.7. Gounod 11 Irby 4 Night Watch..... 8 Unser Herrscher 8

Metrical Index of Tunes

8.7.8.7.8.7. or 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.		8.8.8.8.6.		10.10.11.11.	
Alleluia Dulce Carmen.....	161	St. Margaret.....	228	Hanover	1
Benedic Anima	26			Lyons	97
Feniton Court	226	Six 8s.		11.10.11.6.	
Pleasant Pastures	478	Gower's Recessional	162	Integer Vitae	308
Regent Square5, 47,	282	Lodsworth	417		
St. Thomas	119	Melita	122, 467	11.10.11.9.	
Sicilian Mariners'	155	Neumark	283	Russian Hymn	166
8.7.8.7. Double.		Pater Omnium	421		
Austrian Hymn.....146,	289	St. Catherine.....32,	149	11.10.11.10.	
Beecher	110	St. Chrysostom	150	Consolation	218
Bethany (Smart)49,	93	St. Mark	121	Felix	220
Constance	112	St. Matthias	417	Laus Matutina	355
Converse	35	Stella	83	Marlborough	258
Ellesdie	801	Veni Emmanuel	87	O Perfect Love	446
Hymn to Joy.....	420			Strength and Stay.....	65
Isley	35	9.8.9.8.		Vesalius	158
Love Divine	109	Agapé	828	Wesley	51, 185
Sanctuary	184	Ellis	436		
St. Asaph	302	Eucharistic Hymn	486		
		St. Clement	871	11.10.11.10. with Refrain	
8.7.8.7. with Refrain.		9.8.9.8. Double.		Pilgrims	307
Blessed Name	472	Die Tugend	460	Vox Angelica	307
8.7.8.7.8.8.7.		10.4.10.4.10.10.			
Es ist das Heil	456	Lux Beata	236	11.11.11.5.	
Nun Freut Euch.....	151	Lux Benigna.....	235	Cloisters	145
8.8.6.8.8.6.				11.11.11.11.	
Innsbruck	372	10.10.		Adeste Fideles41,	272
8.8.8.		Pax Tecum	264	Five 11s.	
Wearmouth	359	10.10.10.4.		Fortunatus	88
8.8.8. with Alleluia.		Blessed Rest	874	11.11.12.11. with Refrain.	
Victory	80	Sarum	152	Avison	40
8.8.8.2.7.		10.10.10.6.		11.12.12.10.	
Dominus Fortis	318	Artavia	205	Nicaea	354
8.8.8.3.		Peace	206	12.10.12.10.	
St. Aelfred	55	10.10.10.10.		Was Lebet, was Schwebet. 405	
8.8.8.4.		Battell	282	12.11.12.11.	
Almsgiving210,	332	Ellers131, 413,	441	Netherlands	465
Hanford	240	Eventide	368		
Herbert	289	Langran	115, 438	14.14.4.7.8.	
In Memoriam	445	Longwood	231, 411	Hast Du denn Jesu.....	19
St. Gabriel.....	361	Morecambe	131, 440		
8.8.8.6.		Pax Dei	389	Irregular.	
Elmhurst	329	Six 10s.		Crossing the Bar.....	450
Just as I Am	212	Nachtlied	382	God be with You.....	466
Woodworth	211	Sundown	381	Margaret	52
		Unde et Memores.....	487	Stille Nacht	468
		Yorkshire	148	Sweet Story	477

Index of Authors

INCLUDING TRANSLATORS AND REVISERS

ADAMS, Sarah F. (1805-48).....	251	BROWNLIE, John (1859 —).....	444
ADDISON, Joseph (1672-1719)	8, 21	BRYANT, William Cullen (1794-1878)	
ADLER, Felix (1851 —).....	184	160, 165, 463
AINGER, Alfred (1837-1904).....	323	BUCKOLL, Henry J. (1803-71).....	356
ALCOTT, Louisa M. (1833-88).....	485	BULFINCH, Stephen J. (1809-70).....	390
ALEXANDER, Cecil F. (1823-95).....		BURKE, Christian (1859 —).....	155
.....68, 91, 222, 470, 474, 486		BURLEIGH, William H. (1812-72).....	231
ALEXANDER, James W. (1804-59).....	75	BURNS, James D. (1823-64)....	31, 416, 476
ALFORD, Henry (1810-71)....	198, 298, 459	BURTON, John (1803-77).....	420
ANONYMOUS:			
<i>English</i> , 25, 106, 203, 206, 266, 300,		CAMPBELL, Jane M. (1817-78).....	7, 468
.....355, 398, 478, 479		CANITZ, F. R. L. von (1654-99).....	356
<i>German</i>	106, 107	CARLYLE, Joseph D. (1759-1804).....	404
<i>Greek</i>	25, 285	CASWALL, Edward (1814-78).....	
<i>Latin</i> , 37, 41, 80, 122, 129, 197, 256,		101, 102, 107, 256, 384
.....	357, 384	CAWOOD, John (1775-1852).....	49
AUBER, Harriet (1773-1862).....	123	CENNICK, John (1718-55).....	314
		CHADWICK, John W. (1840-1904).....	
		148, 304, 409, 460
BACON, Leonard (1802-81).....	159	CHANDLER, John (1806-76).....	349
BAKER, Henry W. (1821-77).....	244, 432	CHOPE, Richard R. (1830 —).....	400
BARING-GOULD, Sabine (1834 —).....		CHORLEY, Henry F. (1808-72).....	166
.....	297, 302, 383	CLAUDIUS, Matthias (1740-1815).....	7
BARTON, Bernard (1784-1849).....	137	CLARKE, James Freeman (1810-88)...	220
BAXTER, Richard (1615-91).....	247, 400	CLEPHANE, Elizabeth C. (1830-69)....	74
BAYNES, Robert H. (1831-95).....	439	C., O. B.	357
BEDDOME, Benjamin (1717-95).....	136	COFFIN, Henry S. (1877 —).....	
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (1091-1153)...		37, 407, 437, 469
.....	76, 101, 102, 434	COGHILL, Anna L. (1836 —).....	310
BERNARD OF CLUNY (12th C.).....	193, 194, 196	CONDER, Josiah (1789-1855).....	12
BETHUNE, George W. (1805-62).....	472	COOPER, George (1840 —).....	339
BICKERSTETH, Edward H. (1825-1906)		COTTERILL, Jane B. (1790-1825).....	229
.....	34, 264, 422, 438	COTTERILL, Thomas (1779-1823).....	136
BLACKIE, John Stuart (1809-95)....	3, 313	COUSIN, Anne Ross (1823-1906).....	305
BLAISDELL, James A. (1867 —).....	336	COWPER, William (1731-1800).....	
BLANCHARD, Ferdinand Q. (1872 —) ..	53	138, 202, 246, 250, 267, 396
BLOMFIELD, Dorothy F. (1858 —)....	446	COX, Frances E. (1812-97)	82
BODE, John E. (1816-74).....	424	COXE, A. Cleveland (1818-96).....	141, 289
BONAR, Horatius (1808-89).....		CREWDSON, Jane (1809-63).....	66, 212
29, 116, 238, 265, 271, 315, 331, 440, 441		CROLY, George (1780-1860).....	131
BOWIE, W. Russell (1882 —).....	183, 187	CROSS, Ada Cambridge (1844 —)....	386
BORTHWICK, Jane (1813-97)		CUMMINS, James J. (1795-1867).....	207
.....	169, 237, 312, 327		
BOWRING, John (1792-1872)	27, 38	DAVIS, Ozora S. (1866 —).....	182
BRIDAINÉ, Jacques (1701-67).....	65	DAVIS, Robert (1881 —).....	342
BRIDGES, Matthew (1800-94)....	88, 95, 428	DIX, William C. (1837-98).....	50, 208
BRIGHT, William (1824-1901).....	353, 414, 437	DOANE, George W. (1799-1859)....	174, 369
BRONTË, Anne (1819-49)	279	DODDRIDGE, Philip (1702-51).....	
BROOKE, Stopford A. (1832 —)....	57, 236	36, 103, 227, 269, 319, 452
BROOKS, Charles T. (1813-83).....	158	DRAPER, William H. (1855 —).....	465
BROOKS, Phillips (1835-93).....	46	DRYDEN, John (1631-1701).....	122
BROWNE, Simon (c. 1680-1732)	128	DUFFIELD, George (1818-88).....	282

Index of Authors

DUNCAN, Mary L. (1814-40).....	488	How, William Walsham (1823-97).....	
DWIGHT, George S. (1835-86).....	7669, 105, 118, 139, 152,	
DWIGHT, John S. (1813-93).....	158	163, 200, 311, 333, 359, 427, 458, 462, 473	
DWIGHT, Timothy (1752-1817).....	143	HUGHES, Thomas (1823-96).....	177
EDMESTON, James (1791-1867)....	226, 377	INGEMANN, Bernhardt S. (1789-1862) .	302
ELLERTON, John (1826-93)....	83, 150,	LEONS, William J. (1812-83).....	228
166, 303, 371, 389, 392, 394, 408, 412,		JOHN OF DAMASCUS (8th C.).....	84, 87
.....419, 447, 487		JOHNS, John (1801-47)	180
ELLIOTT, Charlotte (1789-1871)..	211,	JOHNSON, Samuel (1822-82)...15, 142, 343	
.....239, 286		K. IN RIPPON'S SELECTION (1787).....	272
ELLIOTT, Ebenezer (1781-1849) .	188	KEBLE, John (1792-1806)..5, 348, 366, 382	
ELLIOTT, Emily E. S. 1836-97).....	52	KELLY, Thomas (1769-1854)....92, 94, 379	
FABER, Frederick W. (1814-63).....		KEN, Thomas (1637-1711)....344, 362, 508	
...30, 35, 71, 149, 191, 288, 307, 326, 417		KENNEDY, Benjamin H. (1804-89)....	79
FAWCETT, John (1740-1817).....	144	KETHE, William (16th C.).....1, 406	
FINDLATER, Sarah L. (1823-86)....	153	KING, John (1789-1858).....	471
FORTUNATUS, Venantius H. C. (c. 530-		KINGSLEY, Charles (1819-75).....	181
609)	83	KIPLING, Rudyard (1865 —)....162, 484	
FRECKLETON, Thomas W. (1827-1903)		LATHBURY, Mary A. (1841 —)....132, 375	
.....	322	LEESON, Jane E. (1807-82).....	423
FROTHINGHAM, Octavius B. (1822-95) .		LIVOCK, Jane (1840 —).....	351
.....	337	LOGAN, John (1748-88).....	227
FULLER-MAITLAND, Frances S. (1809-		LONGFELLOW, Samuel (1819-92.).....	
77)	28113, 127, 262, 295, 335, 367, 430	
GELERT, Christian F. (1715-69).....	82	LÖWENSTERN, Matthäus A. von (1594-	
GERHARDT, Paul (1607-76)48, 61,		1648)	145
....75, 120, 170, 273, 274, 372, 455, 457		LUKE, Jemima (1813-1906).....	477
GILL, Thomas H. (1819-1906)....120,		LUTHER, Martin (1483-1546)	39, 147
.....151, 282, 321		LYNCH, Thomas T. (1818-71).....	
GILMORE, Joseph H. (1834 —).....	48128, 44, 130, 134, 186	
GLADDEN, Washington (1836 —)....	317	LYTE, Henry F. (1793-1847).....	
GOADBY, Frederick W. (1845-80).....	46426, 258, 301, 368, 397, 410	
GRANT, Robert (1785-1838).....	1	MACDONALD, George (1824-1905).....	350
GRIGG, Joseph (c. 1720-68).....	221	MACKAY, Margaret (1802-87).....	448
GURNEY, John H. (1802-62).....	58	MANT, Richard (1776-1848)	17
HAMILTON, James (1819-96).....	456	MARTIN, Henry A. (1831 —).....	328
HAMMOND, William (1719-83).....	401	MARTINEAU, James (1805-1900).....	63
HANKEY, Katherine	480	MASON, John (-1694)	268
HARDENBERG, G. F. P. von (1772-1801)	85	MATHESON, George (1842-1906)...223, 243	
HASTINGS, Thomas (1784-1872).....		MEINHOLD, Johann W. (1797-1851)...	449
.....185, 218, 294		MERCER, William (1811-73).....	378
HATCH, Edwin (1835-89).....	133	MERRILL, William P. (1867 —).....	330
HAVEGAL, Frances Ridley (1836-79)..		MILMAN, Henry H. (1791-1868)..59, 67	
.....77, 117, 214, 309, 316, 341, 451, 454.		MILTON, John (1608-74).....14, 175	
HAWES, H. R.....	195	MOHR, Joseph (1792-1848).....	468
HAWES, Thomas (1732-1820).....	257	MONSELL, John S. B. (1811-75).....	
HEBER, Reginald (1783-1826).....	4, 9, 168, 201, 296, 299, 324, 405, 461	
.....51, 167, 277, 354, 378, 412, 436		MONTGOMERY, James (1771-1854)..47,	
HEDGE, Frederick H. (1805-90).....	147	62, 171, 261, 270, 278, 306, 391, 393, 431	
HEDGE & HUNTINGTON HYMNS (1853) .	355	MOORE, Thomas (1778-1852).....33, 218	
HERBERT, George (1593-1632)	320	MORISON, John (1749-98).....	209
HERBERT, Petrus (-1571).....	374	MORRIS, Eliza F. (1821-74).....	402
HICKSON, William E. (1803-70)	158	MÜHLENBERG, William A. (1796-1877	
HOLLAND, Henry Scott (1847 —)....	161	40, 419
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell (1809-94)..		NEALE, John M. (1818-66).....37,	
.....10, 154, 158, 254		60, 84, 86, 87, 193, 194, 196, 213, 285, 370	
HOPPER, Edward (1818-88).....	234	NEANDER, Joachim (1850-80).....	19
HOSMER, Frederick L. (1840 —)....		NELSON, Horatio (1823 —).....	357
.....176, 179, 253			

Index of Authors

- | | | | |
|---|----------|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| NEUMARK, Georg (1621-81)..... | 233 | SPITTA, Carl J. P. (1801-59)..... | 153, 327 |
| NEWMAN, John Henry (1801-90)..... | 235 | STANLEY, Arthur P. (1859-70)..... | 89 |
| NEWTON, John (1725-1807)..... | | STEELE, Anne (1716-78)..... | 260, 425 |
|104, 111, 146, 241, 387, 418, 453 | | STENNETT, Samuel (c. 1727-95)..... | 99 |
| NORTH, Frank Mason (1850 —).... | 156 | STERLING, John (1806-44)..... | 11 |
| | | STERNHOLD, Thomas (— -1549)..... | 23 |
| OAKLEY, Ebenezer S. (1865 —) .. | 126, 429 | STONE, Samuel J. (1839-1900)..... | 140 |
| OAKELEY, Frederick (1802-80)..... | 41 | | |
| OWEN, Frances M. (1842-83)..... | 232, 426 | TABBANT, William G. (1853 —).... | 178 |
| | | TATE, Nahum (1652-1715)..... | 43 |
| PALGRAVE, Francis Turner (1824-97) .. | | TENNYSON, Alfred (1809-92)..... | 450 |
|189, 347, 303, 415 | | TERSTEEGEN, Gerhard (1697-1769) | 32, 407 |
| PALMER, Ray (1808-87)..... | | THEODULPH OF ORLEANS (9th C.) | 60 |
|100, 129, 199, 204, 215, 254, 255, | 434 | THRING, Godfrey (1823-1903)..... | |
| PARKER, Edwin P. (1836 —)..... | 325 |54, 55, 108, 119, 192, 329, 334, | 361 |
| PARKER, Theodore (1810-60)..... | 115 | TOPLADY, Augustus M. (1740-78) .. | 216, 275 |
| PERCY, Frances A. | 358 | TORREY, Bradford (1843 —)..... | 280 |
| PERRONET, Edward (1726-92)..... | 98 | TUTTIETT, Lawrence (1825-97).... | 121, 230 |
| PHILLIMORE, Greville (1821 —).... | 352 | TWELLS, Henry (1823-1900)..... | 364 |
| PIERPOINT, Folliott S. (1835 —).... | 2 | | |
| P., F. B. (16th C.)..... | 197 | VAN DYKE, Henry (1852 —) .. | 110, 164 |
| PLUMPTRE, Edward H. (1821-91) .. | 56, 475 | VERNON, Ambrose W. (1870 —) .. | 437, 469 |
| POLLOCK, Thomas B. (1836-96)..... | | | |
|65, 72, 73, 219, 421 | | WALMSLEY, Robert (1831-1905)..... | 373 |
| POPE, Alexander (1688-1744)..... | 338 | WARE, Henry, Jr. (1794-1843)..... | 16 |
| POTT, Francis (1832 —)..... | 80 | WABING, Anna L. (1820 —) .. | 242, 245 |
| PUSEY, Philip, (1799-1855) .. | 145 | WATTS, Isaac (1674-1748) .. | 6, 20, 22, |
| PRENTISS, Elisabeth P. (1818-78)..... | 252 | 24, 38, 70, 125, 135, 173, 249, 292, | |
| PROCTOR, Adelaide A. (1825-64) .. | 290, 376 |346, 365, 395, 399, 435 | |
| | | WESLEY, Charles (1707-88) .. | 42, 81, 90, |
| RANKIN, Jeremiah E. (1828-1904) .. | 466 | 96, 97, 109, 217, 276, 291, 318, 345, | 483 |
| RAWSON, George (1807-89)..... | 445 | WESLEY, John (1703-91)..... | |
| RINKART, Martin (1586-1649)..... | 18 |32, 273, 274, 320, 395 | |
| RIPPON, John (1751-1836)..... | 98 | WHATELY, Richard (1787-1863)..... | 378 |
| RIPPON'S SELECTION (1787)..... | 272 | WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785-1806) .. | 281 |
| ROMANIS, William (1824-99)..... | 380 | WHITING, William (1825-78)..... | 467 |
| ROWE, John (1764-1833)..... | 443 | WHITMORE, Lucy E. G. (1792-1840) .. | 411 |
| RUSSELL, Arthur T. (1806-74)..... | 61 | WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (1807-92) .. | |
| RYLAND, John (1753-1825)..... | 248 |113, 114, 224, 263, 308, 340 | |
| | | WILLIAMS, Helen M. (1762-1827)..... | 403 |
| SCHMOLCK, Benjamin (1672-1737) 237, | 388 | WILLIAMS, Peter (1722-96)..... | 225 |
| SCHWEDLER, Johann C. (1672-1730) .. | 79 | WILLIAMS, Sarah (1838-68)..... | 205 |
| SCOTTISH HYMNAL (1884)..... | 203 | WILLIAMS, William (1717-91)..... | 225 |
| SEARS, Edmund H. (1810-76)..... | 45 | WILLIS, Love M. (1824 —) .. | 293 |
| SHARP, John C. (1819-85)..... | 287 | WINKWORTH, Catherine (1829-78)..... | |
| SHURTLEFF, Ernest W. (1862 —) .. | 284 |18, 19, 39, 85, 233, 374, 388, | 449 |
| SMALL, James G. (1817-88)..... | 112 | WOLCOTT, Samuel (1813-86)..... | 190 |
| SMITH, Frederic (1849 —)..... | 240 | WOLFE, Aaron R. (1821-1902)..... | 442 |
| SMITH, Samuel F. (1808-95)..... | 157, 172 | WORDSWORTH, William (1770-1850) .. | 360 |
| SMITH, Walter C. (1824-1908) .. | 210 | WORDSWORTH, Christopher (1807-85) .. | |
| SOUTHWELL, Robert (1561-95)..... | 469 |93, 124, 332, 381, 385 | |
| | | WREFORD, John R. (1800-81)..... | 64, 259 |

Index of Composers and Sources of Tunes

AHLB, John R. (1625-73).....	340
ALDRICH, Henry (1647-1710).....	496
Ancient Melody (18th Century).....	87
ANDERSON, James S. (1853-.....)	414
ANONYMOUS (1731), 41; In "Church Praise" (1883).....	300
ARNE, Thomas A. (1710-78).....	292
ATKINSON, Frederick C. (1841-97).....	181, 440
AUSTRIAN MELODY.....	280
AVISON, Charles (1710-70).....	40

BACH, Johann S. (1685-1750).....	75, 283, 372
BAKER, Henry (1835-.....)	69, 254, 434
BAKER, Henry Williams (1821-77).....	213
BAMBRIDGE, William S. (1842-.....)	302
BARNARD, Charlotte A. (1830-69).....	419, 488
BARNBY, Joseph (1838-96).....	9, 56, 61, 66, 77, 107, 145, 150, 152, 181, 191, 212, 231, 238, 273, 374, 379, 383, 400, 411, 446, 450, 457, 472, 489, 500, 501
BARROW, Isaac (1712-89).....	497
BARTHÉLÉMON, François H. (1741-1808).....	844, 451
BATTALL, Robbins (1819-95).....	232
BEETHOVEN, Ludwig von (1770-1827).....	420, 442
BOOTH, Josiah (1852-.....)	188, 247, 351
BOYCE, William (1710-79).....	490
BOYD, William (1847-.....)	295, 484
BRADBURY, William B. (1816-68).....	211, 448, 478, 481
BRAUN, Johann G. (17th C.).....	190
Bristol Tune Book (1876).....	207
BROWN, Arthur H. (1830-.....)	370
BULLINGER, Ethelbert W. (1837-.....)	214
BUNNETT, Edward (1834-.....)	184, 183
BURNAP, Uzziah C. (1834-1900).....	224, 388

CALDBECK, George T. (1852-.....)	264
CALKIN, J. Baptiste (1827-1905).....	86, 137, 142, 174, 350
CALLCOTT, William H. (1807-82).....	271
CARR, Benjamin (1769-1831).....	426
CARTER, Edmund S. (1845-.....)	27
CHADWICK, George W. (1854-.....)	57, 206
CHEESWRIGHT, Frederic H.	43
CHOPE, Richard R. (1830-.....)	239
Church Plain Chant, Essay on the (1782).....	161
Church Praise, Anonymous in (1883).....	300
CLARE, Jeremiah (1670-1707).....	92, 338
CLARK, Thomas (1775-1859).....	79
CONKEY, Ithamer (1815-67).....	78
CONVERSE, Charles C. (1834-.....)	35
COOKE, Robert (.....-1814).....	492
COOPER, Joseph T. (1819-79).....	280
CORNELL, John H. (1828-94).....	129
COTTMAN, Arthur (1842-79).....	58, 177, 405, 455
CROFT, William (1678-1727).....	22, 141, 163
CRÜGER, Johann (1598-1662).....	18
CUMMINGS, William H. (1831-.....)	42
CUTLER, Henry S. (1824-1902).....	182, 277

DARWELL, John (c. 1731-89).....	96, 399
DAYE'S, John Psalms (1562).....	408
DRANE, J. H. (1824-81).....	29
DICKINSON, Charles J. (1822-83).....	328
DIXON, Robert W. (1750-1825).....	363
DOWNES, Lewis T. (1827-1907).....	499

DRESE, Adam (1620-1701).....	380
DREWETT, Edwin (1850-.....)	329
DUNHAM, Henry M. (1858-.....)	187
DYER, Samuel.....	315
DYKES, John B. (1823-76).....	31, 55, 65, 71, 102, 116, 117, 122, 128, 128, 184, 198, 202, 208, 208, 209, 210, 217, 228, 235, 242, 244, 285, 298, 303, 322, 332, 337, 339, 349, 354, 396, 401, 412, 432, 447, 454, 467, 482

EBELING, Johann G. (1625-76).....	48
ELLIOTT, James W. (1838-.....)	121, 424, 464
ELVEY, George J. (1816-93).....	95, 211, 230, 276, 459
ENGLISH TRADITIONAL.....	16, 33, 44, 201, 477
ESTE'S, Thomas Psalms (1592).....	258
Etliche Cristliche Lyeder (1524).....	456
EVANS, D., Hymnau a Thonau (1865).....	462
EWING, Alexander (1880-95).....	196

FARRANT, Richard (1580-85).....	209, 492
FIFTEENTH CENTURY GERMAN MANUSCRIPT.....	204
FILITZ, Friedrich (1804-76).....	124, 402
FINK, Gottfried W. (1783-1846).....	485
FISCHER, William G. (1885-.....)	480
FLEMMING, Frederick F. (1778-1813).....	308
FRECH, Johann G. (1790-1864).....	430
FRENCH MELODY, MEDIEVAL.....	14, 15, 105, 311

GARDINER, William (1770-1853).....	178
GARDINER'S, William Sacred Melodies (1812 and 1815).....	156, 347, 410, 419
GAUL, Alfred R. (1887-.....)	56, 194
GAUNTLETT, Henry J. (1805-76).....	82, 176, 198, 281, 470
Geistreiches Gesangbuch, Freylinhausen (1704).....	460
GERMAN MELODY, OLD.....	129, 204, 315, 353, 385, 428, 456, 469
GIARDINI, Felice de (1716-96).....	88, 398
GILBERT, Walter B. (1829-.....)	397
GILCHRIST, William W. (1846-.....)	34
GLADSTONE, William H. (1840-91).....	336
GOSS, John (1800-80).....	26, 309
GOTTSCHALK, Louis M. (1829-69).....	127
GOULD, John E. (1822-75).....	221, 234
GOUNOD, Charles F. (1818-93).....	111, 345
GOWER, John H. (1855-.....)	68, 72, 162, 219, 265, 342, 381
GREATOREX, Henry W. (1811-58).....	508
"Greatorex Collection" (1851).....	20
GREGORIAN CHANT.....	207, 255, 400
GRUBER, Franz (1787-1868).....	468

HANDEL, George Frederick (1685-1759).....	14, 38, 85, 488
Harmonia Anglicana (c. 1742).....	157
Harmoniae hymnorum scholae Gorlicensis (1599).....	91
HARTIG'S, X. L., Vollständige Sammlung (c. 1829).....	8
HARRISON, Ralph (1748-1810).....	28, 135
HASSLER, Hans Leo (1564-1612).....	75
HASTINGS, Thomas (1784-1872).....	103, 216
HATTON, John (.....-1793).....	159, 173, 346, 452

Index of Composers and Sources of Tunes

HAVERGAL, William H. (1793-1870)....	889, 428	MOORE, Henry M. W. (1862-1901)	49
HAYDN, Franz Joseph (1782-1809).....	8, 146, 289, 356, 454	MORLEY, Thomas (1845-1891)	299, 49
HAYDN, J. Michael (1787-1806).....	97, 118, 824	MORNINGTON, GARRETT WELLESLEY, EARL OF (1785-81)	320, 49
HAYNE, Leighton G. (1836-83)	179, 275	MOZART, Johann C. W. A. (1756-91)...	301, 31
HAYNES, William (1829-1901)	241	NÄGELL, Johann G. (1768-1836)	260, 29
HEMY, Henri F. (1818-88)	32, 149	NEANDER, Joachim (1650-80)	334, 49
HERMANN, Nicolaus (c. 1485-1561).....	23	NEEFE, Christian G. (1748-98)	14
HEWS, George (1806-73)	154	NEUMARK, Georg (1621-81)	23
HILES, Henry (1826-1904)	804, 326, 376	NEW VERSION, SUPPLEMENT TO THE (1708)	
HODGES, John S. B. (1830-).....	436	NICOLAI, Philip (1556-1608)	10
HOLBROOK, Joseph P. (1822-88)	84, 76, 301	NORRIS, Thomas (-1770)	49
HOLMES, Henry J. E. (1852-).....	421		
HOPKINS, Edward J. (1818-1901).....	4, 120, 205, 225, 226, 352, 378, 413, 441, 473, 479	OAKELEY, Herbert S. (1830-1903)...	867, 390, 47
HORSLEY, William (1774-1858)	381	OLD CHANT	49
HULLAH, John P. (1812-84)	246	OLIVER, Henry K. (1800-85)	314, 49
HUSBAND, Edward (1843-1908)	200	OUSELEY, Frederick A. G. (1825-89).....	36
HUTTON, L. J.	486		
<i>Hymn Tunes, Easy</i> (1851)	33	PALESTRINA, Giovanni P. da (c. 1515-94)...	8
		<i>Parish Choir, The</i> (1851)	1
ILSLEY, Frank G. (1831-87)	35, 54	PARKER, Edwin P. (1836-).....	32
IBONS, Herbert S. (1834-1905)	266, 384	PARKER, Horatio W. (1863-).....	296, 39
ISAAC, Heinrich (-c. 1510)	372	PEACE, Albert L. (1844-).....	68, 223, 23
		PEARSALL, Robert L., de (1795-1856)	28
JACKSON, Robert (1840-).....	133	<i>Pensum Sacrum</i> , Melody from (1648).....	12
JACKSON, Thomas (1715-81)	248	PERRY, E. Cooper (1856-).....	15
JONES, Darius E. (1815-81).....	294	PLAYFORD'S <i>Psalms</i> (1671)	25
JONES, <i>Relics of the Welsh Bards</i> (1784)...	378	PLEYEL, Ignaz J. (1757-1831)	10, 857, 39
JONES, William (1726-1800)	36, 125	<i>Praxis Pietatis Melica</i>	18, 19, 9
JOSEPH, Georg (c. 1657)	364	<i>Psalmes</i> , Edinburgh, <i>The ci</i> (1615)....	175, 227, 46
JUDE, William H. (1851-).....	222	<i>Psalmodia Evangelica</i> , T. William's (1790)...	36
		<i>Psalmodia Sacra</i> , Gotha (1715)	17, 22
<i>Katholisches Gesangbuch</i> , Vienna (c. 1774)...	366	<i>Pseaumes octants trois</i> , Geneva (1551).....	279, 395, 406, 50
KETTLE, Charles E. (1833-95).....	287, 827		
KINGSLEY, George (1811-84)	136	RANDALL, John (1715-99)	49
KLUG'S, Joseph, <i>Geistliche Lieder</i> , Leipzig (1539)	39, 121, 151	REDHEAD, Richard (1820-1901)....	15, 67, 130, 31
KNAPP, William (1698-1768)	229	REDNER, Lewis H. (1831-1908)	4
KNECHT, Justin H. (1752-1817).....	200, 841	REIMANN, J. Balthasar (1702-49)	26
KOCHER, Conrad (1786-1872)	2, 50	REINAGLE, Alexander R. (1799-1877) 21, 104, 40	
KÖNIG'S, J. B., <i>Harmonischer Liederschatz</i> (1738)	416	REINHARDT MANUSCRIPT, Uttingen (1754)...	40
		RIMBAULT, Edward F. (1816-76).....	30
LANE, Spencer (1843-1903)	261	ROBINSON, John (1682-1762)	49
LANURAN, James (1835-1909)	115, 438		
LAWES, Henry (1596-1662)	492	SAFFORD, Charles L. (1870-).....	313, 456, 46
LE JEUNE, George F. (1842-1904)	109, 196	SCHNEN, Johann H. (1586-1630)	31
LÖHR, George A. (1821-97)	268	SCHOLEFIELD, Clement C. (1839-1904)....	37
LOUD, Geo. H. (1859-1908)	300	SCHUBERT, Franz (1797-1828)	3
<i>Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch</i> (1686)	449	SCHULTHEIS, Wilhelm (1816-79)	101, 25
LUTHER, Martin (1483-1546).....	39, 147, 151	SCHULZ, Johann A. P. (1747-1800)	
LWOFF, Alexis T. (1799-1870)	160	SCHUMANN, Robert A. (1810-56)	256, 274, 316, 333, 36
<i>Lyra Davidica</i> (1708)	81	SCOTCH MELODY, OLD	33
		SHERWIN, William F. (1826-88)	132, 37
MACDONALD, Archibald	288	SHRUBSOLE, William (1760-1806)	9
MAINZER, Joseph (1801-51)	58, 160	SICILIAN MELODY	15
MAKER, Frederick C. (1844-).....	74, 263, 290, 481	SMART, Henry T. (1813-79).....	3, 5, 47, 49, 84, 98, 170, 282, 298, 307, 332, 49
MANN, Arthur H. (1850-).....	62, 245	SMITH, H. Percy (1825-98)	31
MARSH, Simeon B. (1798-1875)	217	SMITH, Isaac (c. 1735-1800)	249, 343, 42
MARTIN, George W. (1828-81)	243, 306	SMITH, Samuel (1821-).....	169, 45
MASON, Lowell (1792-1872)	38, 51, 144, 158, 167, 185, 215, 251, 255, 260, 269, 291, 310, 335, 385, 387, 394, 425, 505	SOUTHGATE, Thomas B. (1814-68).....	2
MATTHEWS, Samuel (-1831)	494	SPIESS'S, J. M., <i>David's Harfen-Spiel</i> (1745)	38
MATTHEWS, Timothy R. (1826-).....	52, 270, 409	SPOHR, Louis (1784-1859)	26
<i>Meiningsches Gesangbuch</i> (1693)	139	SPEATT, Ann B. (1829-).....	25
MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, J. L. Felix (1809-47).....	42, 64, 220, 271, 336, 487	STAINER, John (1840-1901)....	186, 355, 373, 50
MERRICK & TATTERSALL'S <i>Psalms</i> (1794)...	155	STEBBINS, George C. (1846-).....	37
MERRILL, William P. (1867-).....	164	STEGGALL, Charles H. (1826-1905)....	187, 35
MESSITER, Arthur H. (1831-1903).....	475	STEWART, Robert P. (1825-94)	31
MILLER, Edward (1731-1807)	25, 70	STOVER, Henry J. (1860-).....	19
MONK, William H. (1828-89)	90, 94, 138, 189, 286, 366, 368, 417, 437, 474	STRATTNER, Georg C. (1650-1705)	42
		SULLIVAN, Arthur (1842-1900)	44, 83, 87, 89, 112, 195, 240, 243, 253, 297, 306, 439, 476, 48
		SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW VERSION (1708)...	
		SWEETSER, Joseph E. (1825-73)	18
		TALLIS, Thomas (1520-85)	13, 362, 427, 49
		TAYLOR, Virgil C. (1817-84)	1
		TESCHNER, Melchior (17th C.)	6
		THOMMEN'S, J., <i>Christenachatz</i> (1745).....	44

Index of Composers and Sources of Tunes

TILLARD, James (1827-76)	415
<i>Teclter Sion</i> , Cologne (1741)	823
TOMER, William G. (1833-96)	466
TOURS, Berthold (1838-97)	171, 451, 461, 471
TROYTE, Arthur H. D. (1811-57)	289
TURLE, James (1802-82)	30
TURTON, Thomas (1780-1864)	358
TYE, Christopher (-1572)	258
URBAN, Chrétien (1790-1845)	305
VINCENT, Charles (1852—)	264
WADE's, J. F., <i>Cantus Diversi</i> (1751)	41, 119, 272
WAINRIGHT, John (1728-68)	148
WAINRIGHT, Robert (1748-82)	391
WALCH, James (1837-1901)	100, 114, 386
WALLACE, William (1814-65)	113
WALTER, William H. (1825-93)	380
WALTON, J. G. (1821—)	32, 149

WARD, Samuel A. (1847-1903)	193, 469
WATSON, Lawrence W. (1860—)	168
WEBB, George J. (1808-87)	172, 283
WEBBE, Samuel (1740-1816)	218, 348, 453
WEBER, Carl M. F. von (1786-1826)	237, 369
WELSH MELODY	378, 462
WERNER's, J. G., <i>Choralbuch</i> (1815)	353
WESLEY, Samuel S. (1810-76)	140
WHEALL, William (1690-1727)	126
WILKINSON, Walter O. (1852—)	278
WILLIAMS, Aaron (1731-76)	321
WILLIAM's, T., <i>Psalmody Evangelica</i> (1790)	360
WILLIS, R. Storrs (1819-1900)	45, 106
WILSON, Hugh (1766-1824)	257, 431
WOODBURY, Isaac B. (1819-58)	418
WOODMAN, Jonathan O. (1813-94)	143
WOODMAN, Raymond Huntington (1861—)	201
WOODWARD, Richard (1744-77)	496, 501
ZEUNER, Charles (1795-1857)	12
ZUNDEL, John (1815-82)	110

Subject Index

All Saints

Nos. 148-152, 465

Anniversary

Nos. 464-465, also,

O Thou, whose perfect goodness crowns... 409

Anxiety

Commit thou all thy griefs... 273
(See also TRUST AND CONFIDENCE)

Apostolic Benediction

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,.... 418

Armor

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round... 148
Soldiers of Christ, arise,..... 276
Much in sorrow, oft in woe,..... 281
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,..... 288
Christian, seek not yet repose..... 286
Soldiers of the cross, arise,..... 311
Stand, soldier of the cross,..... 422

Aspiration

Nos. 127-133, also,

Lord of all being, throned afar,..... 10
O Source divine and Life of all,..... 11
O everlasting Light,..... 29
Thou hidden love of God, whose height,.... 82
Thou didst leave Thy throne,..... 52
Saviour, blessed Saviour,..... 108
Love divine, all loves excelling,..... 109
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,..... 125
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!..... 202
Take me, O my Father, take me;..... 204
Come, let us to the Lord our God..... 209
One thing I of the Lord desire,..... 210
Just as I am, without one plea..... 211
My faith looks up to Thee,..... 215
Jesus, Lover of my soul,..... 217
Father, hear Thy children's call;..... 219
Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling, 220
O Love that wilt not let me go,..... 228
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will 286
O Lord, I would delight in Thee,..... 248
Nearer, my God, to Thee,..... 251
More love to Thee, O Christ,..... 252
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 260
O for a closer walk with God,..... 267
Purer yet and purer..... 300
O Master, let me walk with Thee..... 317
Dear Lord and Master mine,..... 321
O Father, hear my morning prayer,..... 358
The radiant morn hath passed away..... 361
Still with Thee, O my God,..... 416
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;..... 417
O Jesus, I have promised..... 424
us, Thou Joy of loving hearts..... 434
e, dearest Lord, descend and dwell.... 485

Assurance

(See TRUST AND CONFIDENCE)

Atonement

Nos. 62-79, also,

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.....
Who is on the Lord's side!.....
O God of mercy, God of might,.....
Bread of the world in mercy broken.....
Our God and Father, mindful of the love..

Autumn

The year is swiftly waning;.....

Bible

Nos. 135-139, also,

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the....

Bread

We plough the fields, and scatter.....
O God, Thou Giver of all good,.....
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....
To Thee, whose temple is all space,.....

Bread of Life

Jesus, Thou divine Companion,.....
Break Thou the bread of life.....
(See also LORD'S SUPPER)

Burial of the Dead

Nos. 447-450, also,

God of the living, in whose eyes.....
When the day of toil is done.....
It singeth low in every heart.....
Forever with the Lord.....
Hark, hark my soul.....
When on my day of life.....

Calmness

Nos. 260-266, also,

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....
Make me a captive, Lord.....
In heav'nly love abiding.....
There is a safe and secret place.....
Not so in haste, my heart!.....
Purer yet and purer.....
Again, as evening's shadow falls,.....
(See also FAITH)

Charity

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....
O God, whose thoughts are brightest light..
To Thee, whose temple is all space,.....
(See also LOVE)

Children

Prayer for

O holy Lord, content to fill
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.....

Subject Index

Children's Hymns

Nos. 468-488

Christ

Advent of

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,...	36
O come, O come, Emmanuel.....	37
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing!...	40
A thousand years have come and gone,.....	44
It came upon the midnight clear,.....	45
Thou didst leave Thy throne,.....	52
From the eastern mountains,.....	54
Fierce raged the tempest.....	55
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.....	56
Ride on! ride on in majesty!.....	59
All glory, laud, and honor.....	60
O how shall I receive Thee,.....	61
Jesus came, the heavens adoring,.....	119
O quickly come, dread Judge of all.....	121
Hail to the Lord's Anointed,.....	171
Lift up your heads, rejoice,.....	186
Once in royal David's city.....	470

All in All

Hark, the herald angels sing.....	42
O Jesus, King most wonderful,.....	102
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds....	104
I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	116
Fight the good fight.....	296
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,.....	484

Ascension of

Nos. 89-94

Blessings of

Christ in His word draws near;.....	134
Art thou weary, art thou languid,.....	213
The sands of time are sinking,.....	305
Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334

Bread of Life

Jesus, Thou divine Companion,.....	110
Break Thou the bread of life.....	132
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,.....	434
Bread of the world in mercy broken,.....	436

Brother

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	104
One there is, above all others,.....	111

Burden Bearer

Jesus, Thou divine Companion,.....	110
------------------------------------	-----

Character of

Nos. 99-115

Childhood of

O Child of lowly manger birth.....	53
Let folly praise that fancy loves,.....	469
Once in royal David's city.....	470
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,.....	483

Comfort of

When the Lord of love was here,.....	57
O Jesus, King most wonderful,.....	102
One there is above all others.....	111
I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	116
The sands of time are sinking,.....	305

Companion

Jesus, Thou divine Companion,.....	110
I could not do without Thee.....	117
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317

(See also CHRIST AS FRIEND)

Coronation

The head that once was crowned with thorns	92
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious:....	94
Crown Him with many crowns,.....	95
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name.....	98

Creator

Crown Him with many crowns,.....	95
----------------------------------	----

Cross of

Nos. 65-79, also,

Onward, Christian soldiers,.....	297
Rejoice, ye pure in heart,.....	475

Finality of

Jesus, holiest, tenderest, dearest,.....	120
--	-----

Exemplar

When the Lord of love was here,.....	57
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,.....	58
O thou, not made with hands,.....	189
The Son of God goes forth to war,.....	277
Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	301
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
At even, ere the sun was set,.....	364
We have not known Thee as we ought.....	421
Saviour, teach me day by day.....	423
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424

Experience, in

Nos. 100-104, 111-120

Foundation of Church

O Rock of Ages, one Foundation,.....	328
--------------------------------------	-----

Friend

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	104
One there is, above all others,.....	111
I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!:...	112
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,	115
I could not do without Thee,.....	117
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	319
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424

Glorying in

Ask ye what great thing I know.....	79
The sands of time are sinking,.....	305

(See also PRAISE TO)

Grace of

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	99
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,.....	349

Guide

From the eastern mountains,.....	54
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	225
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	363
The day is gently sinking to a close,.....	381
Star of morn and even,.....	415
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424
My God, accept my heart this day,.....	428
He leadeth me.....	481

(See also PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE)

Healer

Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334
Thou Lord of life, our saving Health,....	335
At even, ere the sun was set,.....	364
Thou in whose name the two or three.....	394

Subject Index

Humanity, in

O Jesus, "Man of Sorrows".....	76
Jesus, Thou divine Companion,.....	110
Blow, winds of God, awake and blow.....	114
Thou Lord of life, our saving Health,.....	335

Humility of

O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	200
Art thou weary, art thou languid,.....	213
Behold a Stranger at the door!.....	221

Indispensable

I could not do without Thee,.....	117
-----------------------------------	-----

Intercession of

In the hour of trial,.....	261
----------------------------	-----

Inspiration of

Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	69
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	70

Influence of

A thousand years have come and gone,....	44
Jesus, holiest, tenderest, dearest,.....	120

Invited

Thou didst leave Thy throne,.....	52
Love divine, all loves excelling,.....	109
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	200
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	236
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,.....	349
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell....	485

Invitation of

I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	116
Come unto Me, ye weary,.....	208
Art thou weary, art thou languid,.....	213
Behold a Stranger at the door!.....	221
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	222

Judge

O quickly come, dread Judge of all:.....	121
Lovely to the outward eye.....	188

Life of

Nos. 53-58

Life, Our

Nos. 113-118, also,

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	104
Fight the good fight.....	296

Light of Life

From the eastern mountains,.....	54
Brightest and best of the sons of the.....	51
O Jesus, King most wonderful,.....	102
Fairest Lord Jesus.....	106
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,	115
I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	116
O One with God the Father.....	118
O quickly come, dread Judge of all:.....	121
Light of the world, we hail Thee,.....	168
Come unto Me, ye weary.....	208
O Love that wilt not let me go,.....	228
Lead, kindly Light,.....	235
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,.....	349
O Lord, it is a blessed thing.....	359
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	363
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,.....	366
Round me falls the night;.....	380
Hail, gladdening Light.....	382
Light of Light, enlighten me,.....	388

Our day of praise is done,.....	392
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;.....	417
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,.....	434

Living

Jesus, holiest, tenderest, dearest,.....	120
Jesus lives! thy terrors now.....	82

Love of

Nos. 109-114, also,

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,...	36
Joy to the world! the Lord is come:.....	38
Thou didst leave Thy throne.....	52
O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	53
Go to dark Gethsemane,.....	62
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	70
O come and mourn with me awhile!.....	71
Jesus, loving to the end.....	73
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	90
Crown Him with many crowns,.....	95
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	101
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	104
Jesus, name of wondrous love.....	105
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all	125
God, in the gospel of His Son,.....	136
Where cross the crowded ways of life,.....	156
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	173
I heard a sound of voices.....	192
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	200
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!.....	202
I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew..	206
"Come unto Me, ye weary,".....	208
Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
O Saviour, I have nought to plead,.....	212
Art thou weary, art thou languid,.....	213
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
Father, hear Thy children's call:.....	219
Behold a Stranger at the door!.....	221
O Love that wilt not let me go,.....	223
I bow my forehead to the dust,.....	224
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!.....	237
The King of love my Shepherd is,.....	244
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	254
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,.....	256
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334
What Thou wilt, O Father, give.....	340
I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm....	342
Saviour, teach me day by day,.....	428
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,.....	478
I love to tell the story.....	480

Love to

When my love to Christ grows weak,.....	64
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	69
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	74
O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	90
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,	97
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	99
Jesus, these eyes have never seen.....	100
O Jesus, King most wonderful,.....	102
Love divine, all loves excelling,.....	109
One there is, above all others,.....	111
I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!....	112
Immortal Love, forever full,.....	113
I could not do without Thee,.....	117
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all	125
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!.....	202
I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew..	206
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	222
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	247
More love to Thee, O Christ,.....	252
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,.....	256
Master, no offering.....	323

Subject Index

O God of mercy, God of might,.....	329
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,.....	332
To do Thy holy will.....	339
Saviour, teach me, day by day,.....	423

Master

O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	53
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424

Ministry and Work of

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,.....	36
Joy to the world! the Lord is come:.....	38
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.....	56
When the Lord of love was here,.....	57
A voice upon the midnight air,.....	63
Immortal Love, forever full,.....	113

Name of

Jesus! name of wondrous love,.....	105
Blow, winds of God, awake and blow.....	114

Nativity

Nos. 38-53, 468-470

Passion of

Nos. 62-79, also,

Lovely to the outward eye.....	183
--------------------------------	-----

Peace of

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,....	55
Crown Him with many crowns.....	95
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world....	264

Praise of

Go, labor on: spend and be spent,.....	315
--	-----

Praise to

Nos. 37-48, 107-110, also,

O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
Lift up, lift up your voices now!.....	86
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.....	87
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	90
Crown Him with many crowns,.....	95
Rejoice, the Lord is King;.....	96
All hail the power of Jesus' name!.....	98
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	104
Fairest Lord Jesus.....	106
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,.....	115
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	234
More love to Thee, O Christ,.....	252
O Rock of Ages, one Foundation,.....	328
Christ, whose glory fills the skies.....	345
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,.....	349
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	363
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;....	366
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,.....	371
Hosanna to the living Lord!.....	412

Prayer to

O little town of Bethlehem,.....	46
As with gladness men of old.....	50
Brightest and best of the sons.....	51
O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	53
From the eastern mountains,.....	54
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,..	65
When our heads are bowed with woe.....	67
Jesus, whelmed, in fears unknown,.....	72
Jesus, loving to the end.....	73
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	74
O Sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
Thy life was given for me,.....	77
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	90

Love divine, all loves excelling,.....	109
Jesus, Lord of life and glory,.....	207
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	216
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
More love to Thee, O Christ,.....	252
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,.....	349
O Lord, it is a blessed thing.....	359
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	363
At even, ere the sun was set,.....	364
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,.....	366
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;...	368
The day is gently sinking to a close,....	381
The day is past and over;.....	370
Thou in whose name the two or three....	394
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,.....	396
Come, Thou almighty King,.....	398
Hosanna to the living Lord!.....	412
Star of morn and even,.....	415
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,.....	434

Praying

Go to dark Gethsemane,.....	62
-----------------------------	----

Presence of

O little town of Bethlehem,.....	46
Fierce raged the tempest.....	55
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.....	56
Jesus lives! thy terrors now.....	82
I say to all men, far and near,.....	85
He is gone: a cloud of light.....	89
The golden gates are lifted up,.....	91
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,.....	97
Jesus, these eyes have never seen.....	100
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	101
Love divine, all loves excelling,.....	109
Immortal Love, forever full,.....	113
I could not do without Thee,.....	117
Jesus came, the heavens adoring,.....	119
Jesus, holiest, tenderest, dearest,.....	120
Christ in His word draws near;.....	134
Behold a Stranger at the door!.....	221
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	222
"For ever with the Lord!".....	306
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,.....	318
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	319
O Lord, with toil our days are filled,....	323
How blessed, from the bonds of sin.....	327
'Take my life and let it be.....	341
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay.....	353
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	363
At even, ere the sun was set,.....	364
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,....	366
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;....	368
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	373
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,....	377
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,.....	396
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,.....	434

Prize, Our

Fight the good fight.....	296
---------------------------	-----

Redeemer

Crown Him with many crowns,.....	95
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	99
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!.....	202

Refuge

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	216
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217

Subject Index

Reign of

Nos. 93-98, also,

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes...	36
Joy to the world! the Lord is come.....	38
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing!....	40
Jesus, holiest, tenderest, dearest,.....	120
Hail to the Lord's Anointed,.....	171
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	178
Behold a Stranger at the door!.....	221

Reincarnated

O Jesus, King most wonderful,.....	102
------------------------------------	-----

Resurrection of

Nos. 80-87

Revealer

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow.....	114
---	-----

Rule in Social Order

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,	97
All hail the power of Jesus' name!.....	98

Saviour

Thy life was given for me,.....	77
I could not do without Thee,.....	117
Christ for the world we sing;.....	190
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	284
Who is on the Lord's side?.....	309
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	319
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	368
Round me falls the night;.....	380

Shepherd

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds....	104
The King of love my Shepherd is,.....	244
In heavenly love abiding,.....	245
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,.....	478

Sympathy of

There's not a grief, however light,.....	66
When our heads are bowed with woe,....	67

Teacher

O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	58
When the Lord of love was here,.....	57

Tempted and Tried

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,.....	58
--	----

Triumph of

Jesus lives! thy terrors now.....	82
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	88
The head that once was crowned with thorns	92
See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!....	98
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious:....	94
Rejoice, the Lord is King;.....	96
On our way rejoicing.....	299

Triumphal Entry

Ride on! ride on in majesty!.....	59
All glory, laud, and honor.....	60
O how shall I receive Thee,.....	61
When, His salvation bringing,.....	471

Vicarious Suffering and Life

When my love to Christ grows weak,.....	64
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,...	65
O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
O Jesus, "Man of Sorrows".....	76
Thy life was given for me,.....	77
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	319

Water of Life

The sands of time are sinking,.....	305
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,.....	434

Way, Truth, Light and Life

How sweet the name of Je us sounds.....	104
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,	115
O One with God the Father.....	118
O quickly come, dread Judge of all:.....	121
Break Thou the bread of life.....	182
Fight the good fight.....	296
O Light of life, O Saviour dear,.....	368
Round me falls the night;.....	380
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;.....	417

Worker

Jesus, Thou divine Companion,.....	110
------------------------------------	-----

Work for

He is gone: a cloud of light.....	89
-----------------------------------	----

Worship of

Angels, from the realms of glory,.....	47
All my heart this night rejoices,.....	48

Youth of

O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	53
-------------------------------------	----

Church

Nos. 140-152, also,

Onward, Christian soldiers,.....	297
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,.....	371
Millions within Thy courts have met,....	393
Pleasant are Thy courts above,.....	397
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands...	463
O Thou, whose hand has brought us.....	464

City

Where cross the crowded ways of life,....	156
Judge eternal, throned in splendor,.....	161
Lovely to the outward eye.....	183

City of God

City of God, how broad and far.....	142
Glorious things of thee are spoken,.....	146
Hail, the glorious Golden City,.....	184
O Holy City seen of John,.....	187
O thou, not made with hands,.....	189
"Forward!" be our watchword,.....	298

Close of Worship

Nos. 412-419, also,

Am I a soldier of the cross,.....	292
Father, hear the prayer we offer:.....	293

Comfort

Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,	253
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	254

Confession of Faith

Nos. 420-430

Consecration

Nos. 314-319, also,

O how shall I receive Thee,.....	61
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	70
Come, let us to the Lord our God.....	209
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
O Love that wilt not let me go,.....	223
O Thou, who hast at Thy command.....	229
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!.....	237

Subject Index

Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	301
Dear Lord and Master mine,.....	321
O God, who workest hitherto,.....	322
Lord of the living harvest.....	324
Master, no offering.....	325
Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand..	337
Take my life, and let it be.....	341
God of the earnest heart,.....	343
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay.....	353
O Father, hear my morning prayer,.....	358
My God, how endless is Thy love!.....	365
The sun is sinking fast,.....	384
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,....	404
God Himself is with us:.....	407
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424
Now I resolve with all my heart,.....	425
Before Thine awful presence, Lord.....	427
My God, accept my heart this day,.....	428
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world;	430
Our God and Father, mindful of the love..	437
The wise may bring their learning,.....	479
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,.....	483

Conscience

To Thee, whose temple is all space,.....	338
--	-----

Courage

Nos. 281-285, also,

O thou, not made with hands,.....	189
God is my strong Salvation;.....	270
Soldiers of Christ, arise,.....	276
The Son of God goes forth to war,.....	277
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,....	278
Am I a soldier of the cross,.....	292
Father, hear the prayer we offer:.....	293
Through the night of doubt and sorrow....	302
Father in heaven, who lovest all,.....	484

Cross

Banner of

Fling out the banner! let it float.....	174
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,....	278
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,.....	283
Lead on, O King eternal!.....	284
Onward, Christian soldiers,.....	297
Soldiers of the cross, arise,.....	311
Rejoice, ye pure in heart,.....	475

Bearing the

O Love that wilt not let me go,.....	223
The Son of God goes forth to war,.....	277
Am I a soldier of the cross,.....	292
Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	301
To do Thy holy will,.....	339
Stand, soldier of the cross,.....	422

Glory of

O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	53
A voice upon the midnight air,.....	63
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	74
In the cross of Christ I glory,.....	78

Symbol of Love

When my love to Christ grows weak,.....	64
There is a green hill far away,.....	68
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	69
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	70
O come and mourn with me awhile!.....	71
O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75

Symbol of Sin

Lovely to the outward eye.....	183
--------------------------------	-----

Victory of

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,....	278
Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	301
(See also WARFARE)	

Daily Blessings

New every morning is the love.....	348
Every morning mercies new.....	352

Dangers and Perils

Christian, seek not yet repose,.....	286
The day is past and over;.....	370
(See also SELF-MASTERY)	

Dead or Departed

God of the living, in whose eyes.....	150
We come unto our fathers' God,.....	151
For all Thy saints who from their labors..	152
In our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us	465

Death

For ever with the Lord!.....	306
When on my day of life the night is falling,	308

Debts

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	319
Master, no offering.....	325
Lord, give me light to do Thy work.....	331

Dedication of a Church

Nos. 463-464

Deliverance From Evil

(See PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE)

Discipleship

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;.....	314
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.....	316
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,.....	318
Dear Lord and Master mine,.....	321
O Rock of Ages, one Foundation,.....	328

Discouragement

O it is hard to work for God,.....	288
------------------------------------	-----

Doubt

Jesus, whelmed, in fears unknown,.....	72
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace:..	231
'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt..	287
O it is hard to work for God,.....	288

Evening

Nos. 361-384, also,

O Lord, it is a blessed thing.....	359
------------------------------------	-----

Faith

Nos. 224-272, also,

Faith of our fathers, living still.....	149
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,....	404
Still with Thee, O my God.....	416

Confession of

(See CONFESSION OF FAITH)

Farewell

God be with you till we meet again,.....	466
--	-----

Subject Index

Fear

Jesus,whelmed, in fears unknown,..... 72

Fellowship

Blest be the tie that binds..... 144
For all Thy saints who from their labors.. 152
Through the night of doubt and sorrow.... 302

Followers of Christ

The Son of God goes forth to war,..... 277

Friends

Thou gracious Power, whose mercy lends.. 154

Forgiveness

We stand in deep repentance,..... 199
The Son of God goes forth to war,..... 277
When on my day of life the night is falling, 308
(See also PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS)

God

All in All

O everlasting Light,..... 29

Blessings of

For the beauty of the earth,..... 2
With songs and honors sounding loud..... 6
We plough the fields, and scatter..... 7
Sing to the Lord a joyful song,..... 9
Now thank we all our God..... 18

Breath of

Breathe on me, Breath of God,..... 133

Care of

O worship the King all glorious above,.... 1
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,..... 26
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,.... 411

Changeless

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt.. 287
O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns.... 409

Communion With

O for a closer walk with God,..... 267
Still with Thee, O my God,..... 416

Creator

The spacious firmament on high,..... 8
Lord of all being, throned afar,..... 10
Now thank we all our God..... 18
Before Jehovah's awful throne,..... 395
All people that on earth do dwell,..... 406

Debt to

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right..... 319

Defence

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King
of creation!..... 19
O God, my strength and fortitude,..... 28
A mighty fortress is our God,..... 147
When Thy soldiers take their swords,.... 426

Eternity of

God the Lord a king remaineth,..... 5
Our God, our help in ages past,..... 22
O everlasting Light,..... 29
O God, the Rock of Ages,..... 34
My God, my only Help and Hope..... 268
'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt 287
Thou whose perfect goodness crowns.... 409

Fatherhood

O blessed God, to Thee I raise..... 25
My God, how wonderful Thou art,..... 30
Souls of men! why will ye scatter..... 35
Blow, winds of God, awake and blow..... 114
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round..... 148
Father of love, our Guide and Friend,.... 228
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace: 231
Lighten the darkness..... 232
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;..... 241
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow, 258
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 260
Dear Lord and Father of mankind,..... 263
Commit thou all thy griefs..... 273
Father, hear the prayer we offer:..... 298
When on my day of life the night is falling 308
My soul awake,..... 351
The sun declines; o'er land and sea..... 373
Hail to the Sabbath day,..... 390
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,.... 411
When Thy soldiers take their swords,.... 426
In life's earnest morning,.....;..... 429
Our God and Father, mindful of the love.. 437
A little kingdom I possess,..... 485

Friend

Lift up your heads, rejoice,..... 186
Father of love, our Guide and Friend,... 228
O Lord, I would delight in Thee,..... 248

Grace and Goodness of

Sing to the Lord a joyful song,..... 9
O Source divine and Life of all,..... 11
O God, Thou Giver of all good,..... 18
Let us with a gladsome mind..... 14
Now thank we all our God..... 18
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,.. 20
When all Thy mercies, O my God,..... 21
O God, my strength and fortitude,..... 23
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,..... 26
O everlasting Light,..... 29
My God, how wonderful Thou art,..... 30
Thou hidden Love of God..... 32
Souls of men! why will ye scatter..... 35
I bow my forehead to the dust,..... 224
My God, my only Help and Hope,..... 268
How gentle God's commands,..... 269
How firm a foundation..... 272
Your harps, ye trembling saints,..... 275
O God, whose thoughts are brightest light, 326
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,..... 332
To do Thy holy will,..... 339
Every morning mercies new..... 352
My God, how endless is Thy love!..... 365
O God, Thou art my God alone..... 391
All people that on earth do dwell,..... 406
O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns.... 409
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;.... 410
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,.... 411
From glory unto glory..... 451

Guide

Father of love, our Guide and Friend..... 228
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;..... 241

Helper

Where is thy God, my soul!..... 28
A mighty fortress is our God,..... 147
God is my strong Salvation;..... 270
Your harps, ye trembling saints,..... 275
He who suns and worlds upholdeth..... 282

Immanent

Lord of all being, throned afar,..... 10
O Source divine and Life of all,..... 11

Subject Index

O God, Thou Giver of all good,.....	13
Life of ages, richly poured,.....	15
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me....	24
Where is thy God, my soul!.....	28
Enduring Soul of all our life,.....	126
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;....	135
My God, my only Help and Hope,.....	268
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295
Hail to the Sabbath day,.....	390
God Himself is with us:.....	407
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408

Invisible

O it is hard to work for God,.....	288
------------------------------------	-----

King

God the Lord a king remaineth,.....	5
The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,.....	12
Around the throne of God.....	16
God, my King, Thy might confessing.....	17
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King	19
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,...	20
Lead on, O King eternal!.....	284

Life

God is love, by Him upholden.....	4
O Source divine and Life of all,.....	11
Life of ages, richly poured,.....	15

Light, Our

Lord of all being, throned afar,.....	10
God is my strong Salvation;.....	270
Lord God of morning and of night,.....	347
Again, as evening's shadow falls,.....	367
Light of Light, enlighten me,.....	388
Our day of praise is done,.....	392

Love of

O worship the King all glorious above,...	1
God is love, by Him upholden.....	4
O Source divine and Life of all,.....	11
Life of ages, richly poured,.....	15
God is love; His mercy brightens.....	27
O everlasting Light,.....	29
Thou, Lord, art love, and everywhere.....	31
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,...	32
Souls of men! why will ye scatter.....	35
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	236
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	254
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,....	256
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
Commit thou all the griefs.....	273
Your harps, ye trembling saints,.....	275
'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt..	287
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295
O God, whose thoughts are brightest light,	326
New every morning is the love.....	348
My God, how endless is Thy love!.....	365

Love to

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,.....	256
On our way rejoicing.....	299

Mercy of

(See GRACE AND GOODNESS)

Omnipotence

The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,.....	12
---	----

Peace of

Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,	253
When on my day of life the night is falling,	308

Perfectness of

And now the wants are told that brought..	414
---	-----

Presence of

Lord of all being, throned afar,.....	10
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me....	24
Where is thy God, my soul!	28
O God, the Rock of Ages,.....	34
A mighty fortress is our God,.....	147
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.....	148
In heavenly love abiding,.....	245
Nearer, my God, to Thee,.....	251
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	254
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	260
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
O for a closer walk with God,.....	267
My God, my only Help and Hope,.....	268
God is my strong Salvation;.....	270
How firm a foundation.....	272
O it is hard to work for God,.....	288
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295
Through the night of doubt and sorrow....	302
"For ever with the Lord!".....	306
When on my day of life the night is falling,	308
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;.....	314
Day is dying in the west;.....	375
God Himself is with us:.....	407
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;.....	410
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,....	411
The Lord be with us as we bend.....	419
Standing at the portal.....	454

Providence of

Nos. 272-275, also,

O worship the King all glorious above,...	1
We plough the fields, and scatter.....	7
Sing to the Lord a joyful song,.....	9
O God, Thou Giver of all good,.....	13
Let us with a gladsome mind.....	14
Thou, Lord, art love, and everywhere.....	31
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;....	135
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	227
Sometimes a light surprises.....	246
God moves in a mysterious way.....	250
Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb	255
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
My God, my only Help and Hope,.....	268
How gentle God's commands,.....	269
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.....	452

Purifier

O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
--	-----

Refuge, Our

A mighty fortress is our God.....	147
There is a safe and secret place,.....	258
God is my strong Salvation.....	270

Ruler of Nature

Nos. 4-7, also,

The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,.....	12
Thou art, O God, the life and light.....	33
O Lord of heaven and earth.....	332
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;.....	410

Sun and Shield

Lord of the world above.....	399
------------------------------	-----

Strength, Our

God is my strong Salvation;.....	2
----------------------------------	---

Subject Index

Trinity of

Every morning mercies new.....	352
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	354
Come, Thou almighty King.....	398

Will of

My God and Father while I stray.....	239
O God, not only in distress,.....	240
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,.....	256
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295
Lord of might, and Lord of glory,.....	313
Go, labor on: spend and be spent,.....	315
Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand..	337
To Thee, whose temple is all space,.....	338
To do Thy holy will,.....	339
God of the earnest heart,.....	343

Wisdom and Knowledge of

Lord, hast searched and seen me through;	24
God is love; His mercy brightens.....	27

Worker

O God, who workest hitherto,.....	322
-----------------------------------	-----

Harvest and Thanksgiving

Nos. 459-461

(See also SOWING AND REAPING)

Heaven

Nos. 191-198, 305-308, also,

For all Thy saints who from their labors rest	152
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	247
There is a safe and secret place,.....	258
"Forward!" be our watchword,.....	298
The radiant morn hath passed away.....	361
The duteous day now closeth,.....	372
Star of morn and even,.....	415
Every morning the red sun.....	486

Holy City

Thy kingdom come, O Lord,.....	179
Hail the glorious Golden City,.....	184
O Holy City seen of John,.....	187
O. thou, not made with hands,.....	189

Holy Spirit

Breath of God

Nos. 122-139, also,

Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	138
------------------------------------	-----

Comforter

Creator Spirit by whose aid.....	122
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.....	123
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.....	130

Eternal Mind and Power

Enduring Soul of all our life,.....	126
-------------------------------------	-----

Guide and Healer

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, My sinful	128
---	-----

Inspirer

Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;....	131

Invited

Nos. 125-133, also,

Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	122
Come, Thou almighty King,.....	398

Light

Come Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace.....	137
The Spirit breathes upon the word,.....	138
O Word of God incarnate,.....	139
Light of the world, we hail Thee,.....	168

Purifier

O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
--	-----

Spirit of Love

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,.....	124
-----------------------------------	-----

Teacher of Truth

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;....	131
The Spirit breathes upon the word,.....	138
O God of truth, whose living word.....	177

Home

O happy home, where Thou art loved the dearest,	153
Thou gracious Power, whose mercy lends..	154
Star of morn and even,.....	415

Hope

Nos. 273-308, also,

Our God, our help in ages past.....	22
In heavenly love abiding.....	245
Soldiers of the cross, arise,.....	311

Hospitals

Immortal Love, forever full.....	113
From Thee all skill and science flow.....	181
O God of mercy, God of might.....	329
Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334
Thou Lord of life, our saving health.....	335

Immortality

Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	133
God of the living, in whose eyes.....	150
"For ever with the Lord!".....	306
When on my day of life the night is falling,	308
In our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us,	465

(See also HEAVEN)

Intercession

Where cross the crowded ways of life,....	156
Look from the sphere of endless day,.....	160
When wilt Thou save the people!.....	188
When the weary, seeking rest,.....	271
Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334
At even, ere the sun was set,.....	364
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,.....	366
The night is come, wherein at last we rest,..	374
Now the day is over,.....	388
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;.....	417
When Thy soldiers take their swords,....	426
Our God and Father, mindful of the love..	437

Invitation (Gospel)

Souls of men! why will ye scatter.....	35
Love divine, all loves excelling,.....	109
I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	116
I could not do without Thee,.....	117
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	200
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!.....	202
Come unto Me, ye weary,.....	208
Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
Art thou weary, art thou languid,.....	213
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,	218
Behold a Stranger at the door!.....	221
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	222
O Love that wilt not let me go,.....	223

Subject Index

Joy

Joy to the world! the Lord is come.....	38
Fairest Lord Jesus,.....	106
I heard the voice of Jesus say,.....	116
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Christ in His word draws near;.....	134
O Love that wilt not let me go,.....	228
Much in sorrow, oft in woe,.....	281
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made....	290
On our way rejoicing.....	299
My soul awake,.....	351
Rejoice, ye pure in heart,.....	475

Justice

Thou, Lord, art love.....	31
From Thee all skill and science flow,.....	181
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295

Kingdom of God

Blessings of

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,.....	171
Thy kingdom come—on bended knee....	176
Hail to the brightness.....	185
Lift up your heads, rejoice,.....	186

Coming

Nos. 172-176, also,

From Greenland's icy mountains,.....	167
And is the time approaching,.....	169
Come, let us join with faithful souls....	178
Thy kingdom come, O Lord,.....	179
Hail the glorious Golden City,.....	184
Lift up your heads, rejoice,.....	186
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,....	371

On Earth

O North, with all thy vales of green,....	165
The morning light is breaking,.....	172
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	173
The Lord will come and not be slow,....	175
Thy kingdom come—on bended knee....	176
Thy kingdom come, O Lord,.....	179
Come, kingdom of our God,.....	180
Lead on, O King eternal!.....	284
Lord of the living harvest.....	324
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,....	371
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408

Prayer for

(See PRAYER FOR KINGDOM)

Within us

O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
Come, kingdom of our God,.....	180
A little kingdom I possess,.....	485

Triumph of

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,	36
It came upon the midnight clear,.....	45
City of God, how broad and far.....	142
A mighty fortress is our God,.....	147
Hail the glorious Golden City,.....	184
O Holy City seen of John,.....	187

Law of God

How gentle God's commands,.....	269
O God, in whom we live and move,.....	295

Liberty

Dear Lord and Master mine,.....	321
---------------------------------	-----

Life

Brevity of

Brief life is here our portion.....	193
Work, for the night is coming.....	310
Go, labor on.....	315

Purity of

Breathe on me, Breath of God.....	133
Brief life is here our portion,.....	193
One thing I of the Lord desire.....	210
Purer yet and purer.....	300
Come, labor on!.....	312
Look up to heaven! th' industrious sun...	360
The radiant morn hath passed away.....	361
Softly now the light of day.....	369
Our day of praise is done,.....	392
While with ceaseless course the sun.....	458
The year is swiftly waning;.....	462

Close of

When on my day of life the night is.....	308
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;...	368
The day is gently sinking to a close,....	381

Eternal

(See HEAVEN)

Joy of

For the beauty of the earth,.....	2
-----------------------------------	---

(See also JOY)

Lord's Day

Nos. 385-398

Lord's Prayer

The night is come, wherein at last we rest,	374
---	-----

Lord's Supper

Nos. 431-445

Love

For Christ

When my love to Christ grows weak,.....	64
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	69
O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
Hail the day that sees Him rise.....	90
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,	97
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	99
Jesus, these eyes have never seen.....	100
O Jesus, King most wonderful,.....	102
Love divine, all loves excelling,.....	109
One there is, above all others,.....	111
I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!....	112
Immortal Love, forever full,.....	113
I could not do without Thee,.....	117
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all	125
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!.....	202
I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew	206
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	222
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	247
More love to Thee, O Christ,.....	252
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,....	256
Master, no offering.....	325
O God of mercy, God of might,.....	329
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,....	332
Saviour, teach me, day by day,.....	423
There is no name so sweet on earth.....	472

For Man

Nos. 309-348, also,

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,.....	12
On our way rejoicing.....	2

Subject Index

Loyalty

Immortal Love, forever full,.....	113
Faith of our fathers, living still.....	149
Christ for the world we sing.....	190
Who is on the Lord's side?.....	309
Thou, Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand	337
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424
Now I resolve with all my heart.....	425
When, His salvation bringing.....	471
Father in heaven, who lovest all.....	484

Marriage

No. 446

Martyrs

The Son of God goes forth to war,.....	277
--	-----

Mercy Seat

Thou to whom the sick and dying.....	334
--------------------------------------	-----

Midweek

Thou in whose name the two or three....	394
---	-----

Missions

Nos. 172-175, also,

Where cross the crowded ways of life....	156
From Greenland's icy mountains,.....	167
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad.....	185
Christ for the world we sing;.....	190
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,....	278
"Forward!" be our watchword,.....	298
I think when I read that sweet story of old,	477

(See also CITY OF GOD)

Foreign

Nos. 164-176, 180-185, also,

From the eastern mountains.....	54
Christ for the world we sing.....	190
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass....	278
"Forward!" be our watchword.....	298
I think when I read that sweet story of old	477

Home

Nos. 157-163, also,

Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand..	337
---	-----

Moods

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt..	287
--	-----

Morning

Nos. 344-359

Mothers

Lord of life and King of glory,.....	155
--------------------------------------	-----

National

Nos. 157-164, also,

Light of the world we hail Thee,.....	168
The Lord will come and not be slow,....	175
Thy kingdom come, O Lord,.....	179
We are living, we are dwelling.....	289

Nature

Nos. 2-8, also,

Let us with a gladsome mind.....	14
Thou art, O God, the life and light.....	33
Fairest Lord Jesus,.....	106
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;....	135
Lift up your heads, rejoice,.....	186
Sometimes a light surprises.....	246
God moves in a mysterious way.....	250
God, I thank Thee, who hast made....	290

The duteous day now closeth,.....	372
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	373
The shadows of the evening hours.....	376
God, that madest earth and heaven.....	378
The glory of the spring how sweet!.....	457
Summer suns are glowing.....	458
Come, ye thankful people, come,.....	459
Now sing we a song for the harvest.....	460
Sing, to the Lord of harvest,.....	461
The year is swiftly waning;.....	462

New and Old Year

Nos. 451-456

Noon

Look up to heaven! th' industrious sun..	360
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408

Obedience

Father, I know that all my life.....	242
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go.....	318
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	319
Dear Lord and Master mine.....	321
How blessed, from the bonds of sin.....	327
Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand..	337
To do Thy holy will,.....	339
Take my life, and let it be.....	341
God of the earnest heart.....	343
Saviour, while my heart is tender.....	420
Saviour, teach me, day by day.....	423
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.....	488

Offerings

Nos. 332-336, also,

Master, no offering.....	325
To do Thy holy will,.....	339
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.....	386
Our God and Father, mindful of the love..	437

Old and New Year

Nos. 451-456

Opening of Worship

Nos. 395-411, also,

Safely through another week.....	387
----------------------------------	-----

Patience

Leave God to order all thy ways.....	238
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!.....	237
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	238
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.....	241
God moves in a mysterious way.....	250
Your harps, ye trembling saints,.....	275
Not so in haste, my heart!.....	280

Peace

Nos. 263-267, also,

It came upon the midnight clear,.....	45
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,....	55
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.....	123
Holy Spirit, truth divine,.....	127
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.....	130
Break Thou the bread of life.....	132
Lord of our life and God of our salvation, ..	145
Arise, O Lord of hosts;.....	163
God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest..	166
From Thee all skill and science flow,.....	181
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will..	236
In heavenly love abiding.....	245
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,	253
Lead on, O King eternal!.....	284
On our way rejoicing.....	299
When the day of toil is done,.....	303

Subject Index

O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
The shadows of the evening hours.....	376
This is the day of light:.....	389
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	413

Penitence

Nos. 199-224, also,

My God, how wonderful Thou art,.....	30
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,..	32
When our heads are bowed with woe,.....	67
O come and mourn with me awhile!.....	71
Jesus, whelmed, in fears unknown,.....	72
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	74
O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
Thy life was given for me,.....	77
Lead, kindly Light,.....	285
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	286
O Thou from whom all goodness flows,....	257
Lord, I believe; Thy power I own,.....	259
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
O for a closer walk with God,.....	267
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,.....	377
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.....	386
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,..	404
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,....	411
Before Thine awful presence, Lord,.....	427
My God, accept my heart this day,.....	428
Our God and Father, mindful of the love..	437

Perils

(See DANGERS)

Perseverance

Father of love, our Guide and Friend,....	228
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace:	231
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!.....	237
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,	253
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;....	265
Soldiers of Christ, arise,.....	276
Believe not those who say.....	279
Much in sorrow, oft in woe,.....	281
Lead on, O King eternal!.....	284
"Christian, seek not yet repose,".....	286
O it is hard to work for God,.....	288
Fight the good fight.....	296
Onward, Christian soldiers,.....	297
Purer yet and purer.....	300
Jesus, I my cross have taken,.....	301
Come, labor on!.....	312
Go, labor on: spend and be spent,.....	315
Lord of the living harvest.....	324
Master, no offering.....	325
Rejoice, ye pure in heart,.....	475

Praise

To Christ

Nos. 36-45, 61-79, 94-121, also,

Angels, from the realms of glory,.....	47
All my heart this night rejoices,.....	48
All glory, laud, and honor.....	60
The day of resurrection!.....	84
Lift up, lift up your voices now!.....	86
Come ye faithful, raise the strain.....	87
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	88
More love to Thee, O Christ,.....	252
I look to Thee in every need,.....	262
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,....	278
Christ, whose glory fills the skies.....	345
Hosanna to the living Lord!.....	412

To God

Nos. 1-35, also,

We come unto our fathers' God.....	151
------------------------------------	-----

I look to Thee in every need.....	262
How gentle God's commands,.....	269
Your harps, ye trembling saints,.....	275
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made.....	290
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,.....	332
Lord God of morning and of night,.....	347
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!.....	354
All praise to Thee, my God, this night....	362
My God, how endless is Thy love!.....	365
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,....	411

Processional

2, 5, 9, 54, 83, 84, 87, 93, 95, 96, 107,
108, 139, 140, 146, 168, 170, 171, 182,
184, 186, 191, 194, 196, 197, 198, 277,
278, 282, 284, 285, 289, 297, 298, 299,
302, 309, 454, 475.

Prayer

Of Acceptance

Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
-------------------------------------	-----

For Bread

O God, Thou Giver of all good,.....	13
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	227

For Bread of Life

Break Thou the bread of life.....	132
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,.....	225
My Jesus, as Thou wilt!.....	237

For Calmness

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me:.....	130
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;.....	241
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	260
Dear Lord and Father of mankind,.....	263
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of	264
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;....	265
Again, as evening's shadow falls,.....	367

For Children

O holy Lord, content to fill.....	473
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.....	482

For Christ's Spirit and Presence

O little town of Bethlehem,.....	46
Thou didst leave Thy throne,.....	52
Fierce raged the tempest.....	55
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.....	56
O quickly come, dread Judge of all:.....	121
Where cross the crowded ways of life,.....	156
O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	200
Jesus, Lord of life and glory,.....	207
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.....	316
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go.....	318
O Rock of Ages, one Foundation,.....	328
O Lord, it is a blessed thing.....	359
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,.....	366
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;....	368
Softly now the light of day.....	369
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	373
Round me falls the night;.....	380
Thou in whose name the two or three.....	394
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424

For the Church

O Word of God incarnate,.....	139
Arise, O Lord of hosts;.....	163

For the City

Where cross the crowded ways of life....	15
Judge eternal, throned in splendor,.....	1

Subject Index

For Cleansing

Lord, Thy mercy now entreating.....	208
One thing I of the Lord desire,.....	210
Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	216
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
Father, to us Thy children.....	220

For Comfort

Our blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed.....	128
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	227
O grant us light, that we may know....	230

For Communion and Fellowship

O for a closer walk with God,.....	267
Now, when the dusky shades of night....	355
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;...	368
Softly now the light of day.....	369
Still with Thee, O my God,.....	416
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell....	435

Of Confession of Sin

Take me, O my Father, take me;.....	204
Father, hear Thy children's call;.....	219
Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,	220
I bow my forehead to the dust,.....	224

(See also PENITENCE)

For Defence and Shelter

Nos. 376-379, also,

Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,.....	225
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	373
When Thy soldiers take their swords,....	426

For Deliverance From Evil

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;....	181
Lord of our life and God of our salvation,	145
O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
Sinful, sighing to be blest;.....	201
Jesus, Lord of life and glory,.....	207
O Thou, who hast at Thy command.....	229
O Thou from whom all goodness flows,....	257
Soldiers of Christ, arise,.....	276
He who suns and worlds upholdeth.....	282
Christian, dost thou see them.....	285
"Christian, seek not yet repose,".....	286
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;.....	417

For Dying Grace

O sacred Head, now wounded,.....	75
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	216
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,.....	225
O grant us light, that we may know.....	230
Lighten the darkness.....	232
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	234
Lead, kindly Light.....	235
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	236
My God, my everlasting Hope,.....	249
In the hour of trial,.....	261

For Endurance

Father of love, our Guide and Friend,....	228
---	-----

(See also PERSEVERANCE)

For Eternal Life

Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	133
God of the living, in whose eyes.....	150
Now, when the dusky shades of night,....	355

For Faith

Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	69
Come, let us join with faithful souls.....	178
Lord, I believe; Thy power I own,.....	259
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317

For Forgiveness

Thy life was given for me.....	77
Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	122
Lovely to the outward eye.....	183
Take me, O my Father, take me;.....	204
Because I knew not when my life was good,	205
Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	216
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
Father, hear Thy children's call;.....	219
Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,	220
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	226
Softly now the light of day.....	369
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	373
Thou in whose name the two or three....	394
God of pity, God of grace,.....	402
Before Thine awful presence, Lord,.....	427

For Freedom

Father, hear Thy children's call;.....	219
Father, I know that all my life.....	242

For God's Presence

God of our fathers, known of old,.....	162
Arise, O Lord of hosts.....	168
Take me, O my Father, take me;.....	204
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	226
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	227
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	236
Father, hear the prayer we offer:.....	293
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;.....	314
O Lord, with toil our days are filled,....	323
O God, whose thoughts are brightest light,	326
My soul awake,.....	351
Now, when the dusky shades of night,....	355
The Lord be with us as we bend.....	419
God be with you till we meet again,....	466

For Grace

Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	122
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,.....	128
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....	216
The radiant morn hath passed away.....	361
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424

For Guidance

Nos. 225-228, 234-238, also,

O everlasting Light,.....	29
As with gladness men of old.....	50
From the eastern mountains,.....	54
Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	122
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,.....	128
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
O grant us light, that we may know.....	230
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace:..	231
Father, I know that all my life.....	242
Lord of might, and Lord of glory,.....	313
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;.....	314
O Lord, with toil our days are filled,....	323
To Thee, whose temple is all space,.....	338
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	344
God of the morning, at whose voice,.....	346
Now, when the dusky shades of night,....	355
Look up to heaven! th' industrious sun... 360	
The radiant morn hath passed away.....	361
The sun declines; o'er land and sea.....	373
O Jesus, I have promised.....	424

Subject Index

For God's Will

The Lord will come and not be slow.....	175
O Thou, who hast at Thy command.....	229
My God and Father, while I stray.....	289
O God, not only in distress.....	240
Lord of might, and Lord of glory.....	813
Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand..	337

For Healing

Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Where cross the crowded ways of life,...	156
Father, hear Thy children's call;.....	219
At even, ere the sun was set,.....	364

For Heaven

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	216
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace:	281
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	286

For Holiness and Sanctification

Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	122
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	128
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;...	131
Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	183
Father, hear Thy children's call;.....	219

For Humility

Father, I know that all my life.....	242
Lord of might, and Lord of glory,.....	813

For Joy

Holy Spirit, truth divine,.....	127
When the day of toil is done,.....	303
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;.....	417

For Justice

Nos. 377-380, also,

The Lord will come and not be slow.....	175
From Thee all skill and science flow,.....	181

For Keeping

Nos. 377-380, also,

My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,...	65
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay.....	353
All praise to Thee, my God, this night...	362
The day is past and over;.....	370
The night is come, wherein at last we rest,	374
Day is dying in the west;.....	375
God be with you till we meet again,.....	466

For Kingdom of God

Nos. 179-182, also,

O North, with all thy vales of green,....	165
From Greenland's icy mountains,.....	167
And is the time approaching,.....	169
The morning light is breaking,.....	172
Thy kingdom come—on bended knee....	176
O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
O Holy City seen of John,.....	187

For Life

Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	133
When the day of toil is done,.....	303

For Light

From the eastern mountains,.....	54
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	129
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;...	131
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;...	135
Light of the world we hail Thee,.....	168
O Paradise! O Paradise!.....	191
O grant us light, that we may know.....	230
Lighten the darkness of our life's long...	232

Lead, kindly Light.....	285
When the day of toil is done,.....	303
Lord, give me light to do Thy work,.....	331
O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice.....	350
Now, when the dusky shades of night,....	355
This is the day of light:.....	389
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;.....	417

For Love

My God, how wonderful Thou art,.....	30
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,.....	124
Holy Spirit, truth divine,.....	127
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;...	131
Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	138
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	226
Father, I know that all my life.....	242
When the day of toil is done,.....	303

For Mercy

God of our fathers, known of old,.....	162
Sinful, sighing to be blest;.....	201
Father, hear Thy children's call;.....	219
Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,	220

For Missions

From the eastern mountains,.....	54
Judge eternal, throned in splendor,.....	161
The Lord will come and not be slow,....	175
Thy kingdom come, O Lord,.....	179
Come, kingdom of our God,.....	180

For the Nation

My country, 'tis of thee,.....	157
God bless our native land;.....	158
Judge eternal, throned in splendor,.....	161
Arise, O Lord of hosts;.....	168

For Old Age

My God, my everlasting Hope,.....	249
-----------------------------------	-----

For Patience

O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
--------------------------------------	-----

For the People

When wilt Thou save the people?.....	188
--------------------------------------	-----

For Pity

Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	236
--	-----

For Power and Strength

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me:.....	130
O Holy City seen of John,.....	187
My faith looks up to Thee,.....	215
Father, to us Thy children, humbly.....	220
O Thou, who hast at Thy command.....	229
Father, I know that all my life.....	242
Father, hear the prayer we offer:.....	293
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak....	316
O Rock of Ages, one Foundation,.....	328

For Purity of Heart and Life

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,...	32
As with gladness men of old.....	50
O Child of lowly manger birth,.....	53
Breathe on me, Breath of God,.....	133
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;...	135
O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
Come, let us to the Lord our God.....	209
One thing I of the Lord desire,.....	210
Jesus, Lover of my soul,.....	217
Father, to us Thy children, humbly.....	220
Purer yet and purer.....	221

Subject Index

For Remembrance

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,.... 257

For Rest

Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 129
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace: 231
When the day of toil is done,..... 303
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak..... 316
Again, as evening's shadow falls,..... 367

For Righteousness

Holy Spirit, truth divine,..... 127

For Salvation

God of pity, God of grace,..... 402

For Self-consecration

O sacred Head, now wounded,..... 75
Thy life was given for me,..... 77
O God of truth, whose living word..... 177
Lovely to the outward eye..... 183
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating,..... 203
Take me, O my Father, take me;..... 204
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,..... 216
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult..... 222
O Thou, who hast at Thy command..... 229
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 260
O Master, let me walk with Thee..... 317
Take my life, and let it be..... 341

For Service

O Word of God incarnate,..... 139
Look from the sphere of endless day,..... 160
Father, I know that all my life..... 242

For Sleep

The night is come, wherein at last we rest, 374
The shadows of the evening hours..... 376
Now the day is over,..... 383

For Submission

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!..... 237
Thy way, not mine, O Lord,..... 238
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;..... 241
Father, I know that all my life..... 242

For Sympathy

When our heads are bowed with woe,..... 67

For Trust

Our God, our help in ages past..... 22

For Various Blessings

O everlasting Light,..... 29
Holy Spirit, truth divine,..... 127
Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 129
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me:..... 130
Father, hear Thy children's call;..... 219
Father, I know that all my life..... 242
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak..... 316

For Wanderers

From the eastern mountains,..... 54
Lead, kindly Light,..... 235
O Lord, with toil our days are filled,..... 323

For Wisdom and Truth

Lord of all being, throned afar,..... 10
O everlasting Light,..... 29
O Child of lowly manger birth,..... 53
Treasure Spirit, by whose aid..... 122
Holy Spirit, truth divine,..... 127

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,..... 128
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me:..... 130
Break Thou the bread of life..... 132
O grant us light, that we may know..... 230
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace:.. 231
Lighten the darkness of our life's long night, 232
Lord of might, and Lord of glory,..... 313
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak..... 316
Lord, give me light to do Thy work,..... 331
To Thee, whose temple is all space,..... 338
All praise to Thee, my God, this night.... 362

Renunciation

My Jesus, as Thou wilt..... 237
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... 238
My God and Father, while I stray..... 239
Jesus, I my cross have taken,..... 301

Repentance

Nos. 199-224

Resignation and Submission

Leave God to order all thy ways,..... 233
My God and Father, while I stray..... 239
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high,..... 256

Rest

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,.. 32
I heard the voice of Jesus say,..... 116
Art thou weary, art thou languid,..... 213
O Love that wilt not let me go,..... 223
Through the day Thy love has spared us,.. 379

Sea and Seamen

Now the day is over,..... 383
Eternal Father, strong to save,..... 467

Self-Denial

When I survey the wondrous cross..... 70
O thou, not made with hands,..... 189
Jesus, I my cross have taken,..... 301

Self-Mastery

O God of truth, whose living word..... 177
Father, to us Thy children, humbly..... 220
O Thou, who hast at Thy command..... 229
Soldiers of Christ, arise,..... 276
Christian, dost thou see them..... 285
"Christian, seek not yet repose,"..... 286
God of the earnest heart,..... 343
Father in heaven, who lovest all,..... 484
A little kingdom I possess,..... 485

Service

Nos. 309-318, 315-320, 327-331, 333-
336, 340-343, also,

He is gone: a cloud of light..... 89
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round..... 148
Faith of our fathers, living still..... 149
Where cross the crowded ways of life,.... 156
Look from the sphere of endless day,..... 160
Each mighty power of evil..... 170
At length there dawns the glorious day.... 182
Hail the glorious Golden City,..... 184
O Holy City seen of John,..... 187
O Thou, not made with hands,..... 189
Christ for the world we sing;..... 190
Father, I know that all my life..... 242
Lead on, O King eternal!..... 284
We are living, we are dwelling..... 289
A charge to keep I have,..... 291
Father, hear the prayer we offer:..... 293

Subject Index

He that goeth forth with weeping.....	294
O God, in whom we live and move.....	295
"Forward!" be our watchword.....	298
On our way rejoicing.....	299
O God, who workest hitherto.....	322
Lord of the living harvest.....	324
Master, no offering.....	325
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408
Now I resolve with all my heart.....	425

Social Wrongs

Lovely to the outward eye.....	183
O Holy City seen of John.....	187
When wilt Thou save the people!.....	188

Sowing and Reaping

He that goeth forth with weeping.....	294
Come, labor on!.....	312

Sorrows, Healed

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,	218
--	-----

Spring

With songs and honors sounding loud.....	6
The glory of the spring how sweet!.....	457
(See also NATURE)	

Submission

More love to Thee, O Christ.....	252
----------------------------------	-----

Summer

Summer suns are glowing.....	458
------------------------------	-----

Sympathy

There's not a grief, however light.....	66
When our heads are bowed with woe.....	67
To Thee, whose temple is all space.....	388

Temptations and Trials

Nos. 271-275, also,

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep.....	55
When our heads are bowed with woe.....	67
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;.....	131
Lord of our life and God of our salvation,..	145
Jesus, Lord of life and glory.....	207
Just as I am, without one plea.....	211
Father of love, our Guide and Friend.....	228
O Thou, who hast at Thy command.....	229
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace:	231
Lighten the darkness of our life's long night,	232
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	234
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	236
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,	253
O Love divine, that stooped to share.....	254
O Thou from whom all goodness flows.....	257
Lord, I believe; Thy power I own.....	259
In the hour of trial.....	261
I look to Thee in every need.....	262
The Son of God goes forth to war.....	277
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass.....	278
Believe not those who say.....	279
Much in sorrow, oft in woe.....	281
He who suns and worlds upholdeth.....	282
Christian, dost thou see them.....	285
"Christian, seek not yet repose,".....	286
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	301
When the day of toil is done.....	303
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	317
O Lord, with toil our days are filled.....	323
At even, ere the sun was set.....	364

Trials, Illumined

Thou, Lord, art love, and everywhere.....	31
O grant us light, that we may know.....	230
God moves in a mysterious way.....	250
Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb	255

I look to Thee in every need.....	262
How firm a foundation.....	272
Give to the winds thy fears;.....	274
Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	275
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made....	290

Thanks

We plough the fields, and scatter.....	7
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made....	290
I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm....	342

Time, Flight of

Brief life is here our portion.....	193
Work, for the night is coming:.....	310
Come, labor on!.....	312
The day is gently sinking to a close.....	381
While with ceaseless course the sun.....	458

Trust and Confidence

Nos. 214-217, 362-379, also,

O worship the King all glorious above.....	1
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay.....	353
Now the day is over.....	383
The sun is sinking fast.....	384
Light of Light, enlighten me.....	388
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,	405
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.....	411
Before Thine awful presence, Lord.....	427
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.....	452

War

God of our fathers, known of old.....	162
---------------------------------------	-----

Warfare, Spiritual

Nos. 276-279, 281-286, also,

A mighty fortress is our God.....	147
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.....	148
For all Thy saints who from their labors..	152
O Lord our God, Thy mighty hand.....	164
Each mighty power of evil.....	170
O God of truth, whose living word.....	177
Come, let us join with faithful souls.....	178
God is my strong Salvation.....	270
O it is hard to work for God.....	288
We are living, we are dwelling.....	289
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	292
Fight the good fight.....	296
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	297
Through the night of doubt and sorrow....	302
Who is on the Lord's side!.....	309
Soldiers of the cross, arise.....	311
Stand, soldier of the cross.....	422
Before Thine awful presence, Lord.....	427
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world;	480

Watchfulness

Christian, dost thou see them.....	285
"Christian, seek not yet repose,".....	286
A charge to keep I have.....	291
Go, labor on: spend and be spent.....	315

Work

(See SERVICE)

Workers together with God

A mighty fortress is our God.....	147
Each mighty power of evil.....	170
Hail the glorious Golden City.....	184
Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	408

World

Nos. 165-190

Youth

Saviour, while my heart is tender.....	420
When Thy soldiers take their swords.....	426
In life's earnest morning.....	429
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world,	430

FOR THE OPENING OF WORSHIP

The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my Name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my Name, and a pure offering: for my Name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

Seeing that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God; let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord of the Kingdom

God, Our Father

HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

Supplement to the New Version, 1708

O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly
sing His power and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

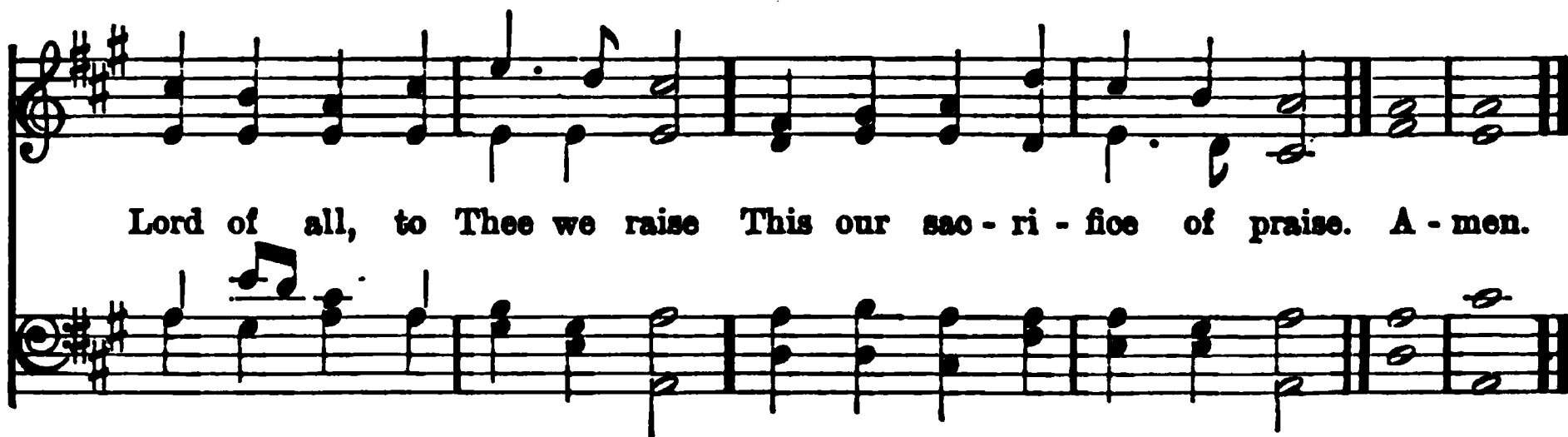
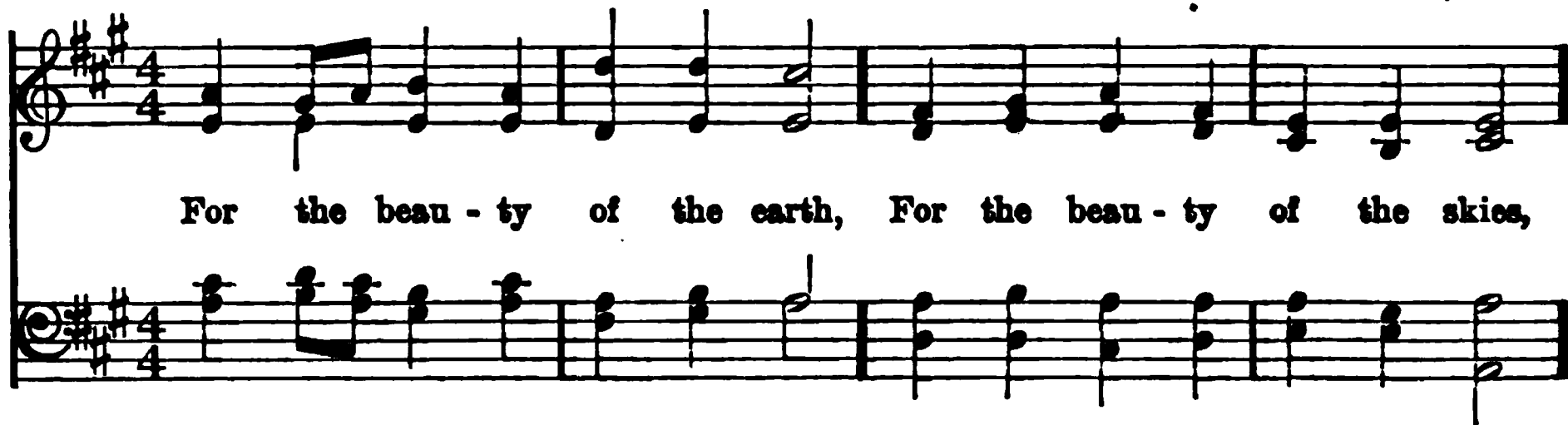
- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise!
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Wm. Kethe, 1561, recast by Robert Grant, 1883

The Lord of the Kingdom

DIX Six 7s.

Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838



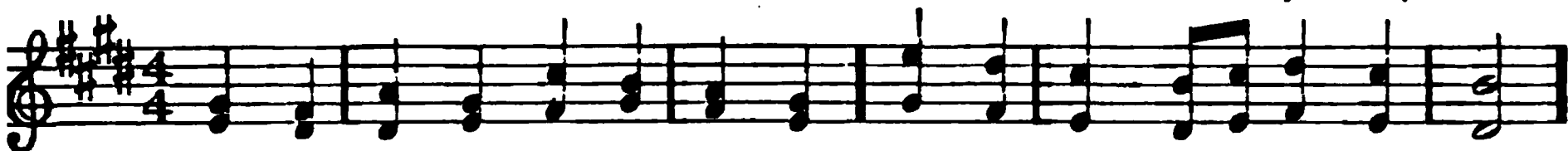
- 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony

- Linking sense to sound and sight:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
 - 5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

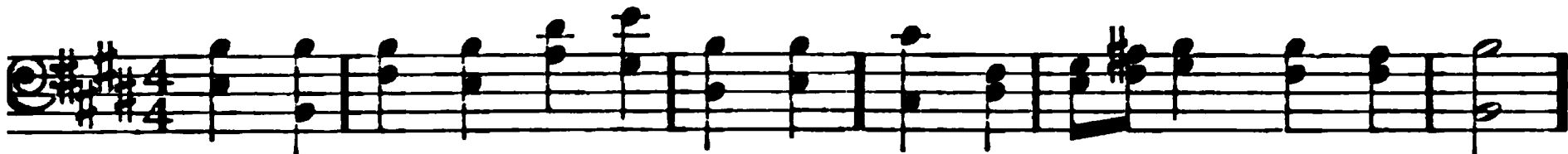
God, Our Father

SERAPHIM 4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

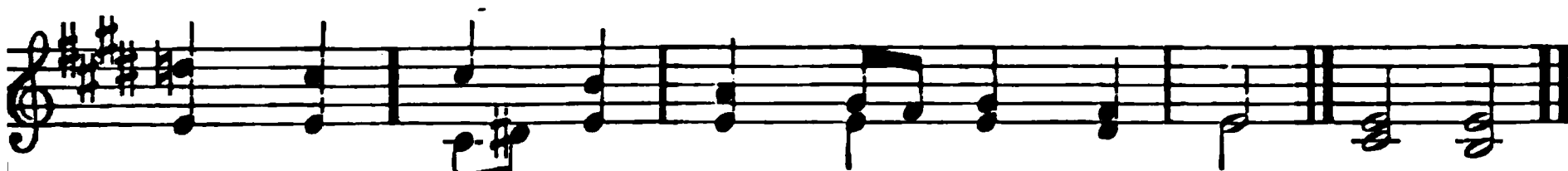
Henry Smart, 1813-79



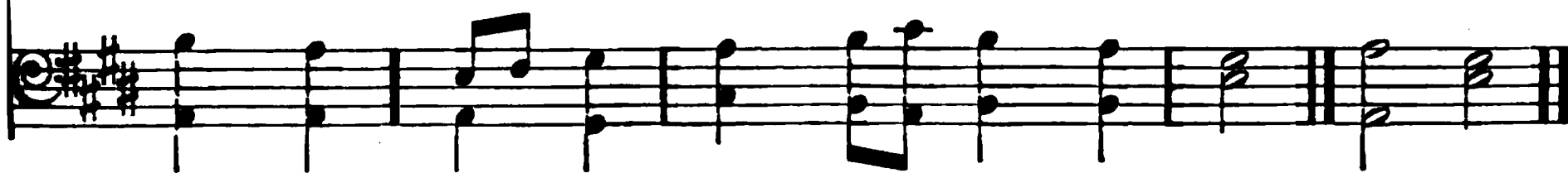
An - gels ho - ly, High and low - ly, Sing the prais - es of the Lord!



Earth and sky, all liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre -



a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! A - men.



1 **A**NGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purpled-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver!
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1840

The Lord of the Kingdom

HEBER 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

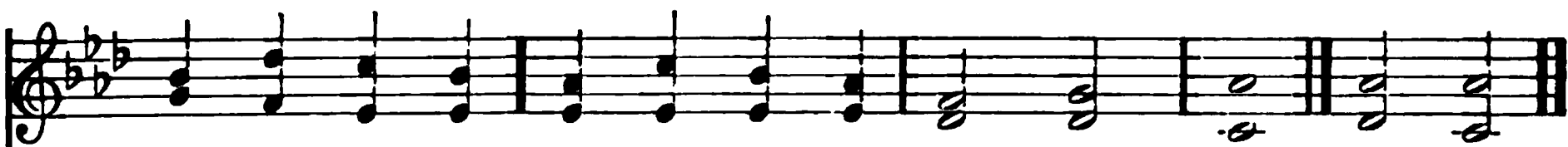
Edward J. Hopkins, 1868



God is love, by Him up - hold - en Hang the glo - rious orbs of light,



In their language, glad and gold - en, Speak - ing to us day and night



Their great sto - ry, God is love, and God is might. A - men.



1 **G**OD is love, by Him upholden
Hang the glorious orbs of light,
In their language, glad and golden,
Speaking to us day and night
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In the message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back, from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,

To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
God is love, and God is life.

4 Through that precious love He sought us,
Wandering from His holy ways,
With that precious life He bought us
Then let all our future days
Tell this story:
Love is life—our lives be praise.

5 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives, one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is life, and God is love.

John S. B. Monnell, 1856 (text 1875)

God, Our Father

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1866

God the Lord a king re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;

God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth; He hath gird-ed Him with might.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height. A-men.

- 1 GOD the Lord a king remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
He hath girded Him with might.
Alleluia!
God is King in depth and height.
- 2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.
- 3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where *they have drifted*,

- Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.
- 4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.
- 5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

The Lord of the Kingdom

ELLACOMBE C. M.

Hartig's *Vollständige Sammlung*, Mainz c. 1829

With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud Ad - dress the Lord on high!

O - ver the heavens He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

He sends His showers of bless - ing down To cheer the plains be - low;

He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow. A - men.

1 **W**ITH songs and honors sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high!
 Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
 He sends His showers of blessing down
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

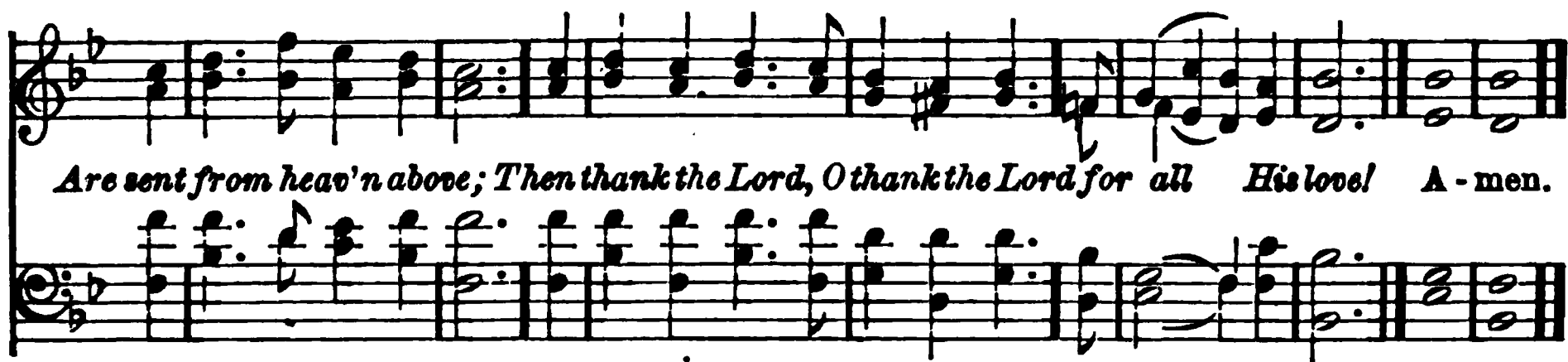
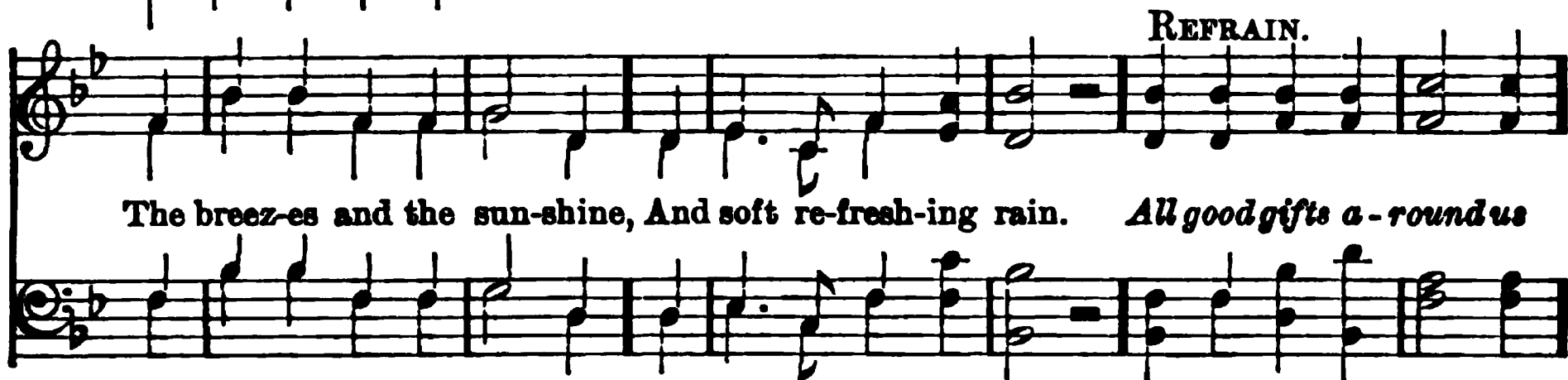
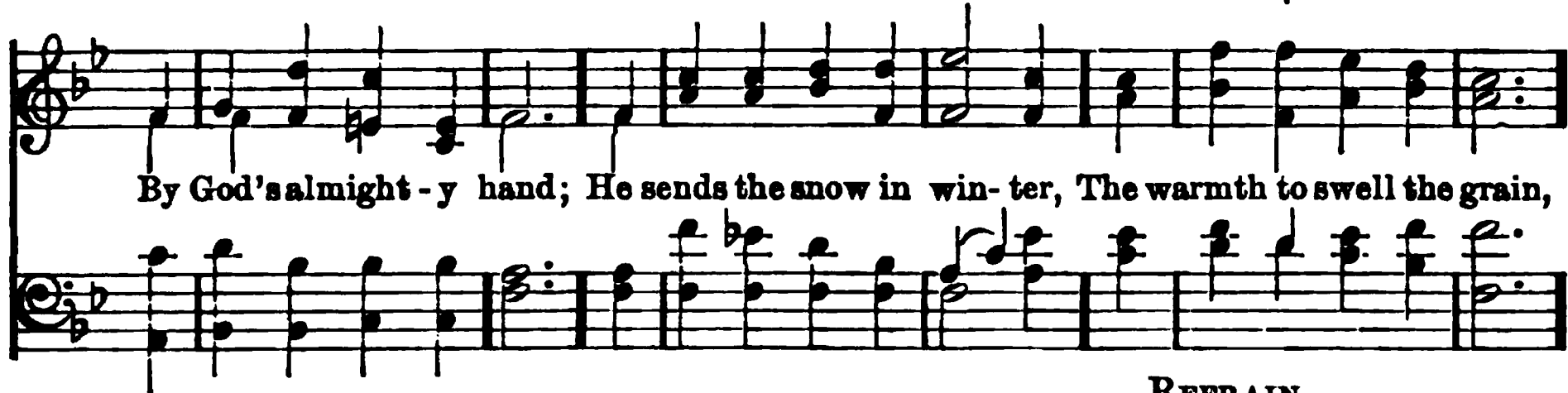
His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends His word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey His mighty word:
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

God, Our Father

WIR PFLÜGEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

Arr. fr. Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747-1800



1 **W**E plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
*All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
 For all His love!*

2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower.

He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food:
 No gifts have we to offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1782; tr. Jane M. Campbell, 18

The Lord of the Kingdom

CREATION L. M. D.

Arr. fr. Franz Joseph Haydn, 1793

The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.

Th'un-wea - ried sun from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play,

And pub-lish-es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand. A-men.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine:
 "The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

CANTATE DOMINO L. M. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise:

Unison. *Harmony.*

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an - gels serve and saints a - dore,

Unison. *Harmony.*

The Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A - men.

1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise:

*For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name for it is fair:

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,

Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His name, for it is true:

4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His blest employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy:

5 For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That nobler life which after this
Shall ever shine, and never die:
*Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*

John S. B. Monseil, 1882

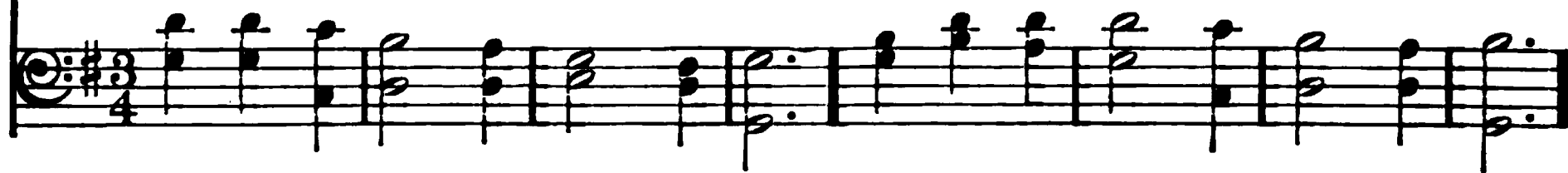
The Lord of the Kingdom

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

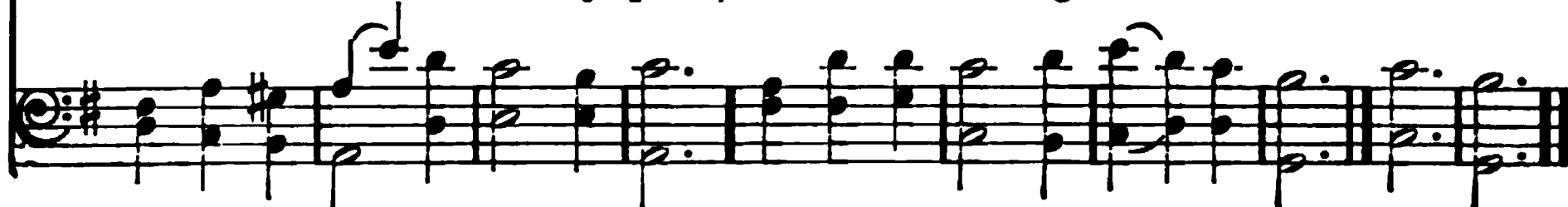
Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815



Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;



Centre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.



- 1 **L**ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil O. Taylor, 1847



O Source di - vine and Life of all, The Fount of be - ing's wondrous sea!



Thy depth would ev'ry heart ap - pal That saw not love supreme in Thee. A - men.



1 O SOURCE divine and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only Guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

John Sterling, 1840, v 5, ll. 3 and 4 alt

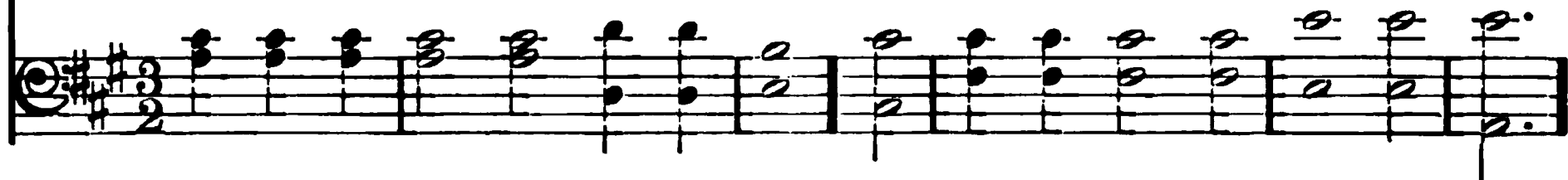
The Lord of the Kingdom

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1834



The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns, re-joice!



From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord om-nip-o- tent is King!" A - men.



- 1 **T**HE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder, 1824

TALLIS'S CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560

O God, Thou Giv - er of all good, Thy chil - dren live by

dai - ly food; And dai - ly must the prayer be said,

"Give us this day our dai - ly bread." A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD, Thou Giver of all good,
Thy children live by daily food;
And daily must the prayer be said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."
- 2 The life of earth and seed is Thine;
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine;
Thou art in all; not even the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.
- 3 What large provision Thou hast made!
As large as is Thy children's need;
How wide Thy bounteous love is spread!
Wide as the want of daily bread.
- 4 Since every day by Thee we live,
May grateful hearts Thy gifts receive;
And may the hands be pure from stain
With which our daily bread we gain.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

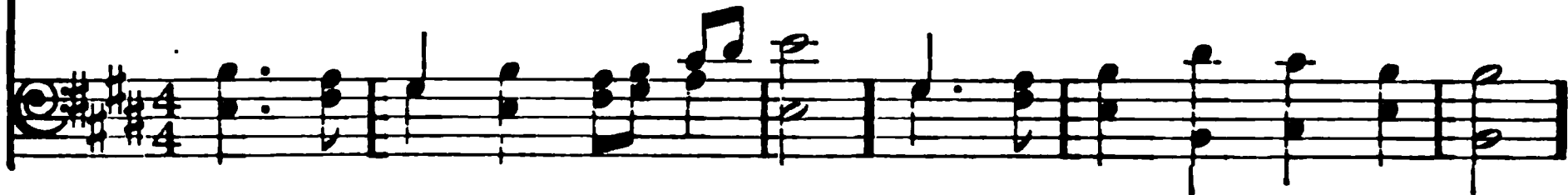
The Lord of the Kingdom

INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from an old French melody, xlii O., and G. F. Handel



Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;



For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - men.



1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
Who by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

3 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run;
Th' hornèd moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

4 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.

5 All things living He doth feed.
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

God, Our Father

REDHEAD No. 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French melody, xii Century arr. by R. Redhead, 1853



Life of a - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un - spent and free,



low - ing in the prophet's word, And the peo - ple's lib - er - ty! A - men.



- 1 **L**IFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!
- 2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind;—
- 3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;—
- 4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong,
From the sacred limits back.
- 5 Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

The Lord of the Kingdom

ST. JOHN 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Old English melody, *The Parish Choir* 1851


A - round the throne of God The host an - gel - ic throngs;

They spread their palms a-broad, And shout per- pet- ual songs; Him first they own, Him

last and best, God ev - er blest, And God a - lone. A - men.

1 **A**ROUND the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs;
Him first they own,
Him last and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

2 "O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart."

3 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light:

Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love."

4 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

5 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own,
First, last, and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

God, Our Father

STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Psalmody Sacra, Gotha, 1718

God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim. A-men.

1 **G**OD, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

The Lord of the Kingdom

NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

J. Orüger's *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1649

Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blessed us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

1 NOW thank we all our God
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who, from our mother's arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;

And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All glory be to God
 For all He hath created,
 From us whom He so high
 Among His works enstated,
 To praise Him while we live,
 And on His will attend,
 Until we there arrive,
 Where song shall have no end.

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649; vv. 1 and 2, tr.

Catherine Winkworth, 1858; v. 3, tr. the Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

God, Our Father

HAST DU DENN, JESU 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668

Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre - a - tion! O my soul

praise Him, for He is Thy health and sal - va - tion. All ye who hear, Now to His

tem-ple draw near, Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion! A - men.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
 O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
 All ye who hear,
 Now to His temple draw near,
 Join me in glad adoration!
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
 Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
 Hast thou not seen
 How thy desires e'er have been
 Granted in what He ordaineth?
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee!
 Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
 Ponder anew
 What the Almighty can do,
 If with His love He befriend thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
 Let the Amen
 Sound from His people again:
 Gladly for aye we adore Him.

The Lord of the Kingdom

MANOAH C. M.

Arr. in Henry W. Greatorex's "Collection," Boston 1851

Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some bound-less thing,

The might - y works, or might - ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - men.

1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice that rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.

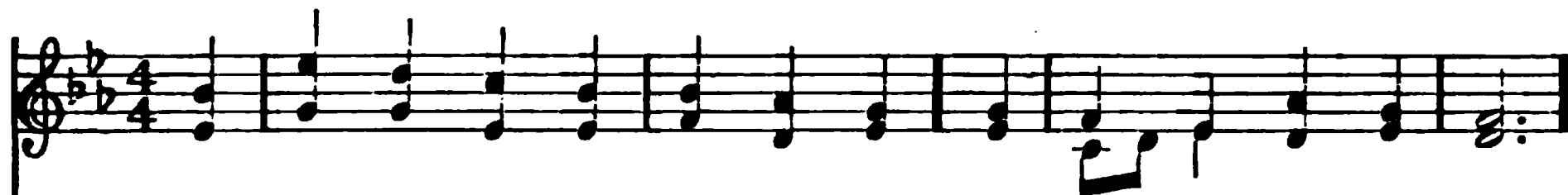
4 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through the worlds abroad;
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder, God.

5 But the sweet beauties of Thy grace
 Our softer praises move;
 Pity divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore, and love.

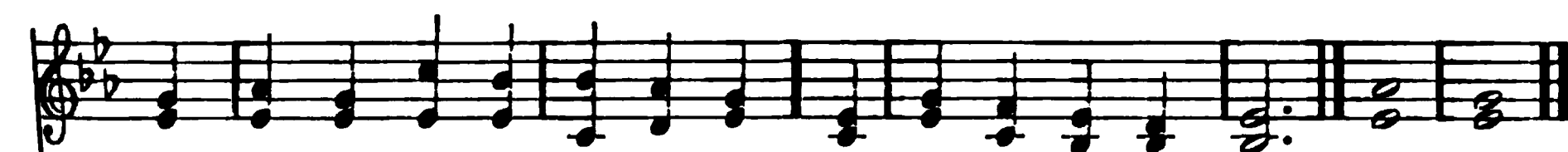
God, Our Father

ST. PETER C. M.

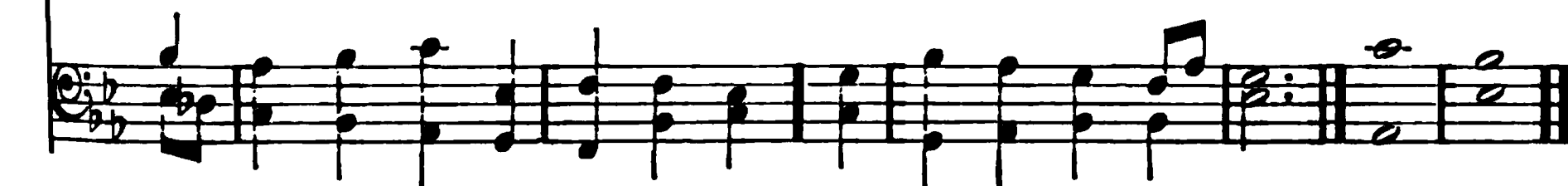
Alexander B. Reinagle, 1880



When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,



Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise. A - men.



1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

7 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712

The Lord of the Kingdom

ST. ANNE C. M.

Ascribed to William Croft, 1708

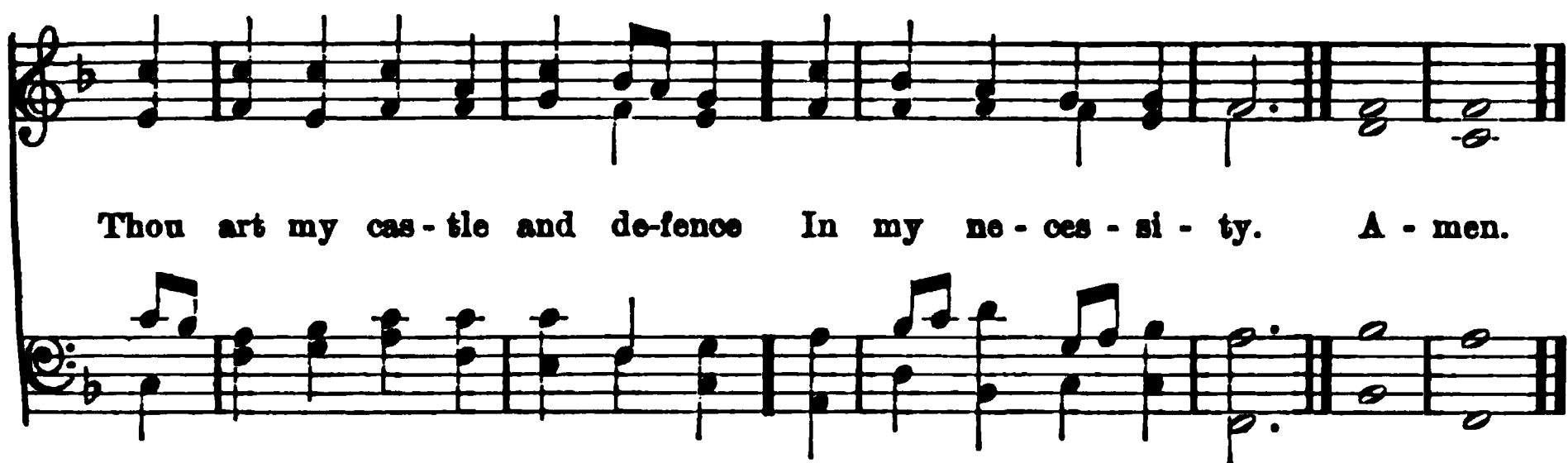
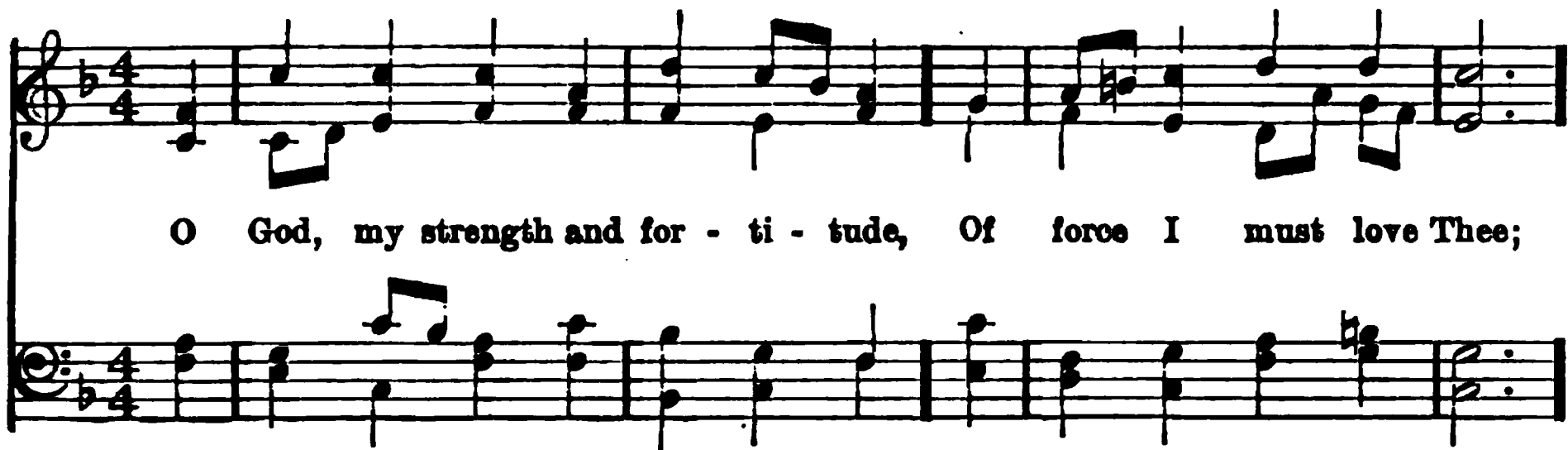
Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719

HERMANN C. M.

Alt. from Nicolaus Hermann. 1551



1 O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth;
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health!

3 I sore beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And He forthwith heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

6 He brought me forth to open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because He had
A favor unto me.

7 Thou teachest me Thy saving health,
Thy right hand is my tower;
Thy love and gentleness also
Do still increase my power.

Thomas Sternhold, 1561; v. 3, line 1 alt.

BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate, 1855

Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye com -

mands with piero - ing view My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours,

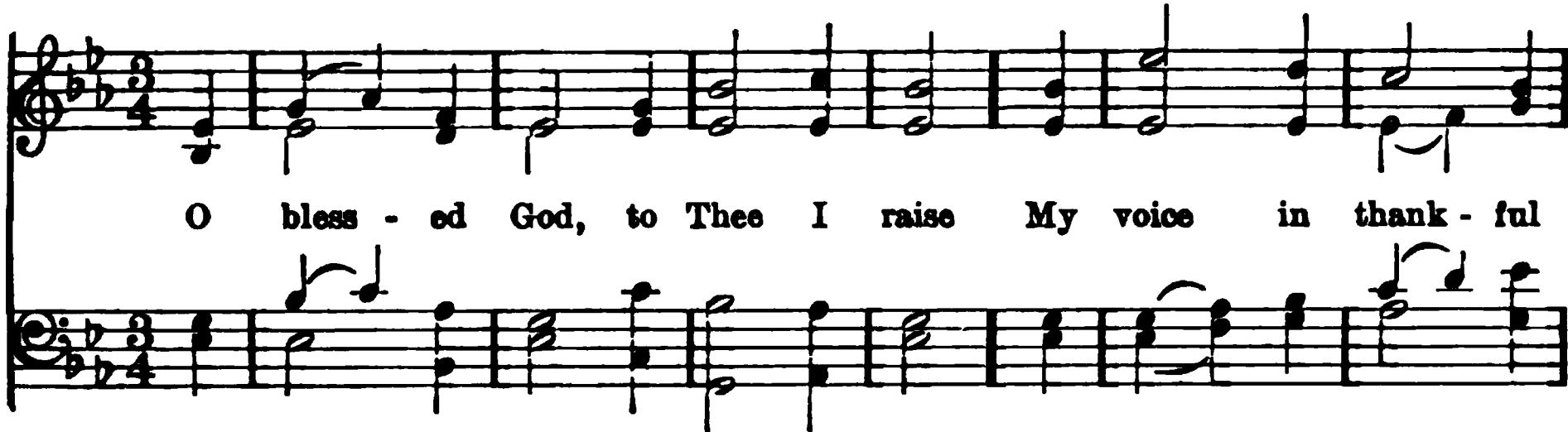
My heart and flesh, with all their powers. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak;
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790



1 **O** BLESSED God, to Thee I raise
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be,
My silence shall be praise to Thee.

2 For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart,
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou Parent of all good;—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who lov'st my loudest praise to hear
And lov'st to bless my voiceless prayer.

Said to be from the Greek, tr. anon., 1858

BENEDIC ANIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Goss, 1869

Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;

Ran-som'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praises should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.

1 **P**RAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who, like me, His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him, still the same for ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes;
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

God, Our Father

CARTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

Edmund S. Carter, 1874



God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;



Bliss He wakes and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love. A - men.



1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring, 1825

The Lord of the Kingdom

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1784

Where is thy God, my soul? Is He with - in Thy heart,

Or rul - er of a dis - tant realm In which thou hast no part? A - men.

- 1 **W**HERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart,
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun,
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page,
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.
- 5 Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy sacred power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.
- 6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1933

SIENNA S. M.

J. H. Deane, 1824-1881

O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day, Dis - pell - er

of the an - cient night In which cre - a - tion lay! A - men.

- 1 **O** EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!
- 2 **O** everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness!
- 3 **O** everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings.
- 4 **O** everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.
- 5 **O** everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me in spite of foes at length
To joy, and light, and day.
- 6 **O** everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above:
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

Horatius Bonar, 1861

WESTMINSTER C. M.

James Turle, 1886



- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
- 2 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!
- 3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 4 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 5 O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849, arr.

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 **T**HOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
 Thy name is brightly shown,
 Beneath, on earth, Thy footstool fair,
 Above, in heaven, Thy throne.

2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
 There mercy prints its trace;
 In nature we Thy steps behold,
 The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
 Our feeble range of sight,
 They wind, through darkness, to their end
 In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
 The living voice they find:
 His love lights up the vast abyss
 Of the eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
 They stamp the seal divine,
 And by a sweet compulsion keep
 Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy heaven is the abode of love;
 O blessed Lord, that we
 May there, when time's deep shades remove,
 Be gathered home to Thee!

James D. Burns, 1858

ST. CATHERINE Six 8s.

H. F. Hemy and J. G. Walton, 1874

Thou hid-den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,

I see from far Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. . A - men.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height, 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 I see from far Thy beauteous light, Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose; The Lord of every motion there;
 My heart is pained, nor can it be Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 At rest till it finds rest in Thee. When it has found repose in Thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see:
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!
- 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there;
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I,
 Ceaseless, may "Abba, Father!" cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729;
 tr. John Wesley, 1736 (text of 1780)

God, Our Father

STELLA Six 8s.

Old English melody, in *Easy Hymn Tunes* 1851

Thou art, O God, the Life and Light Of all this wondrous
world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but re - flec - tions caught from Thee: Wher - e'er we turn, Thy
glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine. A - men.

1 **T**HOU art, O God, the Life and Light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

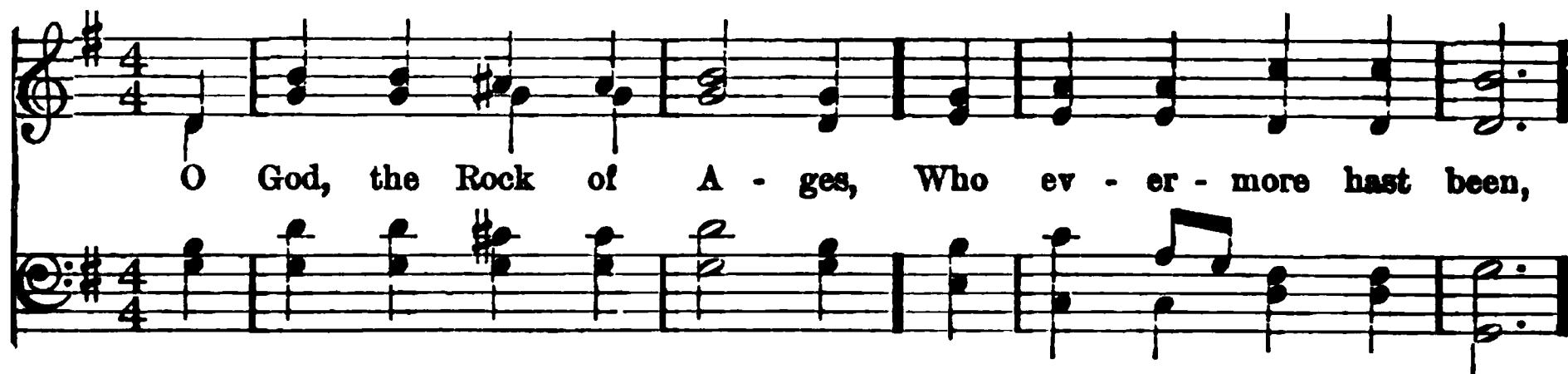
2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

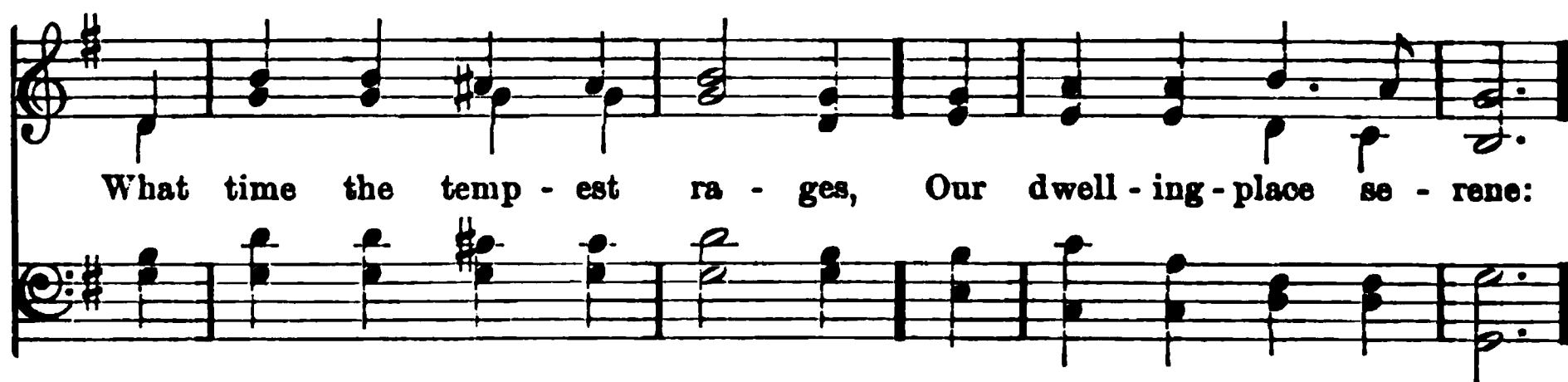
4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

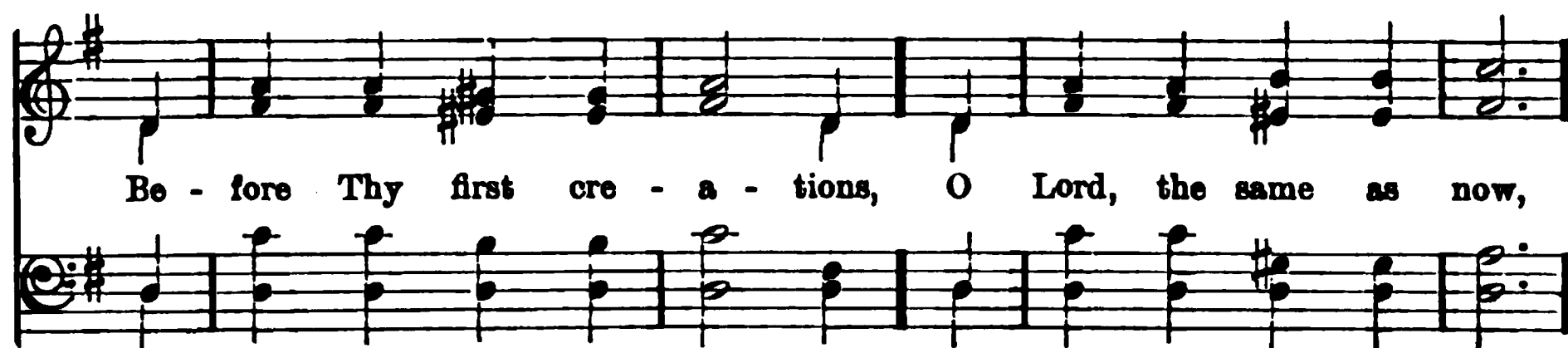
Arr. from Schubert by William W. Gilchrist, 1895



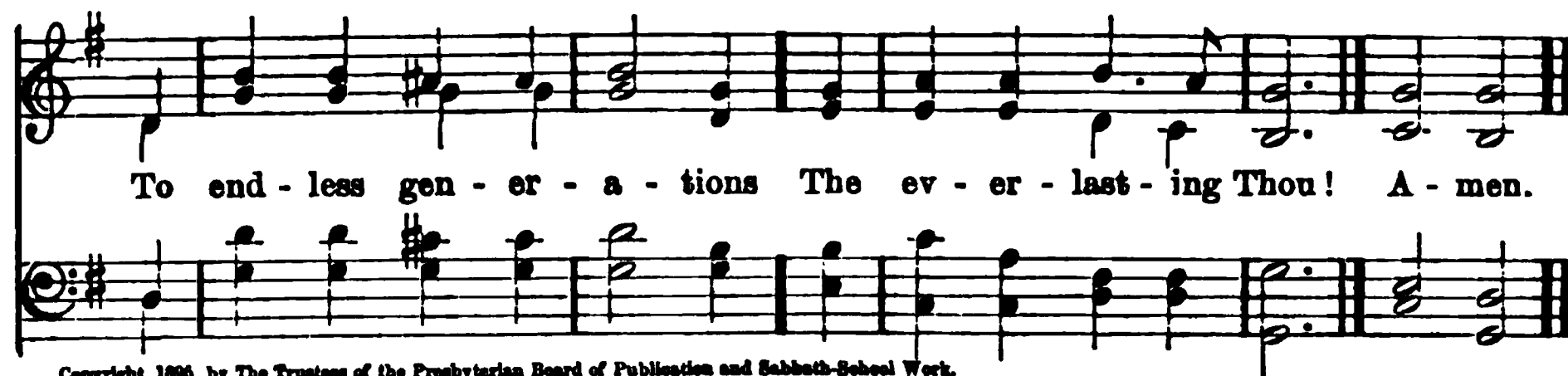
O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,



What time the temp - est ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene:



Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,



To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

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1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
*Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;*

A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1890

God, Our Father

MIRIAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Alternate Tune for 3/4)

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 6/4 time. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'O God, the Rock of Ages, Who ever - er - more hast been, What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing place se - rene: Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now, To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.'

1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;

A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860.

ILSLEY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

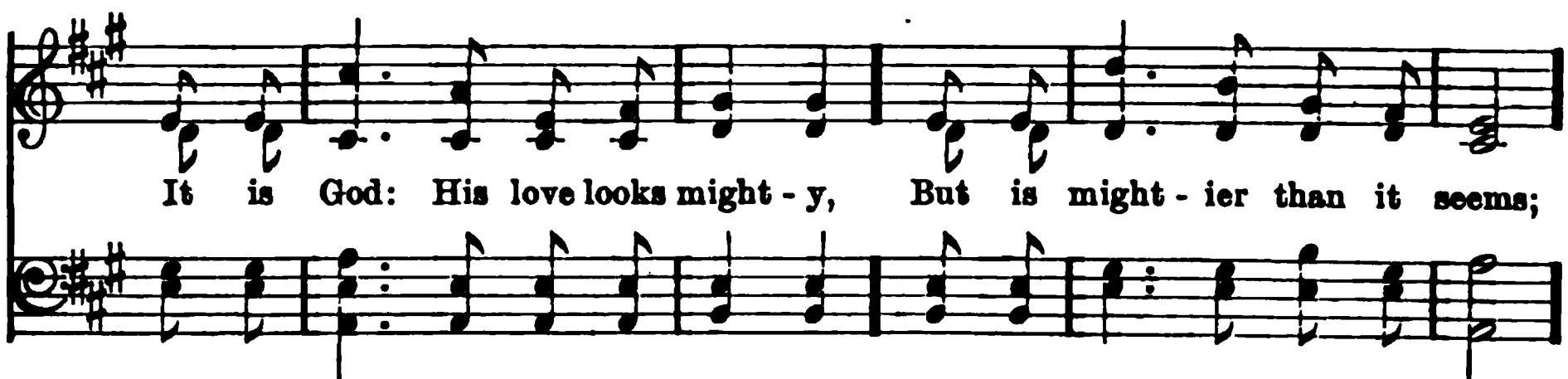
Frank G. Ilesley, 1881-87



Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-en'd sheep?



Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?



It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems;



'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond-ness Goes far out be-yond our dreams. A - men.

1 SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss:
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854, arr.

God, Our Father

CONVERSE 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (Alternate Tune for 35)

Charles C. Converse, 1868

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of four systems of staves, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, key signatures, and various note values and rests.

Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?

Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems;

'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams. A - men.

1 SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss:
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

The Lord of the Kingdom

36

Jesus Christ

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

William Jones, 1789.



Hark, the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom-ised long:

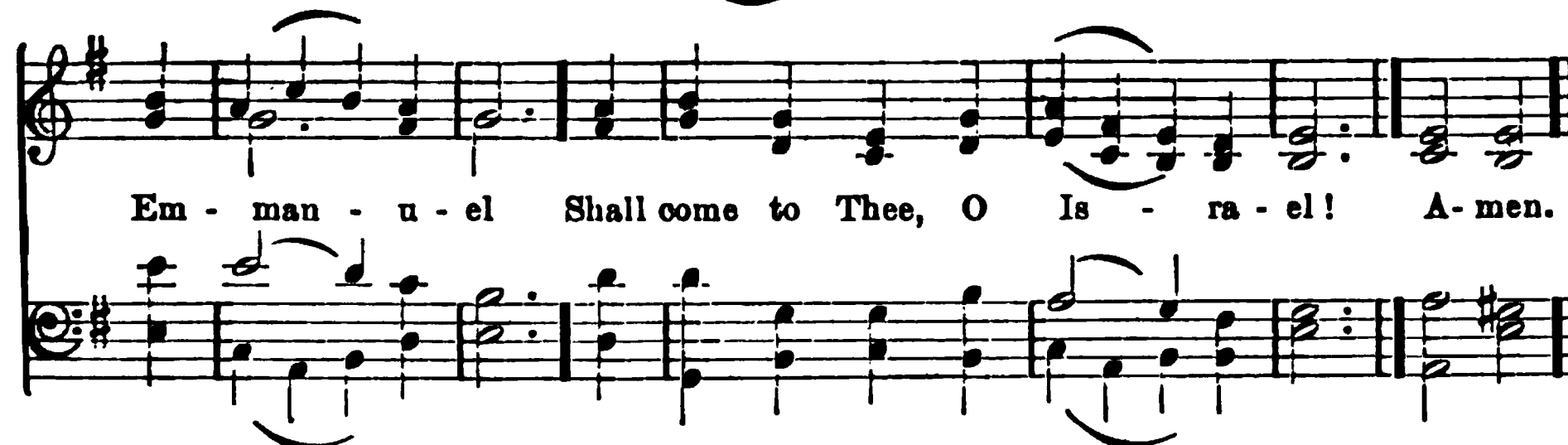
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-men.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from the thick films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Phillip Doddridge, 1735.

VENI EMMANUEL Six 8s.

Ancient Plain Song, 13th Century

In Unison.*In Harmony.*

1 **O** COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

2 O come, Thou Wisdom from on high,
And order all things, far and nigh;
To us *the path of knowledge* show,

And cause us in her ways to go.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Desire of nations, bind
All peoples in one heart and mind;
Bid envy, strife and quarrels cease;
Fill the whole world with heaven's peace.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

Based on Ancient-Latin Antiphons: v. 1 tr. John M. Neale, 1851, 71. vv. 2 and 3 tr. Henry S. Coffin, 1907.

ANTIOCH C. M.

T. Hawkes's *Collection of Tunes*, 1833


Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King, Let ev - 'ry

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing! And

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing! And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing! A-men.

sing! And heav'n and na - ture sing!

- 1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing!
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy!
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground!
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH L. M.

Melody attributed to Luther; *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes! Who is it in yon manger lies?



Who is this child so young and fair? The blessed Christ-Child li-eth there. A - men.



1 **G**IVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
 Who is it in yon manger lies?
 Who is this child so young and fair?
 The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

2 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
 How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
 That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
 Where ass and ox but lately fed?

3 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
 Beset with gold and jewels rare,
 She yet were far too poor to be
 A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
 My lips no more their silence keep;
 I too must sing with joyful tongue
 That sweetest ancient cradle-song,—

6 "Glory to God in highest heaven.
 Who unto man His Son hath given!"
 While angels sing with pious mirth
 A glad new year to all the earth.

AVISON 11. 11. 12. 11. With Refrain


William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

Charles Avison, 1710-1770


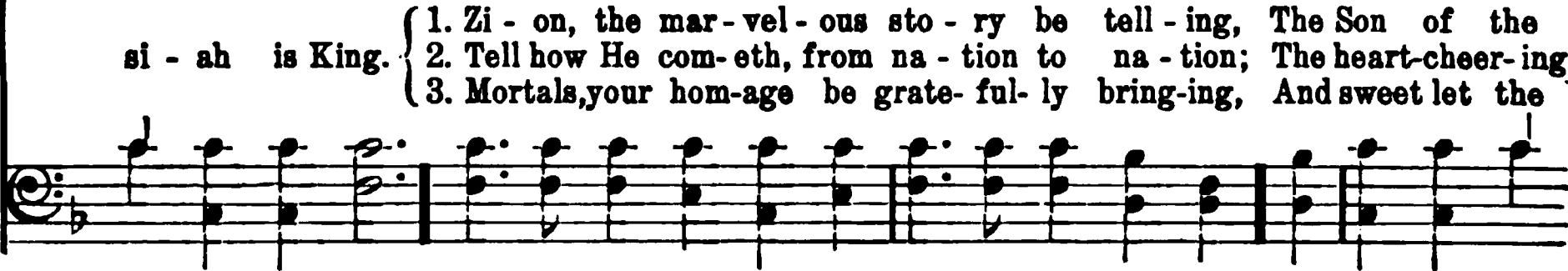
REFRAIN.



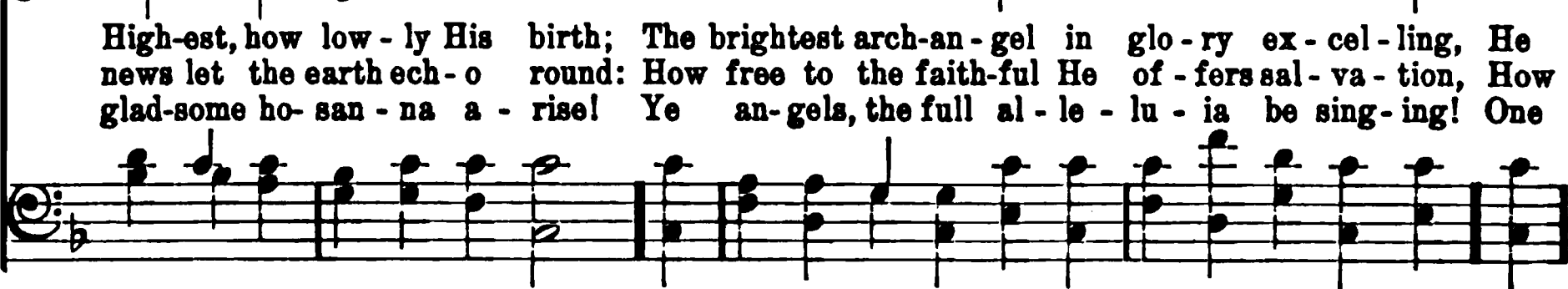
Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing!..... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -



si - ah is King. { 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the
2. Tell how He com - eth, from na - tion to na - tion; The heart - cheer - ing
3. Mortals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the



High - est, how low - ly His birth; The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He
news let the earth ech - o round: How free to the faith - ful He of - fers sal - va - tion, How
glad - some ho - san - na a - rise! Ye an - gels, the full al - le - lu - ia be sing - ing! One



Repeat 1st Refrain. *After last verse.*



stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up - on earth.
His peo - ple with joy e'er - last - ing are crowned. } Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing!.....
cho - rus resound thro' the earth and the skies!



Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.



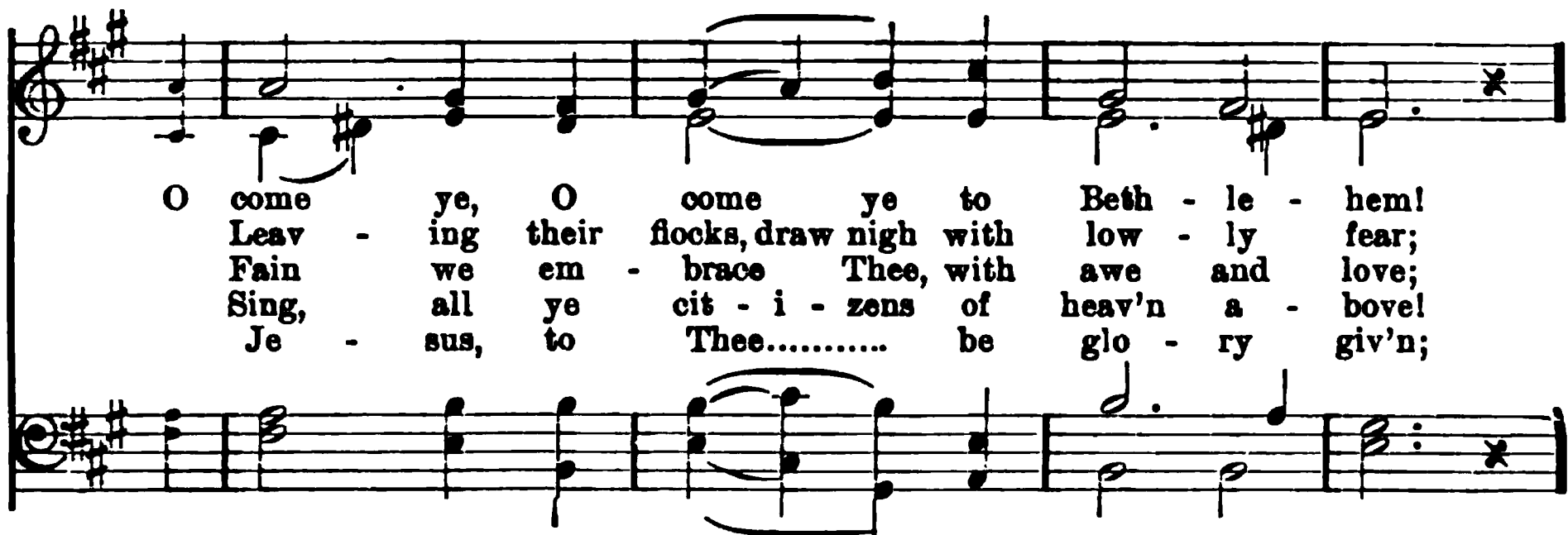
ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

Anon. (Latin, 17th or 18th C.) tr. F. Oakeley and others

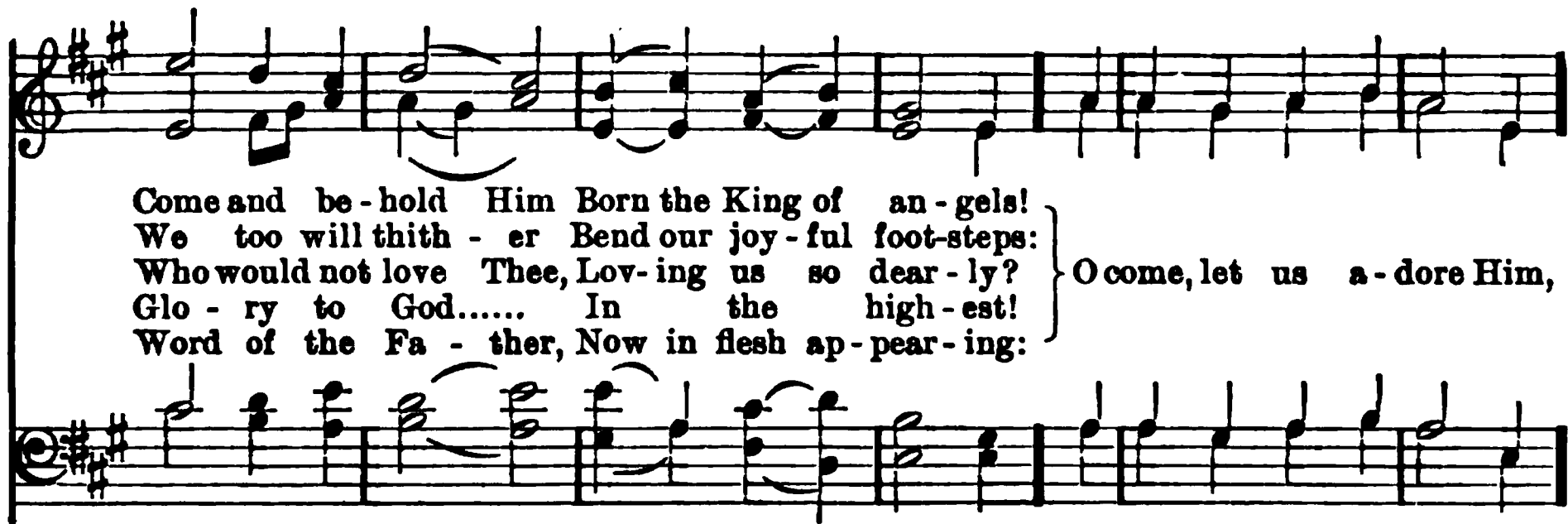
Anon J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umph - ant,
2. See how the shep - herds, Summoned to His cra - dle,
3. Child, for us sin - ners Poor and in a man - ger,
4. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
5. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,



O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem!
Leav - ing their flocks, draw nigh with low - ly fear;
Fain we em - brace Thee, with awe and love;
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove!
Je - sus, to Thee..... be glo - ry giv'n;



Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels!
We too will thith - er Bend our joy - ful foot-steps:
Who would not love Thee, Lov - ing us so dear - ly? } O come, let us a - dore Him,
Glo - ry to God..... In the high - est!
Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing:



O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1850

1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners reo - on-ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; U - ni-vers - al na - ture, say, "Christ the Lord is born to-day!" U - ni-vers - al na - ture, say, "Christ the Lord is born to -day!" A-men.

1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature, say,
 "Christ the Lord is born today!"

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead, see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!

Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.

3 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 O to all Thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart.

Charles Wesley, 1743

v. 1, lines 1 and 2 altered by George Whitfield, 1753

SHACKELFORD C. M. D.

Frederick H. Cheeswright, 1889

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

"Fear not," said he—for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind,—

"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind. A - men.

(Alternate Tune:—Christmas No. 85)

1 **W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

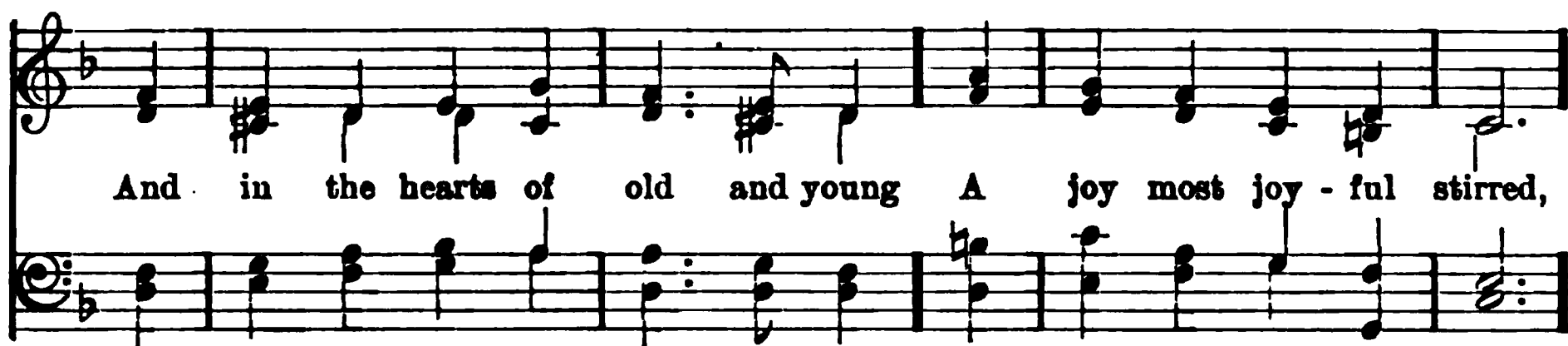
3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1702

The Lord of the Kingdom

NOEL C. M. D.

Traditional Air, arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874



1 **A** THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before:
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news that men should be as they,
To darkened earth they bore;
So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
*And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.*

3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

4 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest sheaf
His patient love shall win.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1868

CAROL C. M. D.

R. Storrs Willis, 1849



It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending



near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-



gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A - men.



1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
All still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world,
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er it's Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

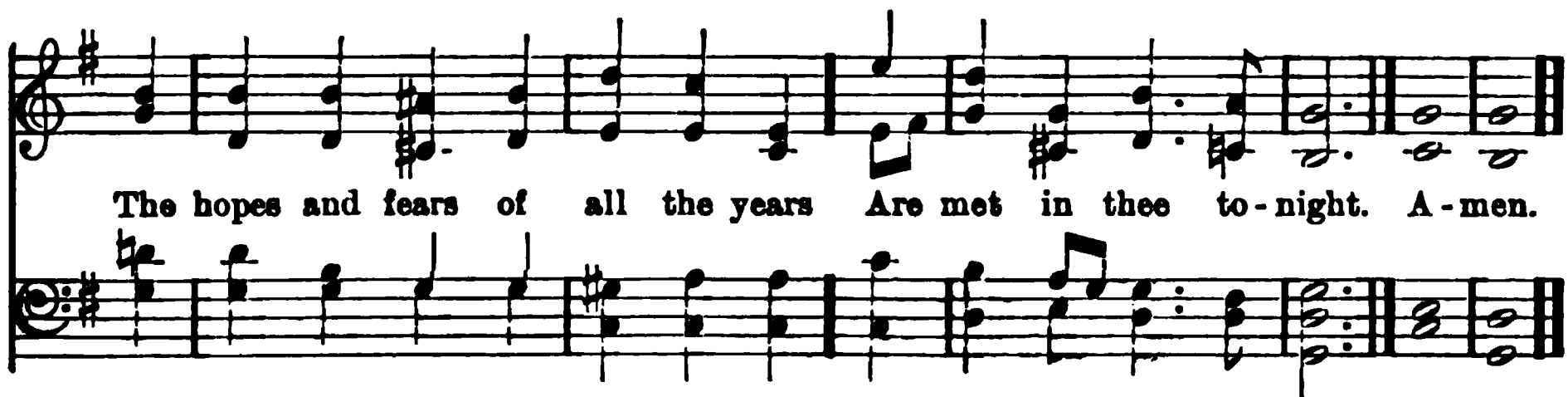
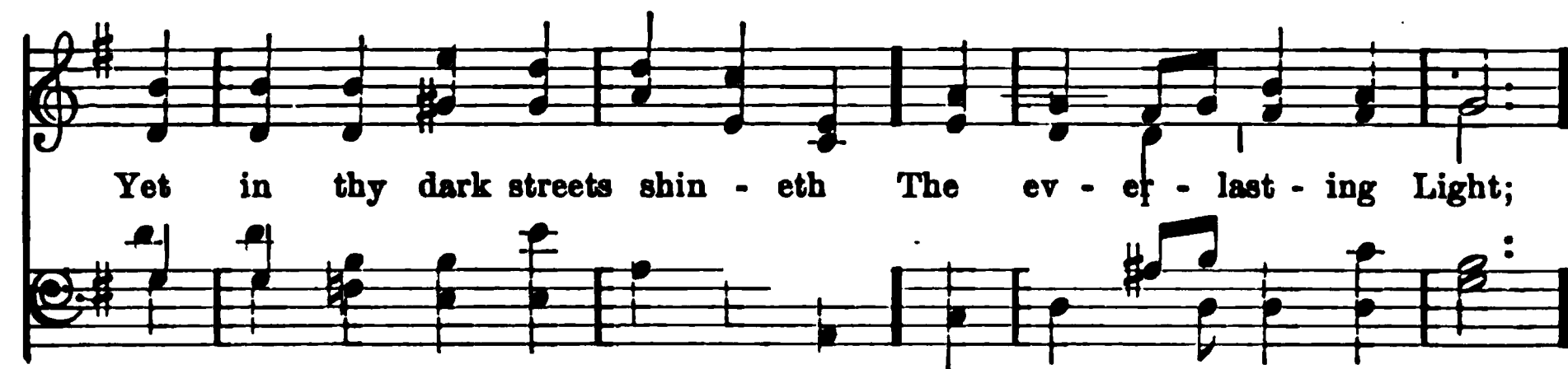
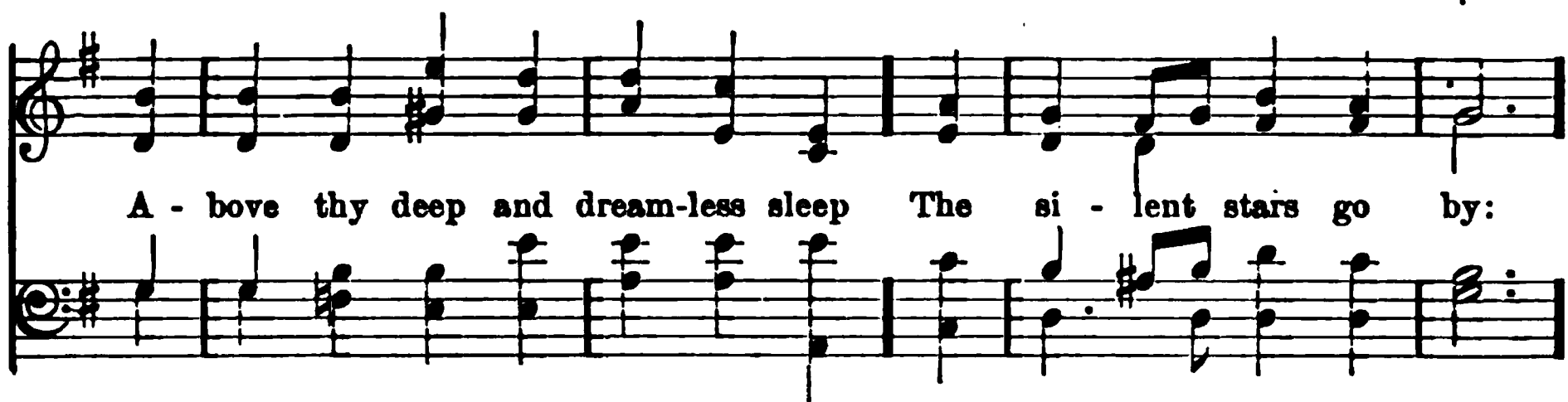
4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1850

ST. LOUIS 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Louis H. Redner, 1868



1 **O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868

Jesus Christ

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1806

An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King! A - men.

1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King!

James Montgomery, 1816, 1825

BONN 8. 3. 3. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6.

Johann G. Ebeling, 1666



1 **A**LL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet
 Doth entreat,
 "Flee from want and danger;
 Brethren come, from all doth grieve you
 You are freed,
 All you need
 I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder.

Love Him who with love is yearning;
 Hail the Star
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning!

4 Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
 Know His will
 Is to fill
 Every hand outstretchèd;
 Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget
 All regret,
 Fill your hearts with treasure.

5 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
 Keep Thou me
 Close to Thee,
 Cast me not behind Thee.
 Life of life, my heart Thou stillest
 Calm I rest
 On Thy breast,
 All this void Thou fillest.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

BETHANY (Smart's) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

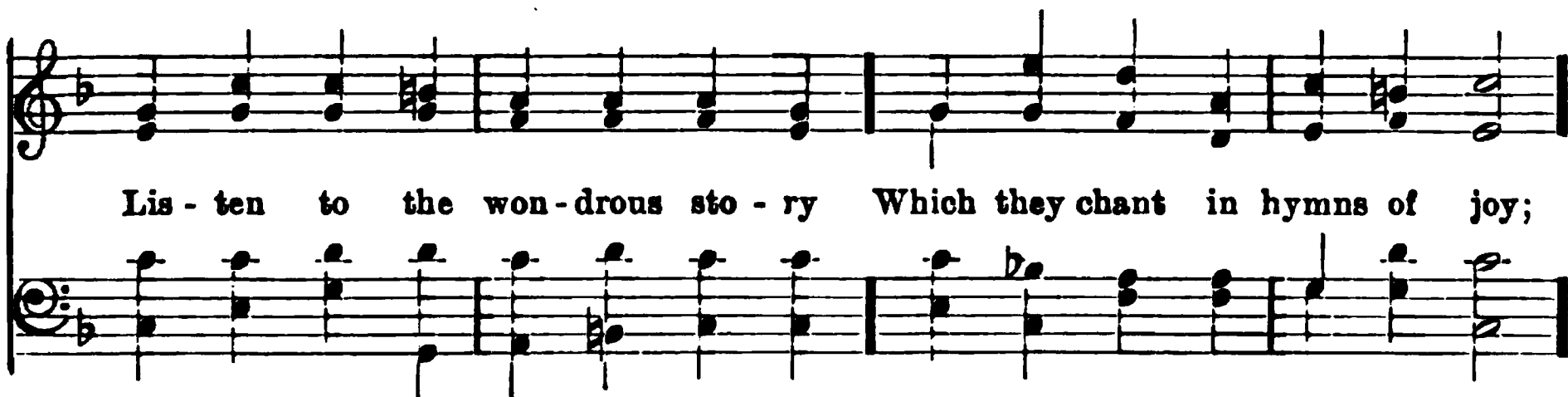
Henry Smart, 1867



Hark, what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?



Lo, th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly al - le - lu - ias rise.



Lis - ten to the won - drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy;



"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most High." A - men.

1 **H**ARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo, th'angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most High."

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Soul redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

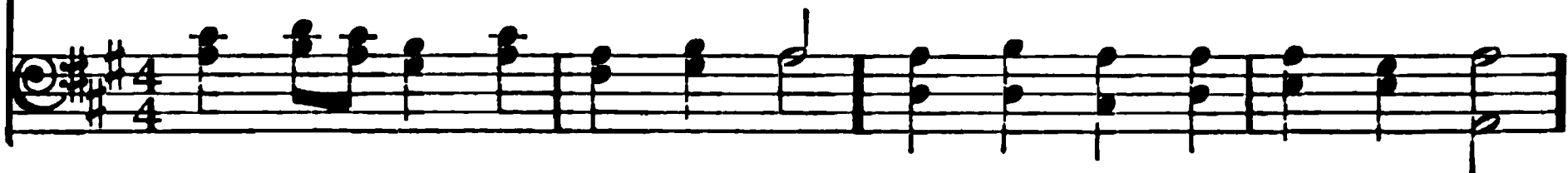
3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him
Glory be to God most High!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

DIX Six 7s.

Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838



As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,



So, most gra-cious God may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.



1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

William O. Dix, 1864

WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

dark - ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

dorn - ing. Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid! A - men.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gem of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Reginald Heber, 1811

MARGARET Irregular

Timothy R. Matthews, 1876

Thou didst leave Thy throne, And Thy king-ly crown When Thou camest to earth for me,

But in Bethlehem's home Was there found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty:

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A-men.

1 **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne,
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
And the bird its nest,
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,

O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

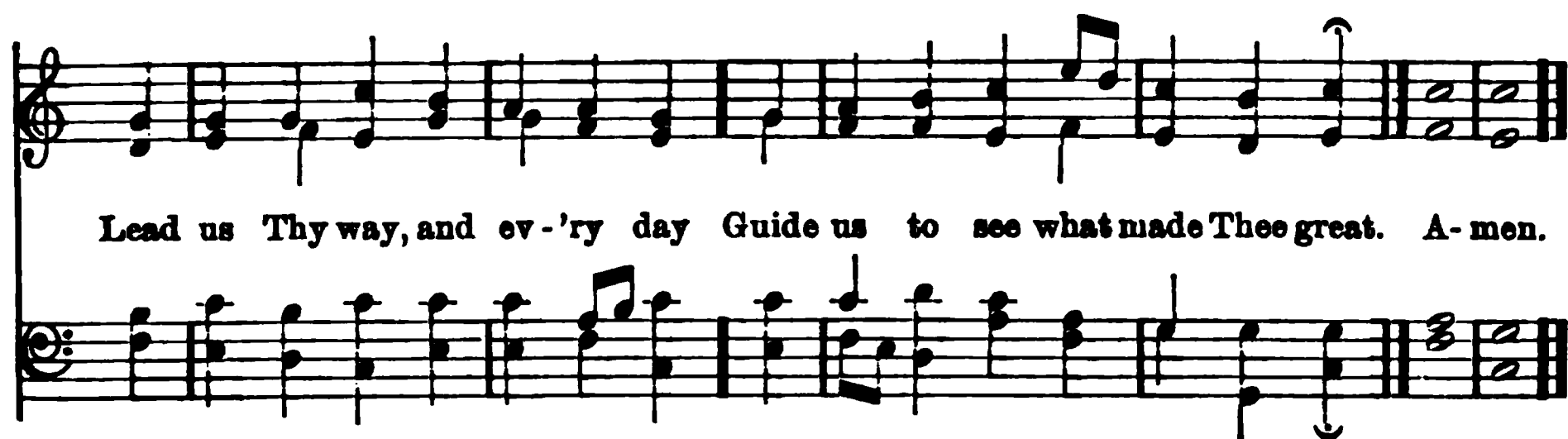
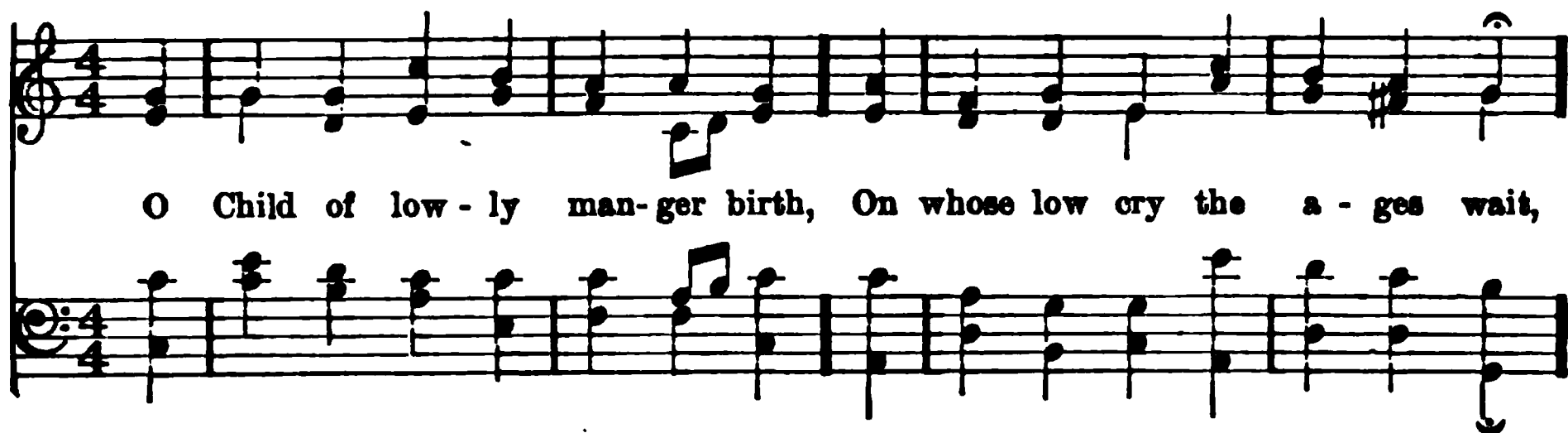
4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That would set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choir shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1884

MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1841



- 1 **O** CHILD of lowly manger birth,
On whose low cry the ages wait,
Lead us Thy way, and every day
Guide us to see what made Thee great.
- 2 O Jesus, Youth of Nazareth,
Preparing for the bitter strife,
Wilt Thou impart to every heart
Thy perfect purity of life?
- 3 O Christ whose words make dear the fields
And hillsides green of Galilee,
Grant us to find, with reverent mind,
The truth Thou saidst should make us free.
- 4 O suffering Lord on Calvary,
Whom love led on to mortal pain,
We know Thy cross is not a loss
If we Thy love shall truly gain.
- 5 O Master of abundant life
From natal morn to victory's hour,
We look to Thee; heed Thou our plea,
Teach us to share Thy ageless power.

The Lord of the Kingdom

DANIA 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with refrain.

Frank G. Hsley, 1887

From the east-ern mountains, Press-ing on, they come, Wise men in their wis-dom,
To His hum-ble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,
Ev - er journ'ying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star. *Light of life that shin - eth*
Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Ev-'ry heart of man. A-men.

REFRAIN.

1 **F**ROM the eastern mountains,
Pressing on, they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of life that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 Thou who in a manger,
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar

Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

3 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray;
Throw Thy radiance o'er them;
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

Godfrey Thring, 1878

ST. AËLRED 8. 8. 8. 3.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine
anx - ious serv - ants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in
guile - less sleep, Calm and still..... A - men.

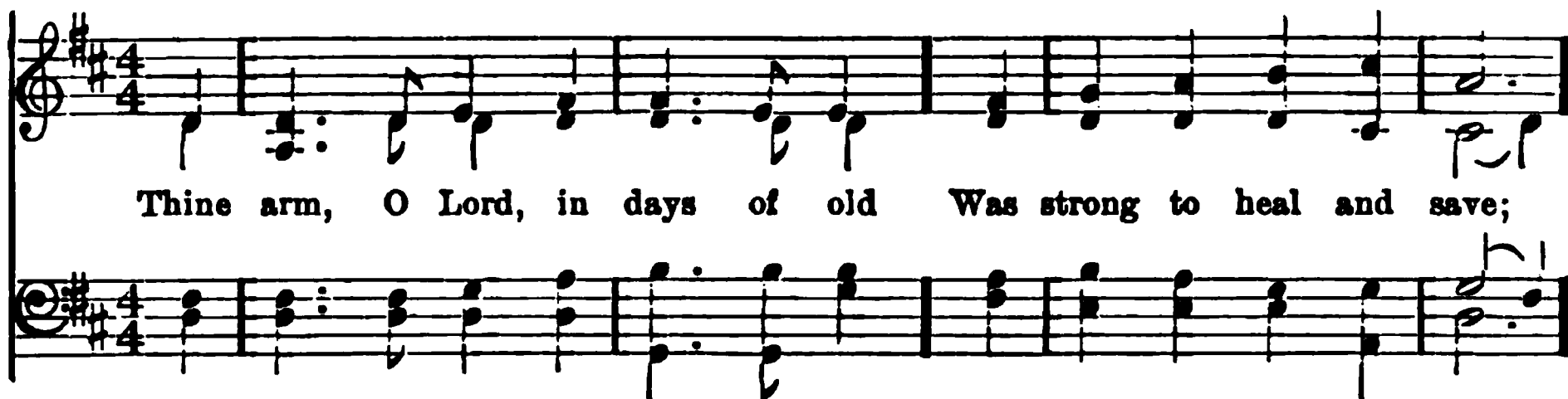
1 **F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
"Peace, be still!"

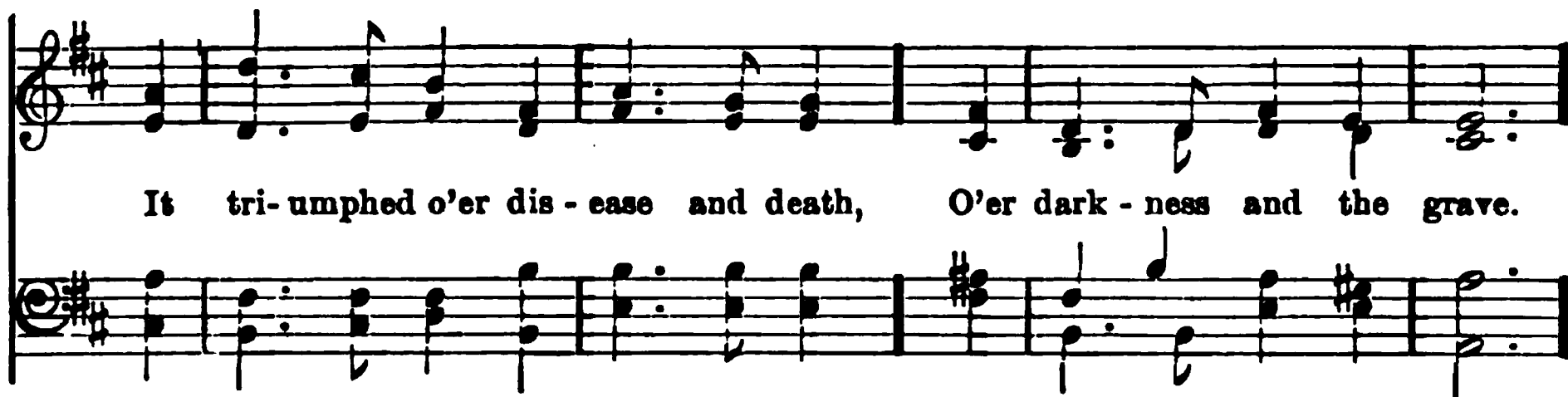
3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

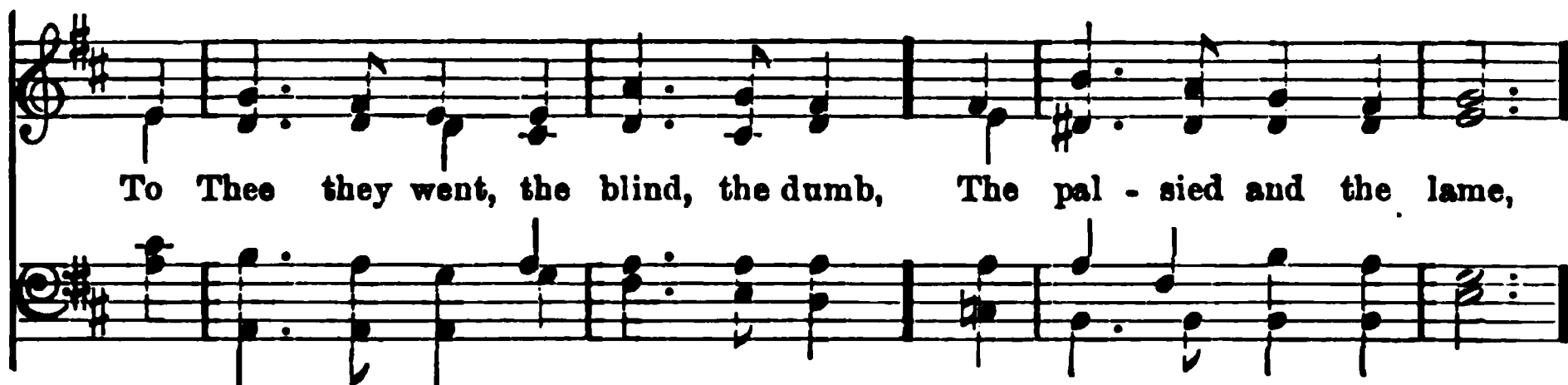
Godfrey Thring, 1861



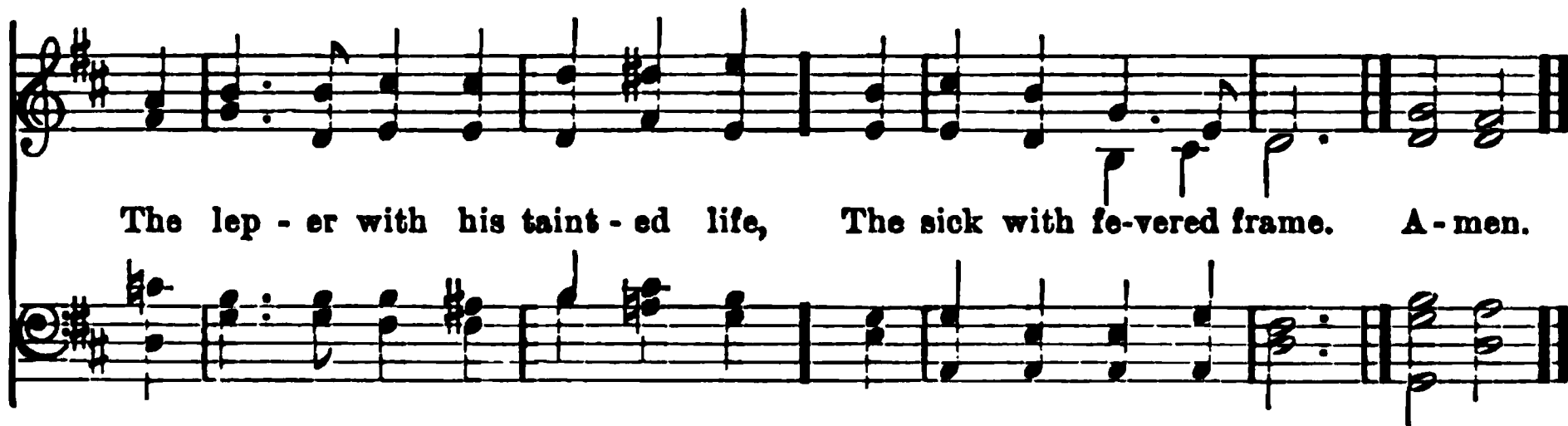
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;



It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.



To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,



The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-men.

1 **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath:
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

ARMSTRONG 7. 7. 5. 7. 7. 5.

George W. Chadwick, 1888

When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad; Worn and lone - ly for our sake,
Yet He turned a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A - men.

1 **W**HEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881; arr.

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1875

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,

So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

John H. Gurney, 1838

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -

san - na cry; Thine hum - ble beast pur - sues his road

With - palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed. A - men.

1 **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
 Thine humble beast pursues his road
 With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The wingèd squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain.
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

Henry H. Milman, 1827

ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!

Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One. A-men.

1 **A**LL glory, laud, and honor
 To Thee, Redeemer, King,
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet hosannas ring!
 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,—
 The King and blessed One.

2 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men and all things
 Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the praise we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820;
 tr. J. M. Neale, 1854, 1858, v. 1 line 1 & v. 3 alt.

Jesus Christ

ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1899

O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way, Blest
Blest hope...

hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, My soul's de - light and stay?

O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light,

To know what-e'er is pleas - ing And wel - come in Thy sight. A - men.

1 **O** HOW shall I receive Thee,
How meet Thee on Thy way,
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by Thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in Thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart to praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare:

Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
I to Thy name the service
Of all my powers will bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, He comes, who sinners
Shall with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1851

ORCHARD. Six 7s.

Arthur H. Mann, (1850-)

Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempt - er's pow'r;

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A - men.

1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from His griefs away;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

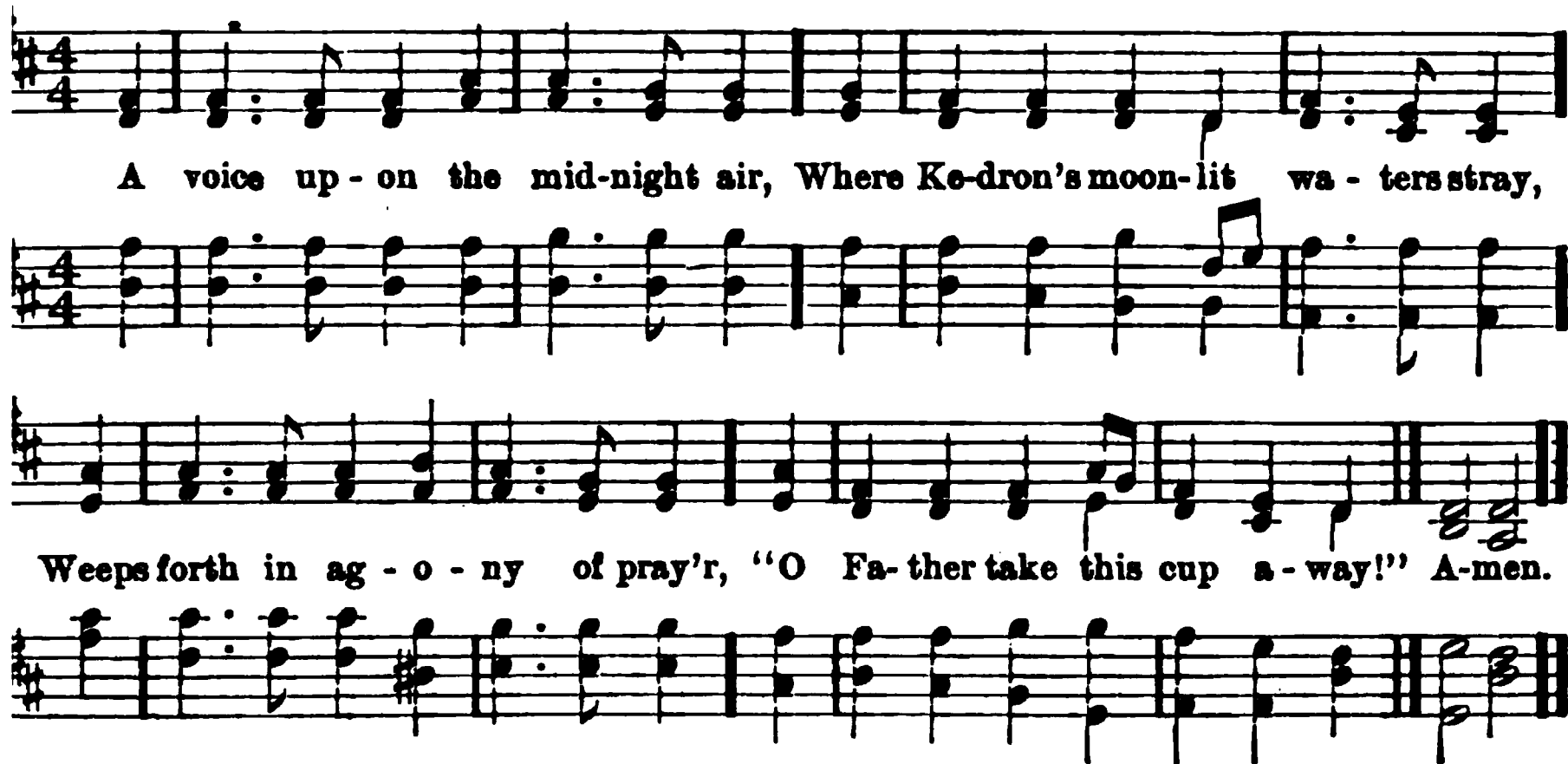
2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
 See Him meekly bearing all;
 Love to man His soul sustained.
 Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Jesus Christ

CRUX CRUDELIS L. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



1 **A** VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away!"

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is Thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

James Martineau, 1840

CYPRUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-47

When my love to Christ grows weak, When for warm - er faith I seek,

Then in thought I go to thee, Gar - den of Geth - se - ma - ne! A-men.

1 **W**HEN my love to Christ grows weak,
 When for warmer faith I seek,
 Then in thought I go to thee,
 Garden of Gethsesame!

2 There I walk amidst the shades,
 While the lingering twilight fades,
 Meet my Saviour, friendless, lone,
 See Him weep, and hear Him groan.

3 There I watch the agony,
 That He underwent for me;
 And with pitying love confess,
 Ne'er was sorrow like to His.

4 When my love for Christ grows weak,
 When for stronger faith I seek,
 Hill of Calvary! I go
 To thy scenes of fear and woe.

5 There with trembling awe I see
 Jesus tortured on the tree,
 Hear the scoffers' savage cries,
 While for them, for me, He dies.

6 Yes, for me He toiled and bled,
 Bowed in death His gracious head;
 And to Him my soul shall give
 Love and reverence while I live.

John R. Wreford, 1837.

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1875

My Lord, my Mas - ter, at Thy feet a - dor - ing, I see Thee

bowed be - neath Thy load of woe; For me, a sin - ner,

is Thy life-blood pour - ing; For Thee, my Sav - iour, scarce my tears will flow. A - men.

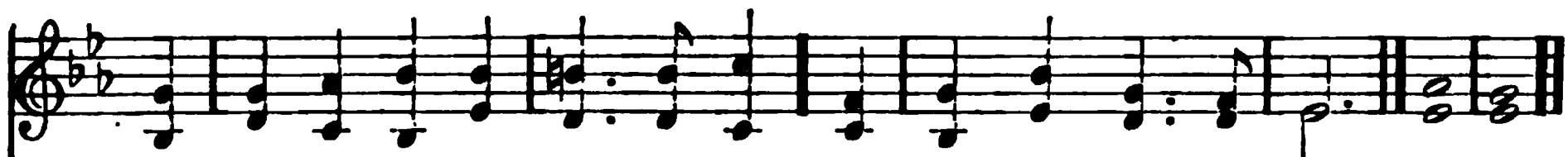
- 1 **M**Y Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.
- 2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!
- 3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain!
- 4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
- 5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



There's not a grief, how - ev - er light, Too light for sym - pa - thy;



There's not a care, how - ev - er slight, Too slight to bring to Thee. A-men.



1 **T**HERE'S not a grief, however light,
 Too light for sympathy;
 There's not a care, however slight,
 Too slight to bring to Thee.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
 Wilt share each small distress;
 For He who bore the greater load
 Will not refuse the less.

3 There's not a secret sigh we breathe
 But meets Thine ear divine,
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
 The heart would overflow,
 But for that love which died for sin,
 That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson, 1860

Jesus Christ

REDHEAD 47 7. 7. 7. 7.

Richard Redhead, 1853



When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,



Then we mourn the lost, the dear, Gra - cious Son of Ma - ry, hear. A - men.



1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

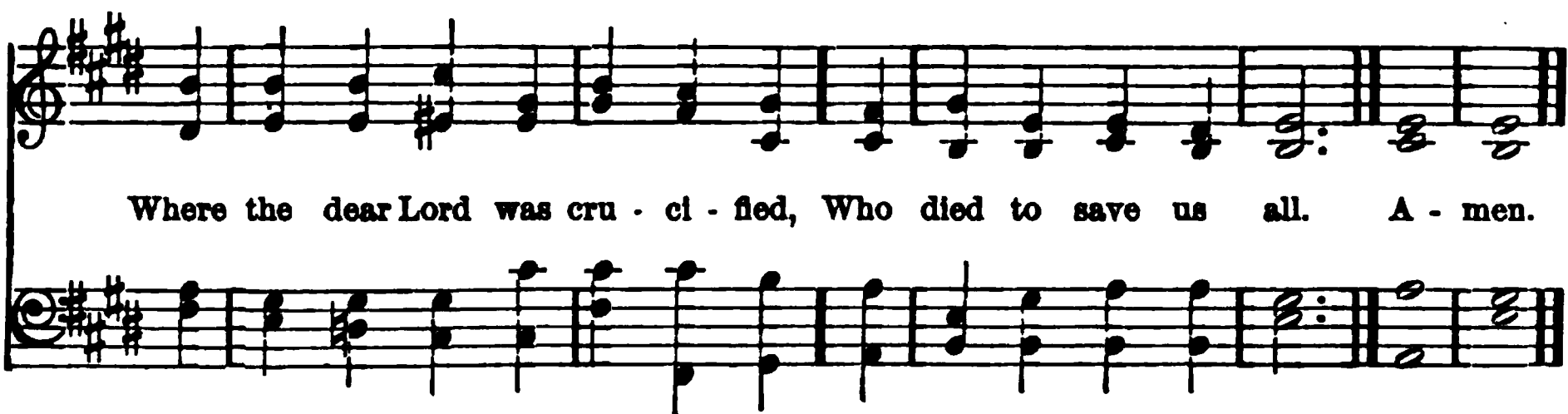
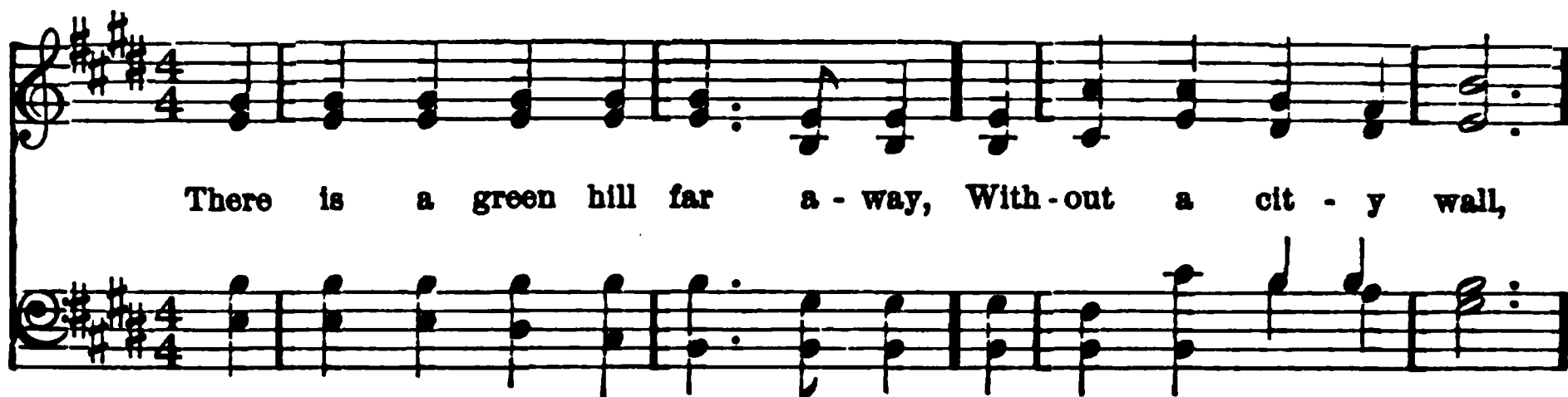
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Henry H. Millman, 1827

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890



Copyright, by John H. Gower.

- 1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866

Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - far And gaze up -

on Thy ho - ly cross, In love of Thee, and

scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee, and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Wm. Walsham How, 1854

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of
 glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 And pour con - tempt on all my pride. A - men.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

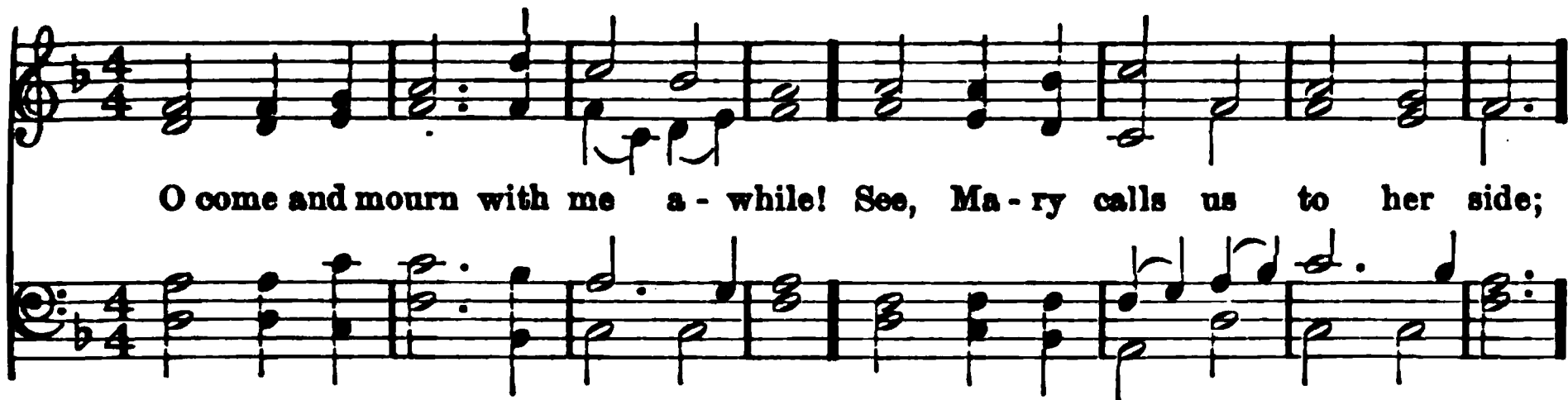
4 His dying crimson like a robe,
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

ST. CROSS L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1861

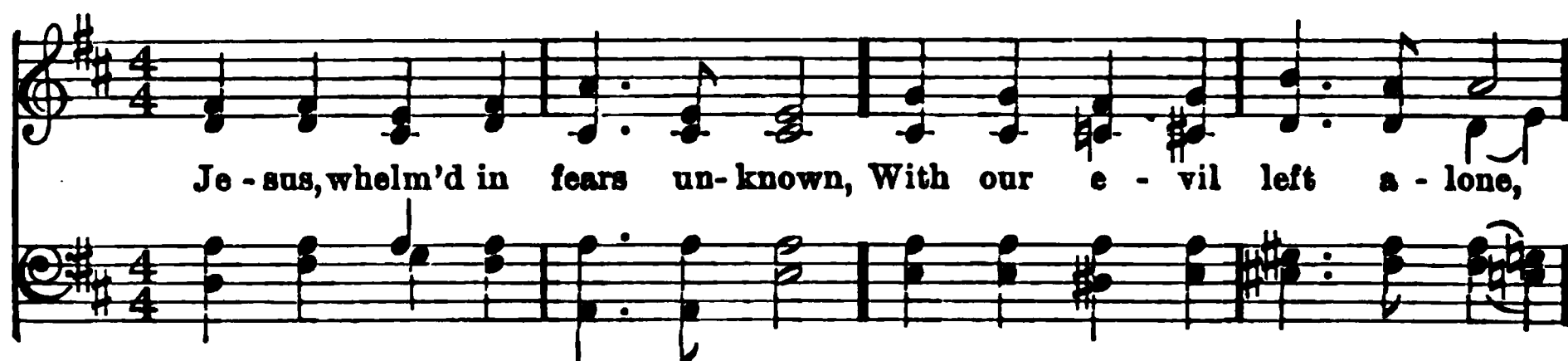


- 1 **O** COME and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
For He, our Lord, is crucified!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849; last line of each verse alt.

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1890



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1 JESUS, whelmed, in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,

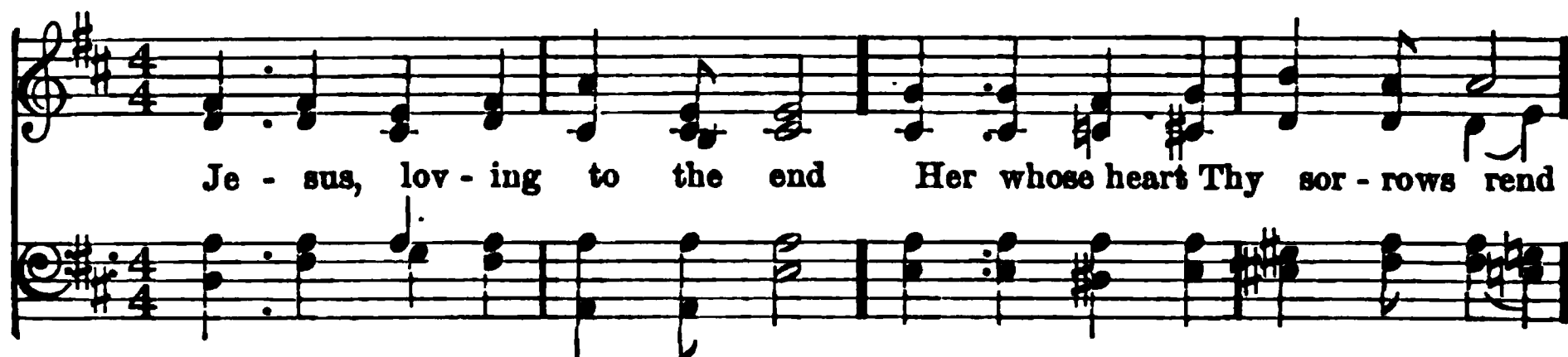
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

THE SEVEN WORDS 7. 7. 7. 6.

Arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874



1 JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,

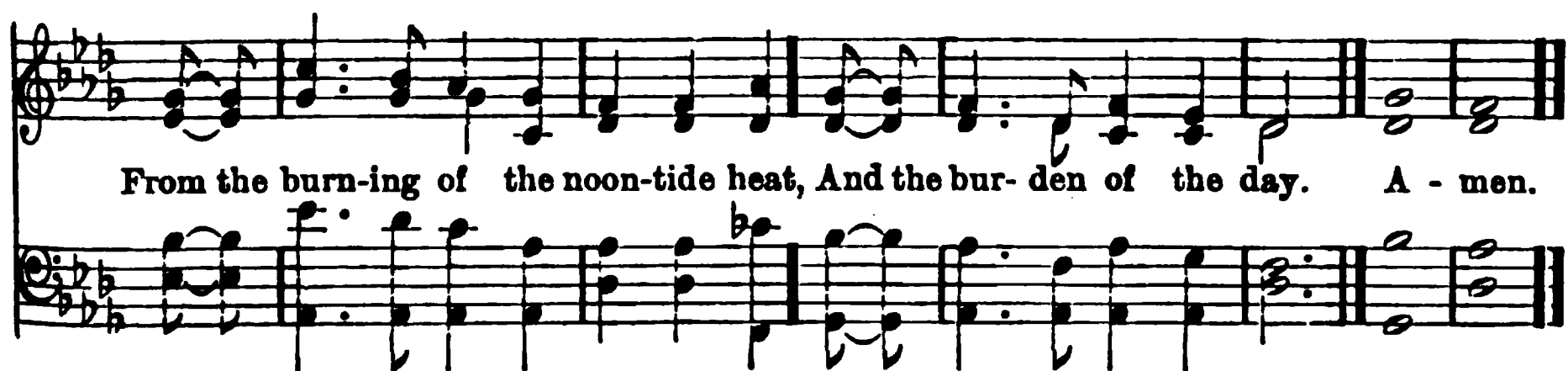
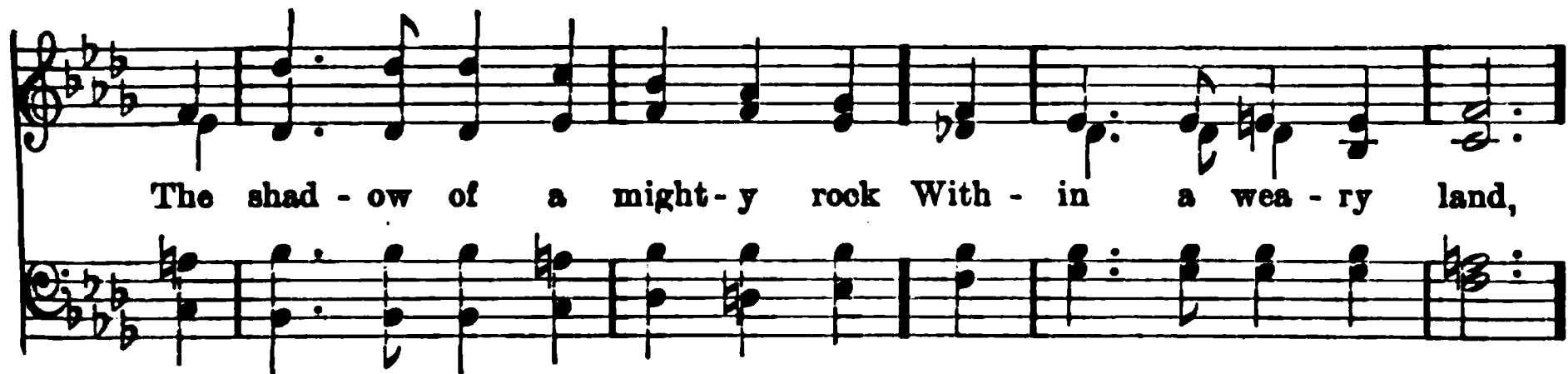
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881



1 **B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand,
 The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a weary land,
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me;

And from my smitten heart with tears
 Two wonders I confess,—
 The wonders of His glorious love
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face,—
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Olephane, 1830-69

The Lord of the Kingdom

PASSION CHORALE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1719

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown!
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn! A - men.

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place,
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux 1091-1153;
Paul Gerhardt, 1656; tr. J. W. Alexander, 1830, 40

GERHARDT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

O Je - sus, "Man of Sor - rows," Sole Son of God, the King!

What lan - gauge shall I bor - row Thy bound - less love to sing?

No mor - tal words can meas - ure The bur - dens Thou didst take,

Ac - cept - ing pain as pleas - ure, All for my sin - ful sake. A - men.

1 O Jesus, "Man of Sorrows,"
Sole Son of God, the King!
What language shall I borrow
Thy boundless love to sing?
No mortal words can measure
The burdens Thou didst take,
Accepting pain as pleasure,
All for my sinful sake.

2 By Thine own kin neglected,-
By trusted ones denied,-
By bitter foes rejected,
Thorn-crowned, and crucified;

Earth's hatred and affliction
In patience Thou didst bear,
Returning benediction
For cross and nail and spear.

3 Had ever love such proving!
Was ever love so priced!
Ah, what is all my loving
Compared with Thine, O Christ!
'Tis scarcely worth the gaining,
This paltry heart of mine;
And yet for its obtaining
Thou paid'st a price divine,

George S. Dwight, (1835-1886)

ST. OLAVE Six 6s.

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96

Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ran-som'd be,

And quicken'd from the dead: Thy life was giv'n for me; What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

1 **T**HY life was given for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead:
 Thy life was given for me;
 What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
 In weariness and woe,
 That through eternity
 Thy glory I might know:
 Long years were spent for me;
 Have I spent one for Thee?

3 And Thou hast brought to me
 Down from Thy home above
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love;
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
 What have I brought to Thee? .

4 O let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent!
 Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
 I give myself to Thee.

RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamer Conkey, 1851

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

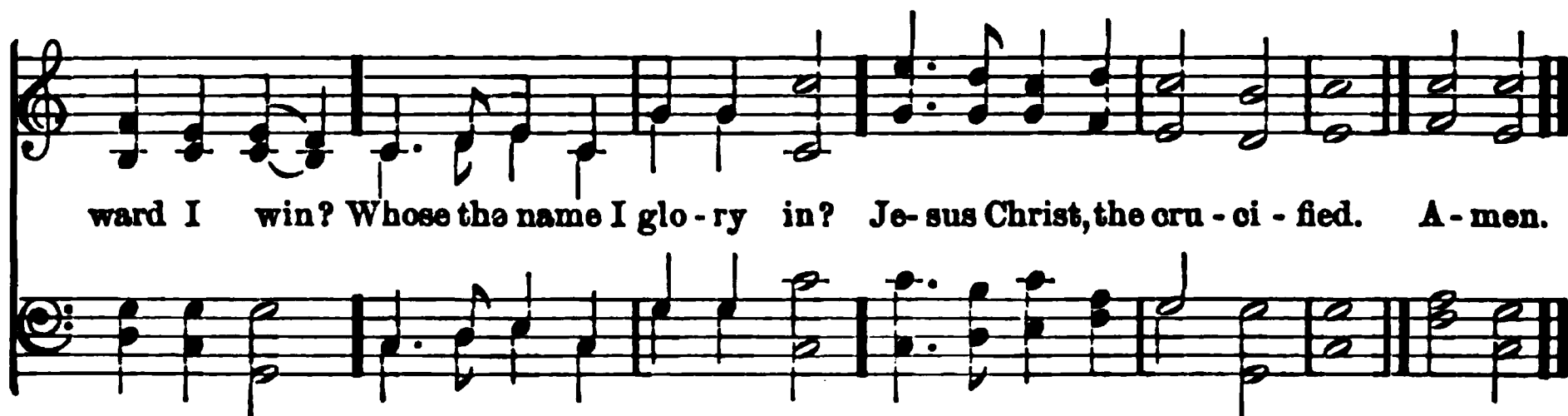
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
 'Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime,
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring, 1835

ESSEX Five 7s.

Thomas Clark, 1805



1 **A**SK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

2 Who is He that makes me wise
To discern where duty lies?
Who is He that makes me true,
Duty, when discerned, to do?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,—
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Johann C. Schwedler, 1672-1730;
tr. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863

Jesus Christ

VICTORY 8. 8. 8. with alleluia.

Arr. fr. Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1591

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

- 1 **T**HE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!
- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

The Lord of the Kingdom

EASTER HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. with alleluia

Arr. from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

"Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say; Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns and earth re - ply. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"

Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens and earth reply.

2 Lives again our glorious King:
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Dying once, He all doth save:
 Where thy victory, O grave?

3 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;

Death in vain forbids Him rise;
 Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now, where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

ST. ALBINUS 7. 8. 7. 8. 4.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O death, no more ap - pal me; Je - sus

lives! by this I know From the grave He will re - call me. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Then must I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ forever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Christian F. Gellert, 1757;
tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841, alt. and arr.

FORTUNATUS Five 11s.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquish’d; heav’n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-er-more! Him their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore. “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say. A-men.

1 **W**ELCOME, happy morning!” age to age shall say:
 Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.
 Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore!
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
 “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All good gifts return with her returning King;
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
 Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
 “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan’s chain;
 All that now is fallen, raise to life again;
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
 Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.
 Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

Venantius H. O. Fortunatus (c. 530-609) arr. tr. John Ellerton, 1868

Jesus Christ

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth tell it out a - broad;

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

1 **T**HE day of resurrection!
 Earth tell it out abroad;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light,

And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain!

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus viii O.; tr. John M.
 Neale, 1862: v. 1, line 1 alt.

CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Handel, 1728

I say to all men, far and near, That
He is ris'n a - gain; That He is with us, now and here,
And ev - er shall re - main, And ev - er shall re - main. A - men.

- 1 **I** SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us, now and here,
And ever shall remain.
- 2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.
- 3 Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.
- 4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.
- 5 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

G. F. P. von Hardenberg, 1802;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

WALTHAM L. M.

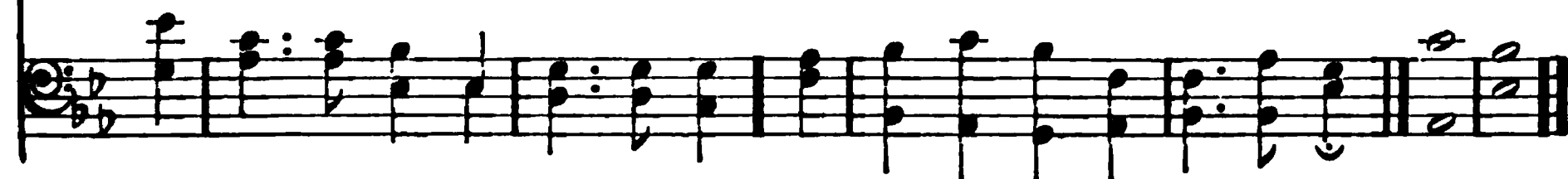
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now:



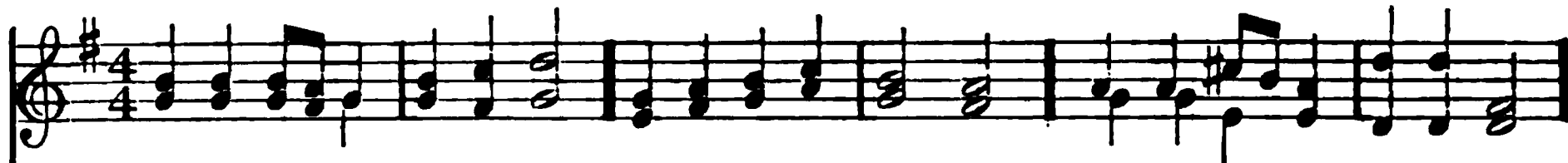
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign victoriously. A-men.



- 1 **L**IFT up, lift up your voices now!
 The whole wide world rejoices now:
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
 The Lord shall reign victoriously.
- 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
 In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
 Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
 In pomp of triumph Christ is come.
- 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
 A countless host He frees from woe,
 And heaven's high portal open flies,
 For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.
- 4 And all He did, and all He bare,
 He gives us as our own to share;
 And hope and joy and peace begin,
 For Christ has won, and man shall win.
- 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
 And lead through death to realms of light:
 We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
 In Thee we die to rise to God.

ST. KEVIN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

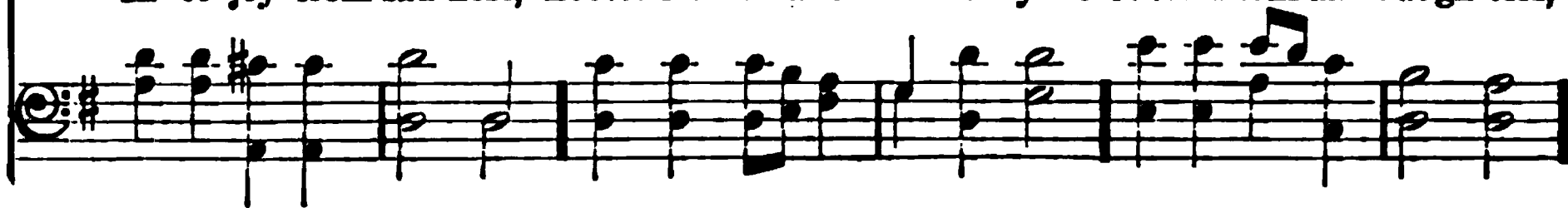
Arthur Sullivan, 1872



Come ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness! God hath brought His Is-ra-el



In-to joy from sad-ness, Loosed from Pha-raoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daugh-ters,



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.



1 COME ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

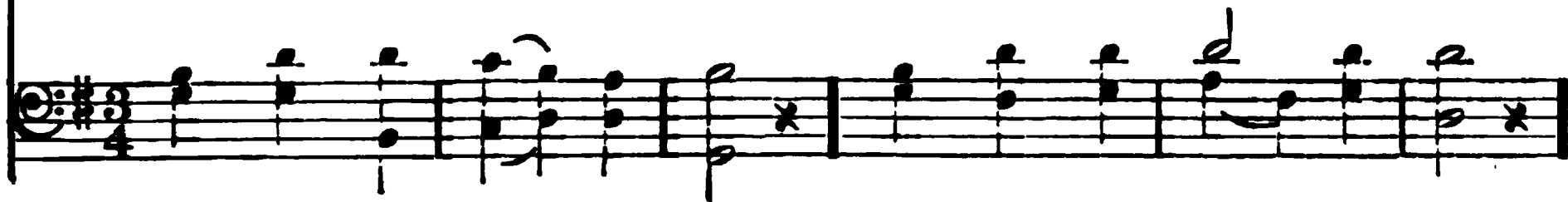
John of Damascus (viii C.); tr. John M. Neale, 1859

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769



Rise, glo - rious Con - qu'ror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies!



As - sume Thy right! And where in ma - nya fold The clouds are



back - ward rolled, Pass through the gates of gold, And reign in light! A - men.



1 **R**ISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies!
 Assume Thy right!
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through the gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

2 Enter, incarnate God!
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down.
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant, go
 And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah, hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age;
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

4 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star:
 "Lo, these have come,
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges, 1848

ST. PATRICK 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

He is gone: a cloud of light Has re-ceived Him from our sight;

High in heaven where eye of men Fol-lows not, nor an-gels' ken,

Through the veils of time and space Passed in-to the ho-liest place,—

All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won. A-men.

1 **H**E is gone: a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken,
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place,—
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone: and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone: we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone: toward their goal
World and church must onward roll,
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change,
Whereso'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

Arthur P. Stanley, 1859, 70

ASCENSION 7. 7. 7. 7. With Alleluia

William Henry Monk, 1861

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!

Rav - ished from our wish - ful eyes; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

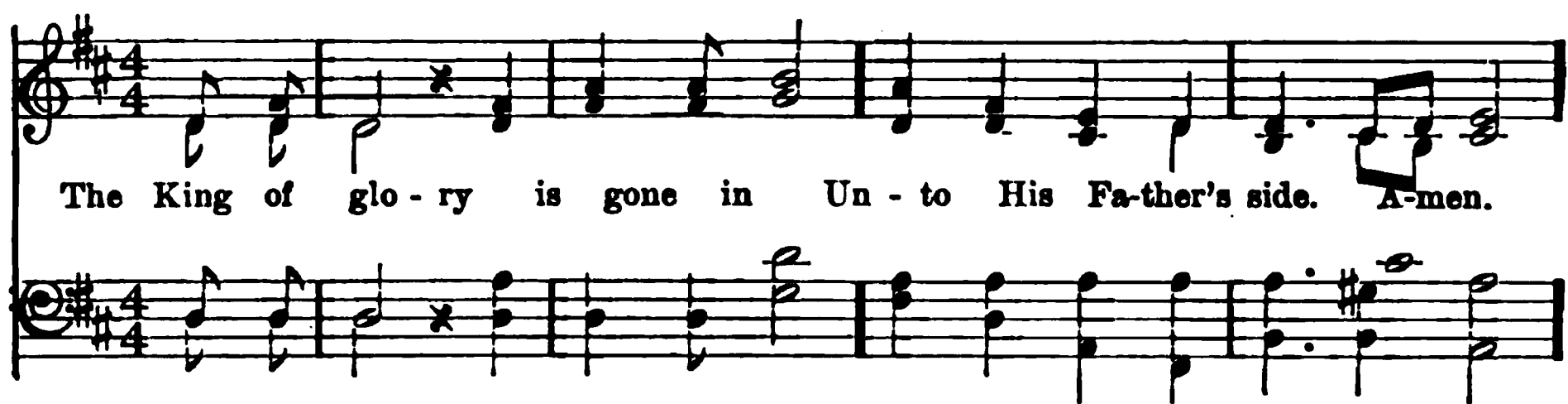
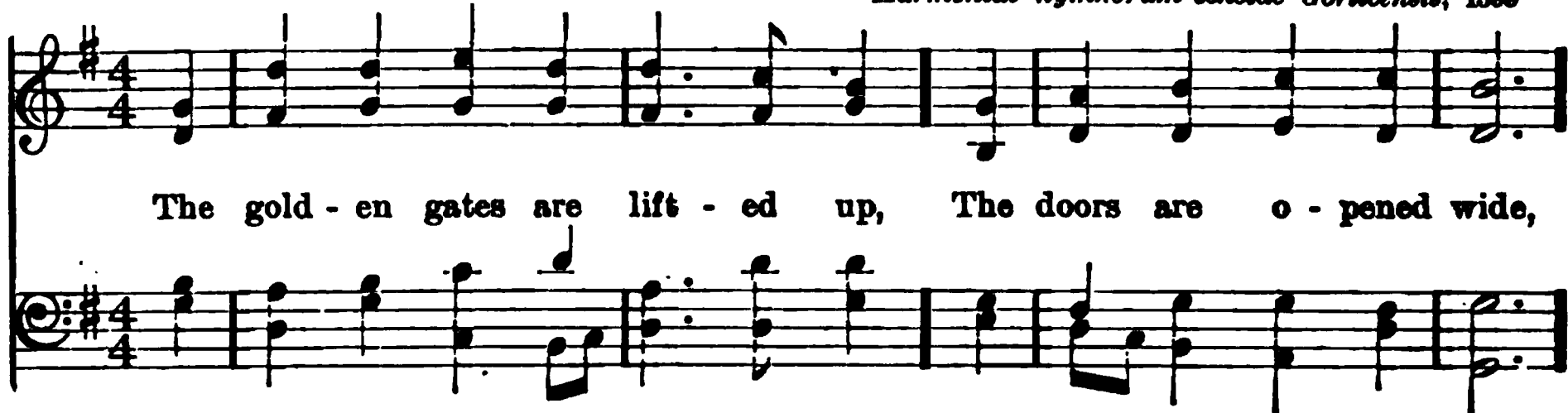
5 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

6 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
There Thy face unclouded see
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739 arr.

The Lord of the Kingdom

PRÆTORIUS C. M.

Harmoniae hymnorum scholae Gorlicensis, 1599

1 **T**HE golden gates are lifted up,
 The doors are opened wide,
 The King of glory is gone in
 Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
 To make for us a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies;
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
 Let Thy dear grace be given,
 That while we sojourn here below,
 Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love may be:
 Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee.

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

Jeremiah Clarke, 1709

The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;

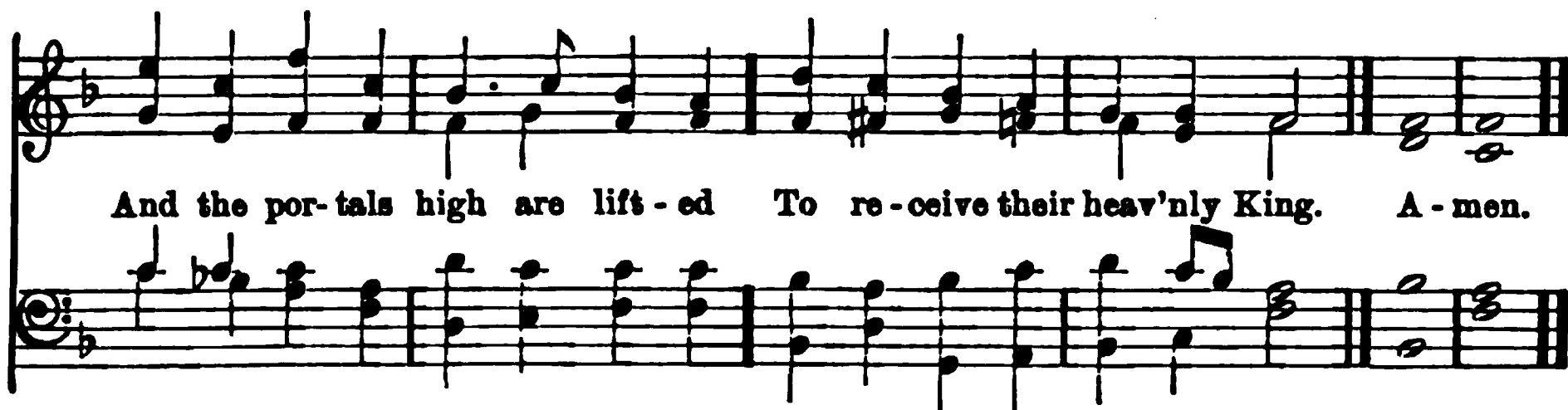
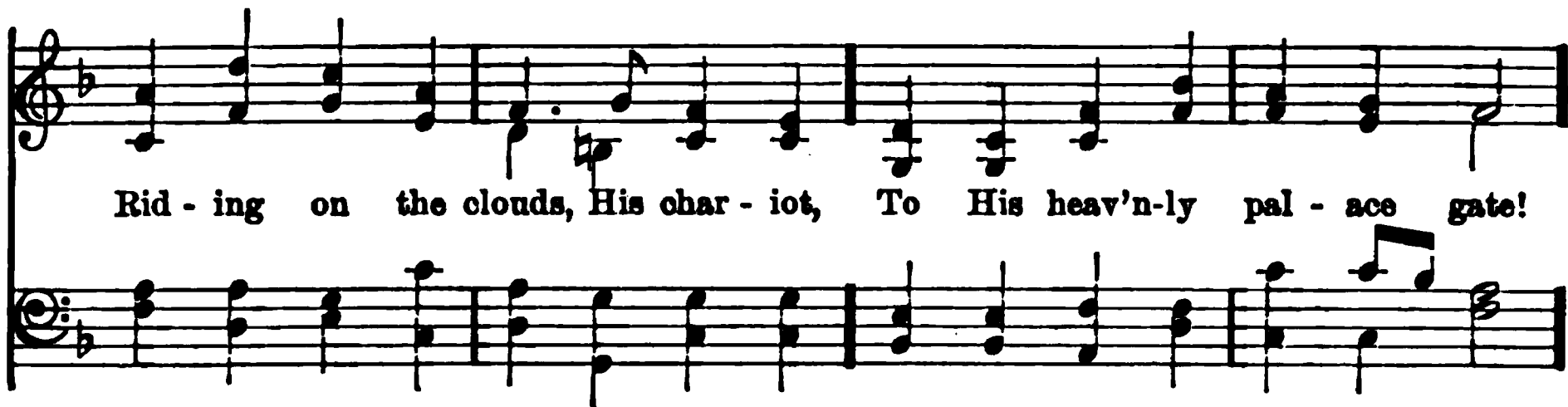
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,—
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,—
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,—
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

BETHANY (Smart) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867



1 **S**EE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
 See the King in royal state
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His heavenly palace gate!
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;

He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
 In the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand:
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

CORONÆ 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

William H. Monk, 1871

Look, ye saints! the sight is glo - rious: See the Man of sor - rows now;

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:

Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
 See the Man of sorrows now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow:
 Crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!

The Lord of the Kingdom

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name all vic-to-rious, of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all. A-men.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh— His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1744 v. 3, line 3, alt.

MILES' LANE C. M.

William Shrubsole. 1779

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

- Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779, 80: v. 1, line 4. alt.
v. 4, recast, v. 5, added, John Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M.

(Alternate Tune)

Oliver Holden, 1793

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all. A-men.

The Lord of the Kingdom

NUN DANKET ALL C. M.

Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1653

Slowly and majestically

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron'd Up - on our Sov - 'reign's brow;
His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - men.

1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon our Sovereign's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 Since from His bounty I receive,
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787; verse 1, line 2 alt.
The original is: "Upon His awful brow."

ORTONVILLE C. M.

(Alternate Tune)

Thomas Hastings, 1887

Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on our Sov'reign's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A - men.

SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

LAMBETH C. M.

Wilhelm Schulthes, 1871

Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;

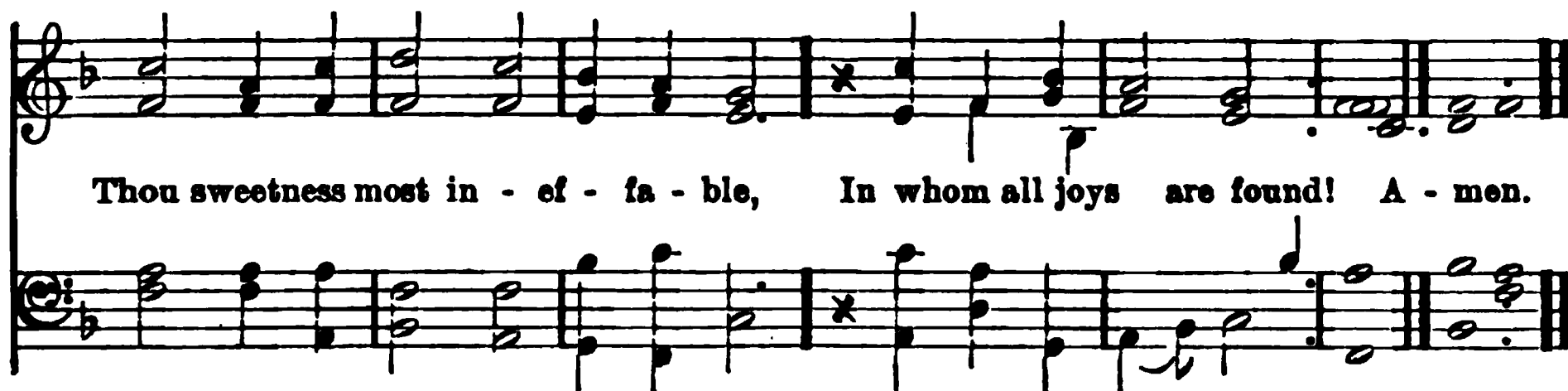
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091-1153);
tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1886



1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned,
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
 Thou Fount of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire!

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091-1153)
 tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Adapted fr. Thos. Hastings, 1882



Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;



Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n should hear. A - men.



1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.

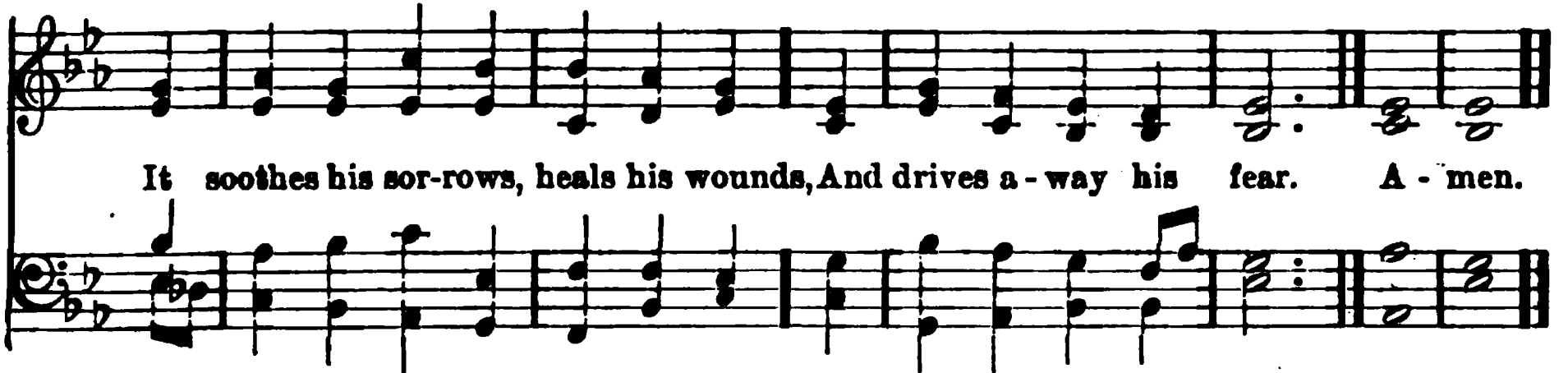
2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In Thee doth richly meet;
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there,—
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander B. Reinagle, 1836



1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

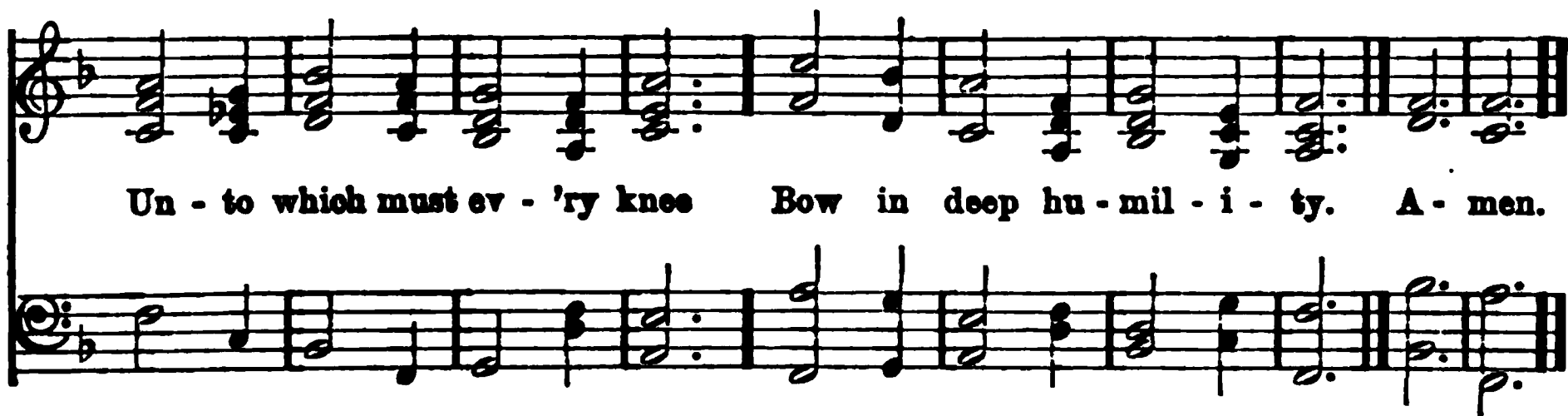
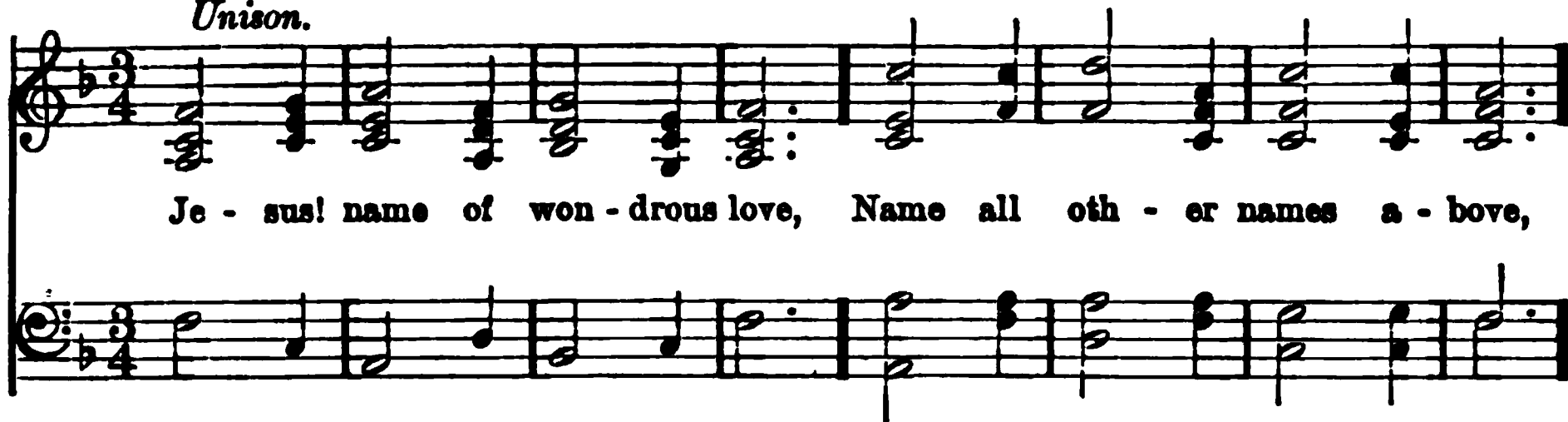
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Retresh my soul in death.

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Mediaeval French Melody xii O.

Unison.

1 JESUS! name of wondrous love,
 Name all other names above,
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave—
 "Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
 Given to the holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below.

4 Jesus! only name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love,
 Human name of God above:
 Pleading only this we flee,
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

German, arr. by R. Storrs Willis, 1850



1 FAIREST Lord Jesus,
 Ruler of all nature,
 O Thou of God and man the Son!
 Thee will I cherish,
 Thee will I honor,
 Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
 Fairer still the woodlands,
 Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
 Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer,
 Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
 Fairer still the moonlight,
 And all the twinkling, starry host;
 Jesus shines brighter,
 Jesus shines purer,
 Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German, xvii C. or earlier,) tr. Anon. 1850

LAUDES DOMINI Six 6s.

Joseph Barnby, 1868

When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r
 To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

1 **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
 My heart awaking cries,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Alike at work and prayer
 To Jesus I repair:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 When evil thoughts molest,
 With this I shield my breast,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The powers of darkness fear,
 When this sweet chant they hear,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 In want and bitter pain,
 None ever said in vain,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The fairest graces spring,
 In hearts that ever sing,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Let earth's wide circle round
 In joyful notes resound,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let air and sea and sky,
 From depth to height, reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Be this th' eternal song
 Through all the ages on,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

ERLING 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

G. Edward Stubbs, 1889

Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing

Prais - es to our King; All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - men.

1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King;
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee;
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die,
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
 Are Thy mercies here;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there,
 Where no pain nor sorrow,
 Toil nor care is known,
 Where the angel-legions
 Circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

George F. Le Jeune, 1872

Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery tremb - ling heart. A - men.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.

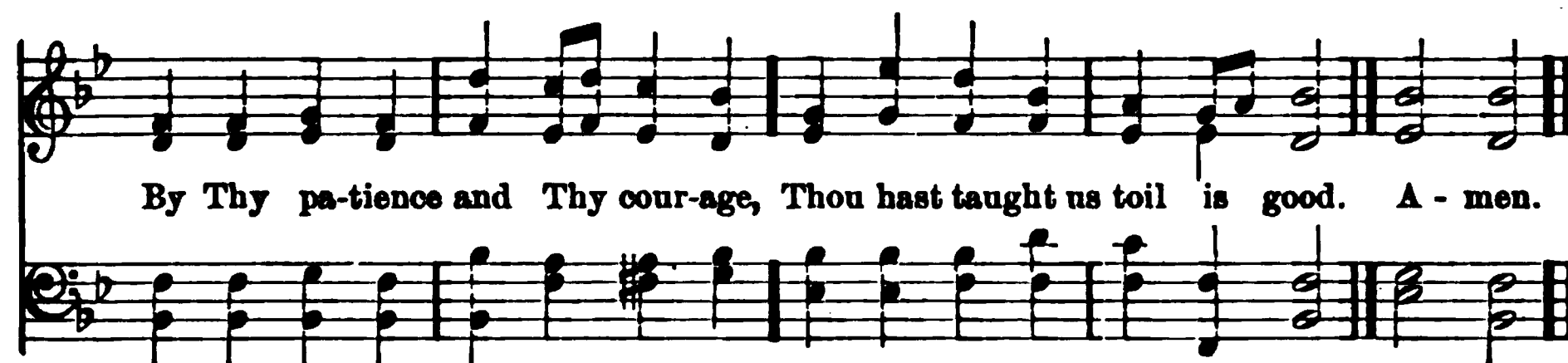
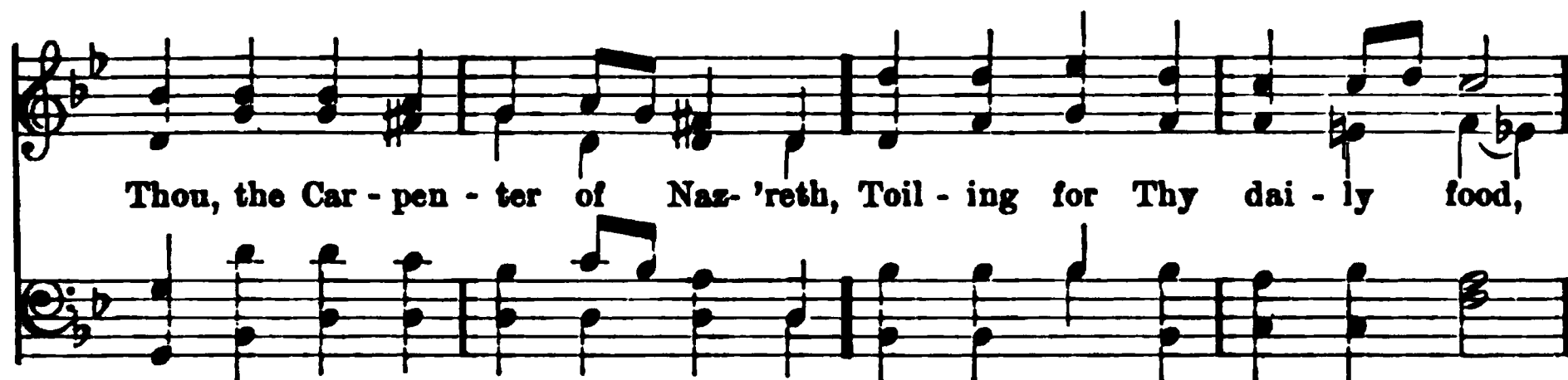
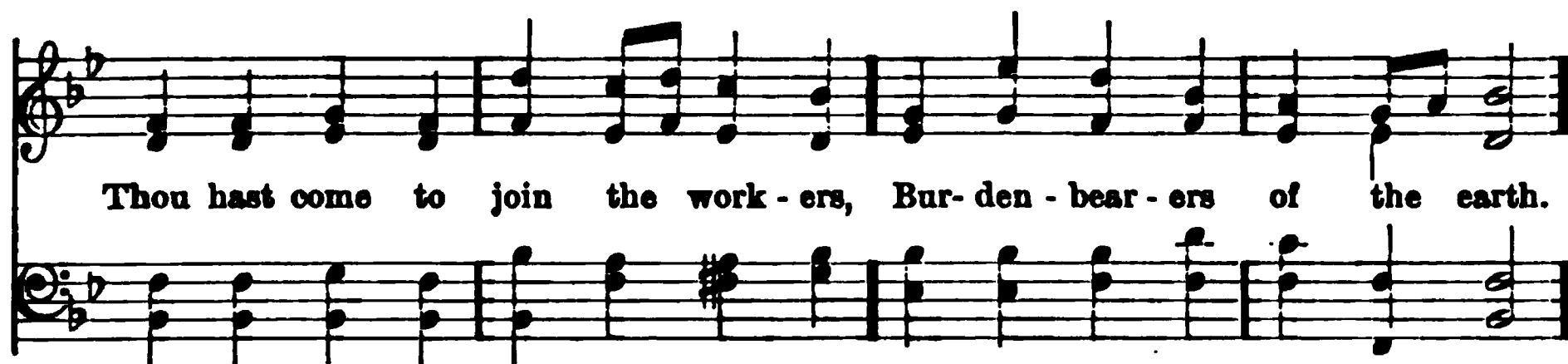
Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1747

BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel, 1870



1 JESUS, Thou divine Companion,
By Thy lowly human birth
Thou hast come to join the workers,
Burden-bearers of the earth.
Thou, the Carpenter of Nazareth,
Toiling for Thy daily food,
By Thy patience and Thy courage,
Thou hast taught us toil is good.

2 They who tread the path of labor
Follow where Thy feet have trod;
They who work without complaining
Do the holy will of God.

Thou, the peace that passeth knowledge,
Dwellest in the daily strife;
Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
In the sacrament of life.

3 Every task, however simple,
Sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and kindness
Done to man is done to Thee,
Jesus, Thou divine Companion,
Help us all to work our best;
Bless us in our daily labor,
Lead us to our Sabbath rest.

Henry van Dyke, 1908

GOUNOD 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 When He lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

3 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779

CONSTANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1878

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

1 I'VE found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

James G. Small, 1866

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace, 1814-1865

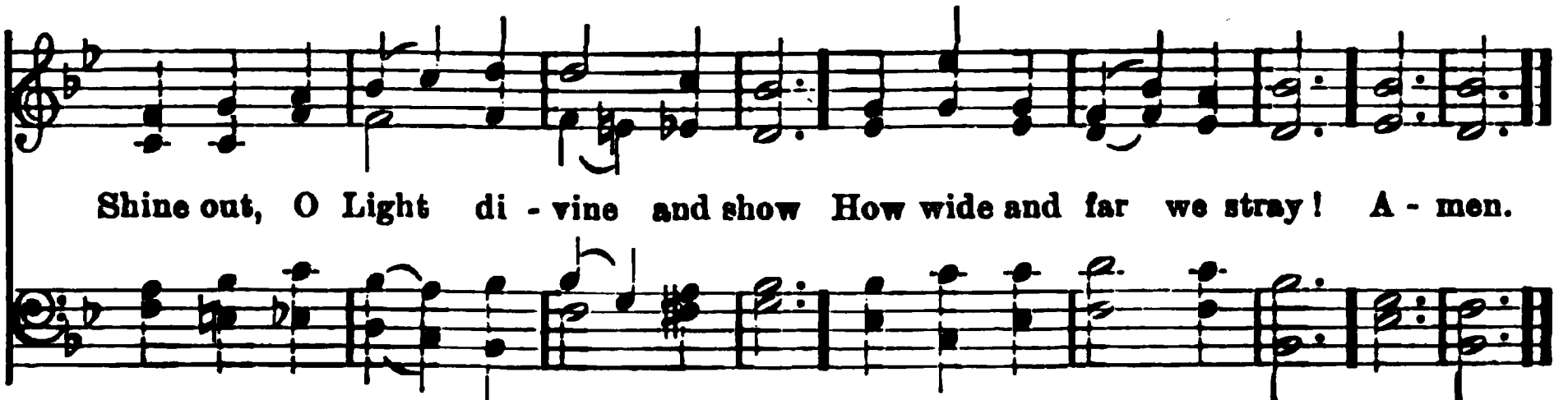
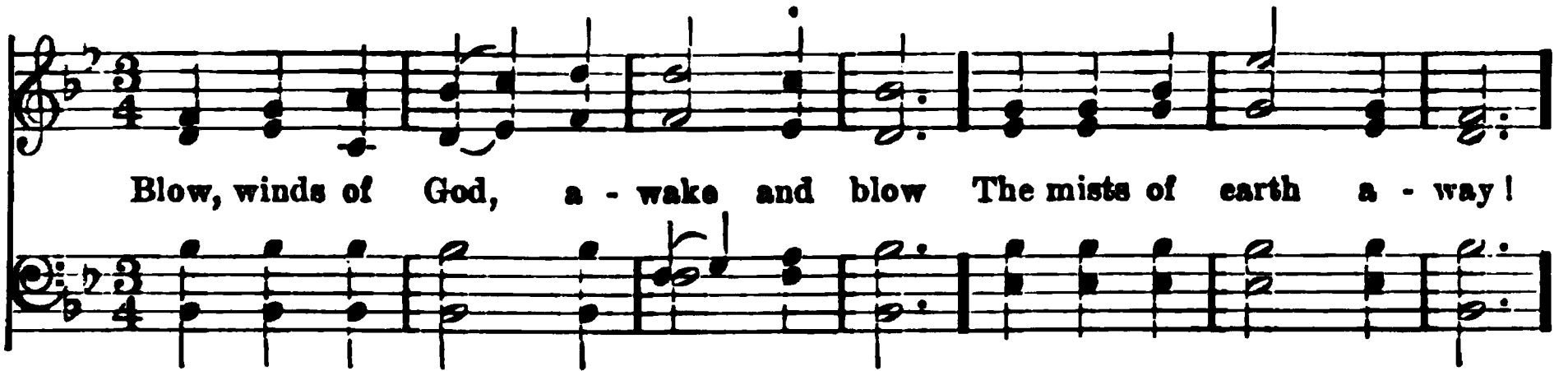
Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,
 For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea! A - men.

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea!
- 2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can drown.
- 3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
- 4 The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.
- 5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.
- 6 Our Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

EAGLEY C. M.

James Walsh, 1880



1 **B**LOW, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!

Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

2 Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

3 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

4 Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

5 So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

6 Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran. 1861



O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once appear'dst in



hum-blest guise be-low, Sin to re-buke, to break the cap-tive's chain,



To call Thy breth-ren forth from want and woe,— A-men.



1 **O** THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
To call Thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

2 Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
The holiest know,— light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast given.

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868

p *mf*

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

cres.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,

cres.

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1846

BLAIRGOWRIE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1872

I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,

Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;

Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be

My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - men.

1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn, (1737-1806)

O One with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might, The Brightness of His
 glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light, O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy
 rays are streaming now; The shadows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A - men.

1 **O** ONE with God the Father
 In majesty and might,
 The Brightness of His glory,
 Eternal Light of light,
 O'er this our home of darkness
 Thy rays are streaming now;
 The shadows flee before Thee,
 The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
 O heavenly Light arise,
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,
 And hide Thee from our eyes.
 We long to track the footprints
 That Thou Thyself hast trod;
 We long to see the pathway
 That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
 With radiance of Thy grace;
 O Jesus, turn upon us
 The brightness of Thy face.
 We need no star to guide us,
 As on our way we press,
 If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
 O Sun of Righteousness.

ST. THOMAS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

J. F. Wade's, *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

1 JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

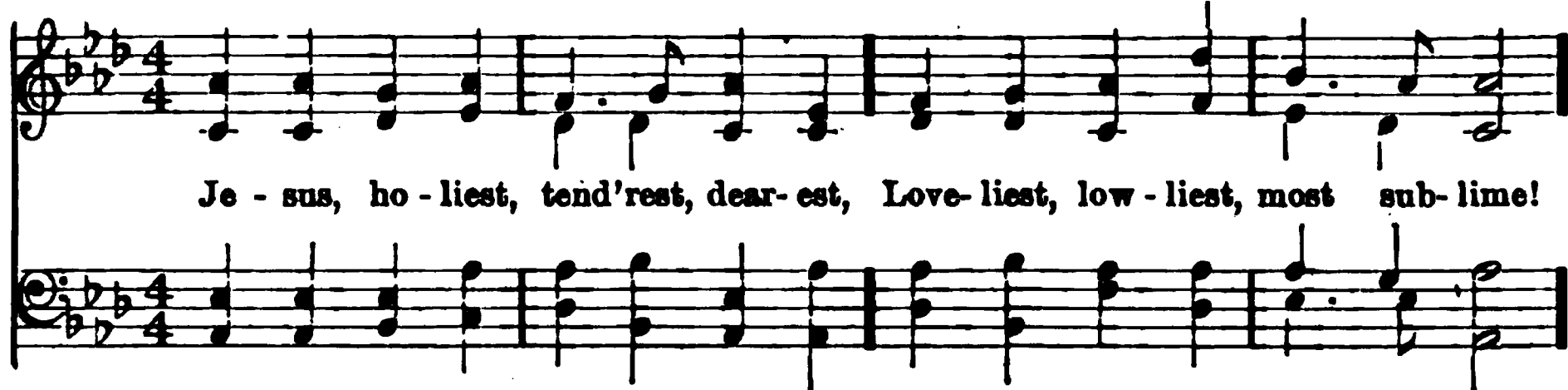
3 Jesus comes to heart rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.

ST. RAPHAEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862



1 JESUS, holiest, tenderest, dearest,
 Loveliest, lowliest, most sublime!
 Glorious King of kings, yet nearest
 To Thy people through all time,
 Still abiding
 Mighty in each age, each clime!

2 Change, so potent through the ages,
 Hath put forth no power on Thee;
 Sages have supplanted sages,
 Thrones have been and ceased to be;
 Still Thou teachest,
 Still abides Thy sovereignty.

3 Ages pass, but Thou maintainest
 Thy sweet sway, Lord Jesus, now;
 Freedom grows, but still Thou reignest;

Light spreads round, still shinest Thou:
 Souls most lofty
 To Thy gracious sceptre bow.

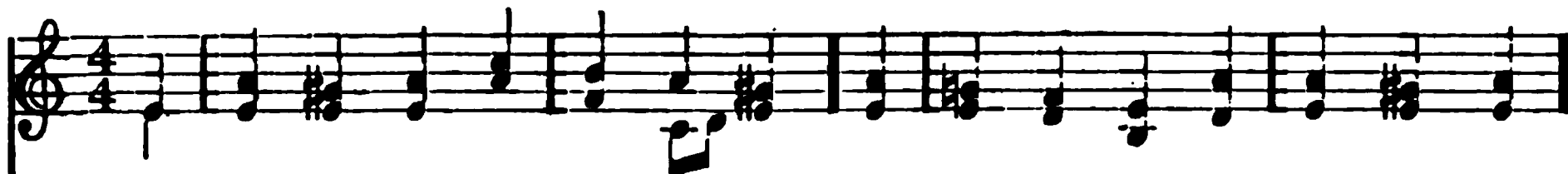
4 Never was our Helper nearer
 In the strife with sin and wrong,
 Never was our Brother dearer,
 Never was our King more strong;
 Never held'st Thou
 Fuller sway o'er life and song.

5 Still the same but more victorious,
 With a wider, deeper sway;
 Lord than yesterday more glorious,
 King more mighty than to-day;
 Thus for ever!
 More our life, our strength, our stay!

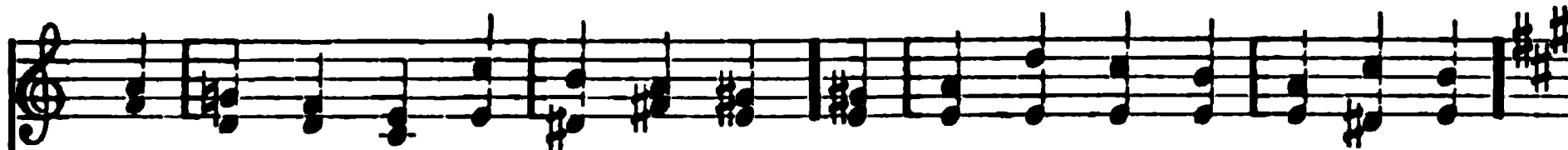
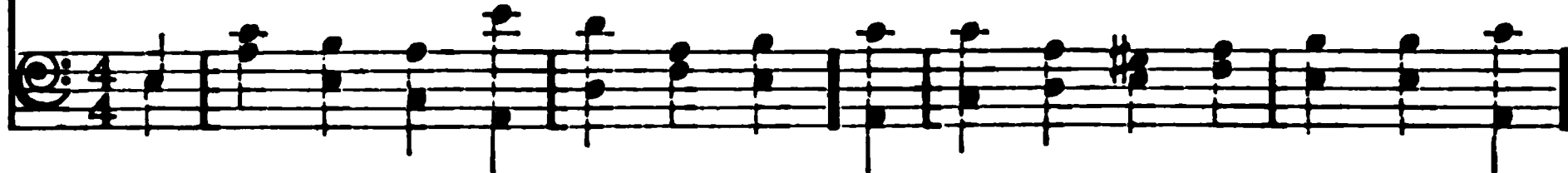
Thomas H. Gill, 1891

ST. MARK Six 8s.

James W. Elliott (1888—)



O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all: For, aw - ful though Thine ad- vent be,



All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee.

*Unison.*

O quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near. A - men.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all:
 For, awful though Thine advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
 O quickly come; for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.</p> | <p>2 O quickly come, great King of all:
 Reign all around us, and within;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
 O quickly come; for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.</p> |
|--|---|

- 3 O quickly come, true Life of all:
 For death is mighty all around;
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found.
 O quickly come; for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

- 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all:
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day.
 O quickly come; for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

The Holy Spirit

MELITA Six 8s.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun-da - tions first were laid,

Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind;

From sin and sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem-ples worth - y Thee. A - men.

1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe, [mand;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:

4 And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Anon, x C. or earlier (Latin);
tr. John Dryden, 1693

ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A - men.

1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829

CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5.

Friedrich Fillitz, 1847

Gra-cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we co - vet most

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n-ly love. A - men.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge— all things— empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

William Jones, 1789



1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys,
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

BEDFORD C. M.

William Wheall, c. 1723



- 1 **E**NDURING Soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend,
Unchanging Peace 'mid storm and strife,
Our Parent, Home, and End,—
- 2 Through Thee the worlds, with all they bear,
Their mighty courses run;
Through Thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendor clothes the sun.
- 3 The thoughts that move the heart of man
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety,—
- 4 These are Thy thoughts, almighty Mind;
This skill is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.
- 5 No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from heaven;
No living deed was ever done
Without Thine impulse given.
- 6 O fill us now, Thou living Power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall our wills from hour to hour
Become not ours, but Thine.

Ebenezer S. Oakley, 1885

MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. Louis M. Gottschalk, 1854

Ho - ly Spir - it, truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.
- 3 Holy Spirit, power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine,
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.
- 6 Holy Spirit, joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring!"

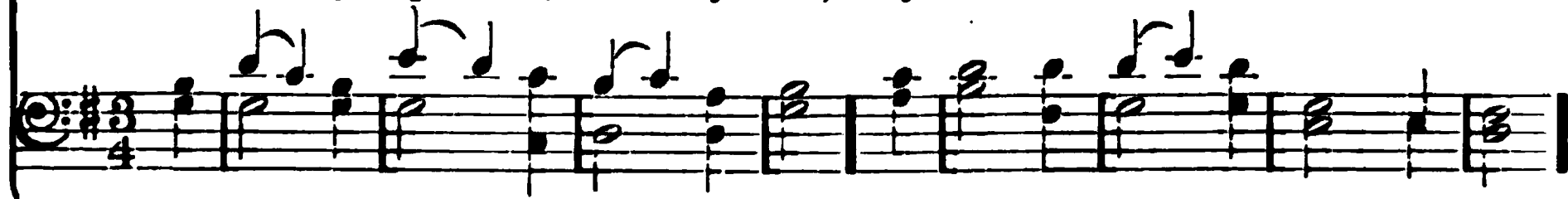
Samuel Longfellow, 1854

INTERCESSION L. M.

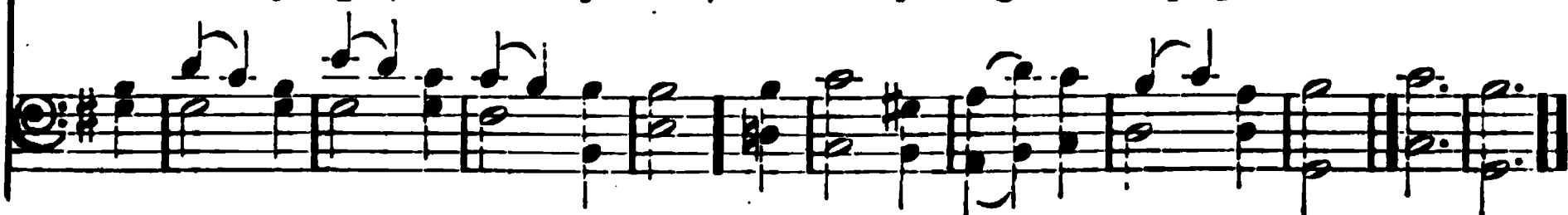
"Easy Music for Church Choirs," 1853



Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, My sin - ful mal - a - dies re - move;



Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide, O'er ev-'ry thought and step pre - side. A - men.



- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.
- 5 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

Simon Browne, 1720, arr.

BETHEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

John H. Cornell, 1872

Come Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove

Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred gifts im-part

To glad - den each sad heart: O come to - day. A - men,

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.

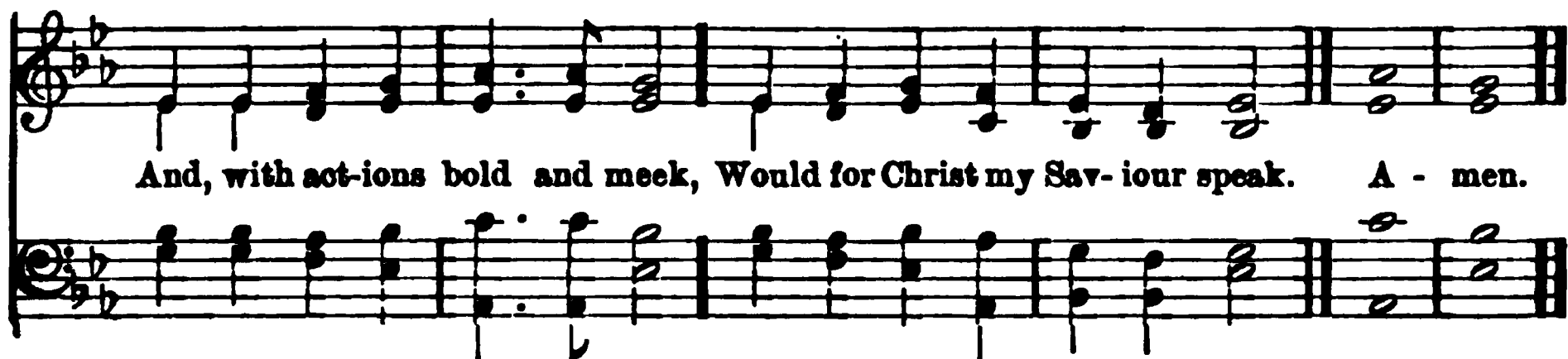
5 Come, all the faithful bless,
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

REDHEAD 76 Six 7s.

Richard Redhead, 1853



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Frederick C. Atkinson, c. 1870

Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; through

all its puls-es move; Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

1 **S**PIRIT of God, descend upon my heart;
 Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
 Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
 And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
 No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
 No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
 But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
 One holy passion filling all my frame,—
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1854

BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin, 1877



Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.



Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word. Amen.



Copyright, 1877 by J. H. Vincent

1 **B**REAK Thou the bread of life
 Dear Lord, to me,
 As Thou didst break the loaves
 Beside the sea.
 Beyond the sacred page
 I seek Thee, Lord;
 My spirit pants for Thee,
 O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me, to me,
 As Thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee;
 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall,
 And I shall find my peace,
 My all in all.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10. (*Alternate tune for 131*)

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869



Spir - it of God, de - scend upon my heart; Wean it from earth; thro' all its pulses move;



Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.



TRENTHAM S. M.

Robert Jackson. 1894



1 **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

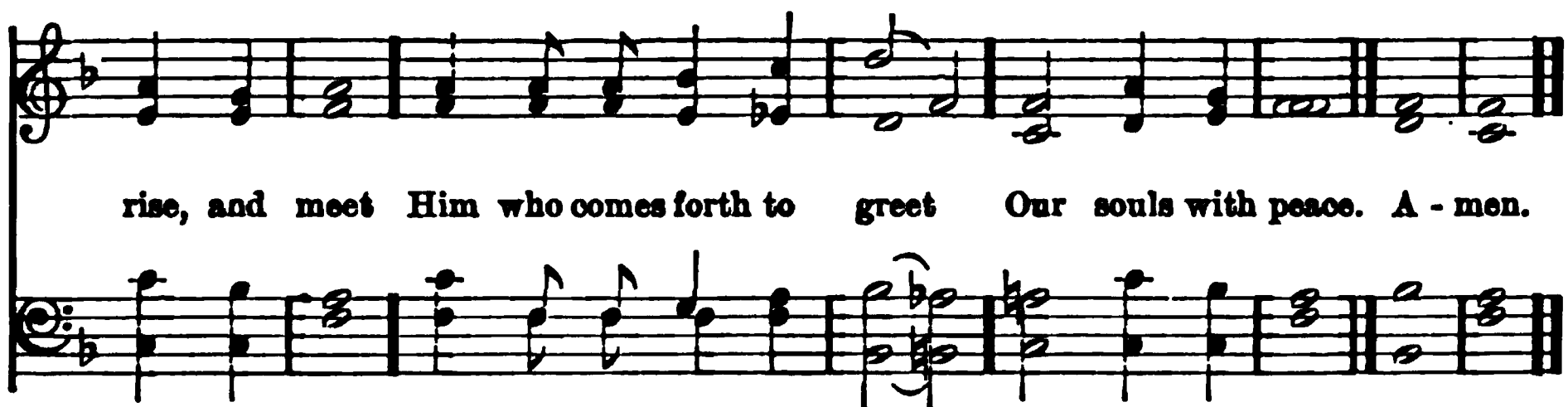
2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Until my heart is pure,
 Until with Thee I will one will,
 To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Till I am wholly Thine,
 Till all this earthly part of me
 Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine eternity.

KIRBY BEDON 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Edward Bunnett, 1887



1 CHRIST in His word draws near;
Hush, moaning voice of fear,
He bids thee cease;
With songs sincere and sweet
Let us arise, and meet
Him who comes forth to greet
Our souls with peace.

2 Rising above thy care,
Meet Him as in the air,
O weary heart:
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as He comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

3 For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now He, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
Clad in His robes of love,
'Tis He, our Lord!
Dim earth itself grows clear,
As His light draweth near:
O let us hush and hear
His holy word.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1854

WARRINGTON L. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1784

The heav'ns declare Thy glo-ry, Lord; In ev-'ry star Thy wisdom shines; But when our
eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair-er lines. A-men.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719

WARE L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838

God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known,

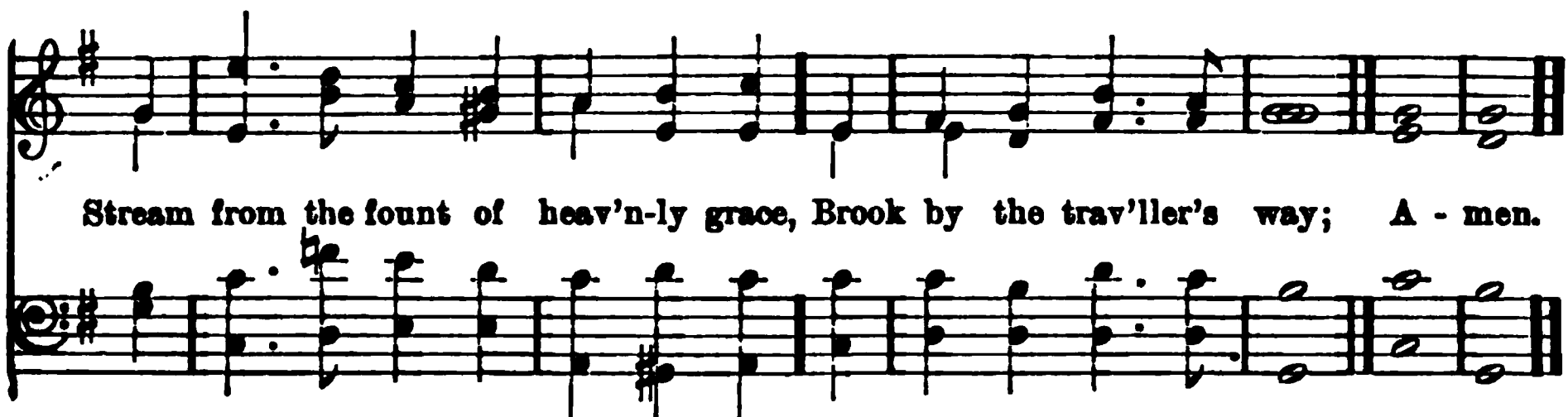
Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name,
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Verses 1, 2, Benjamin Beddome, 1787, alt.;
verses 3, 4, 5, Thomas Cotterill, 1819

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875



1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
 Our path, when wont to stray;
 Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
 Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
 True manna from on high;
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read,
 Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Word of the ever-living God,
 Will of His glorious Son:—
 Without thee how could earth be trod,
 Or heaven itself be won?

4 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
 Thy mysteries to reveal,
 That Spirit which first gave thee forth
 Thy volume must unseal.

5 And we, if we aright would learn
 The wisdom it imparts,
 Must to its heavenly teaching turn
 With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836

SPRINGTIME C. M.

William H. Monk, 1823-89



The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight;



Pre-cepts and prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light. A - men.



1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

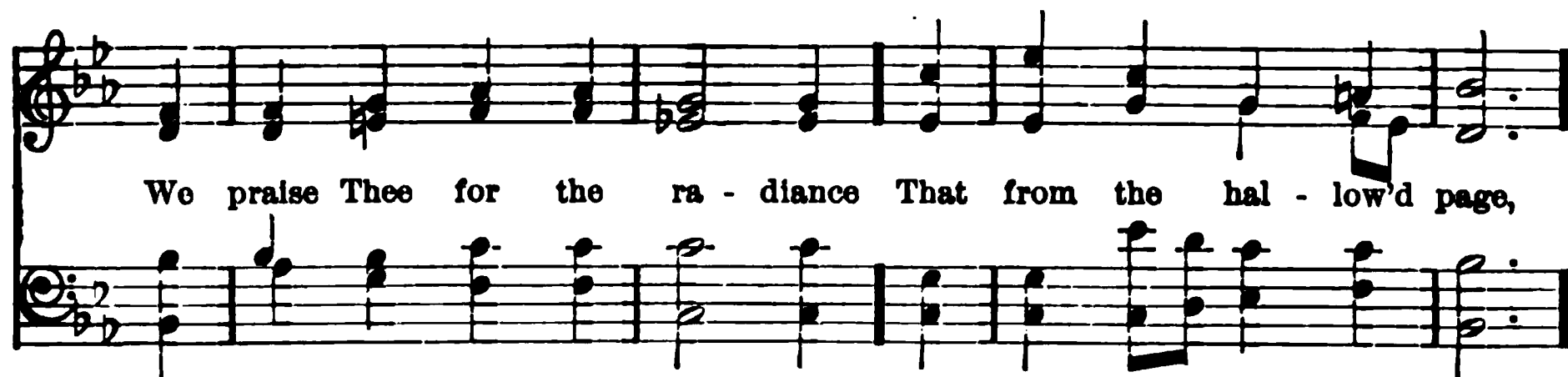
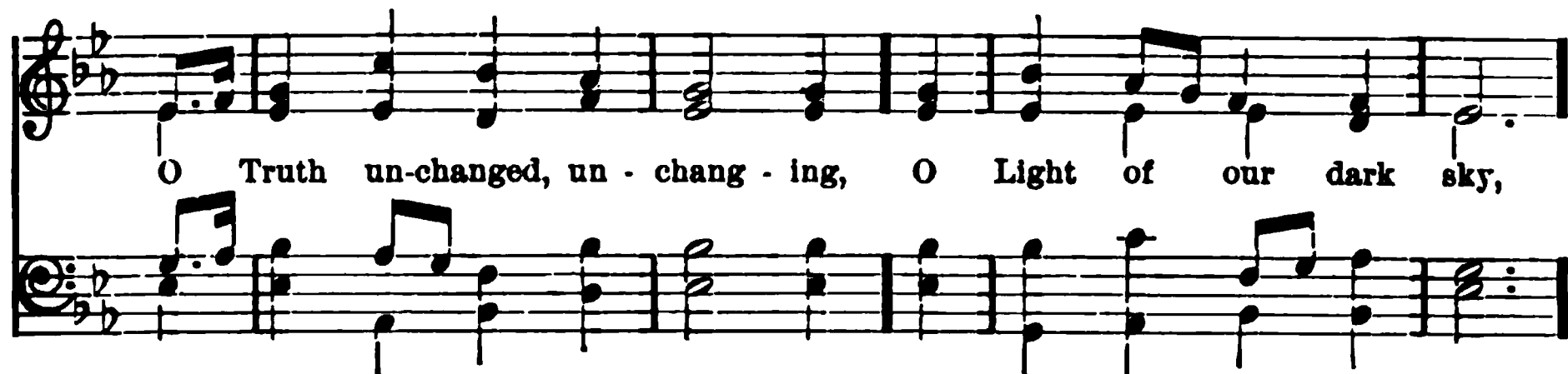
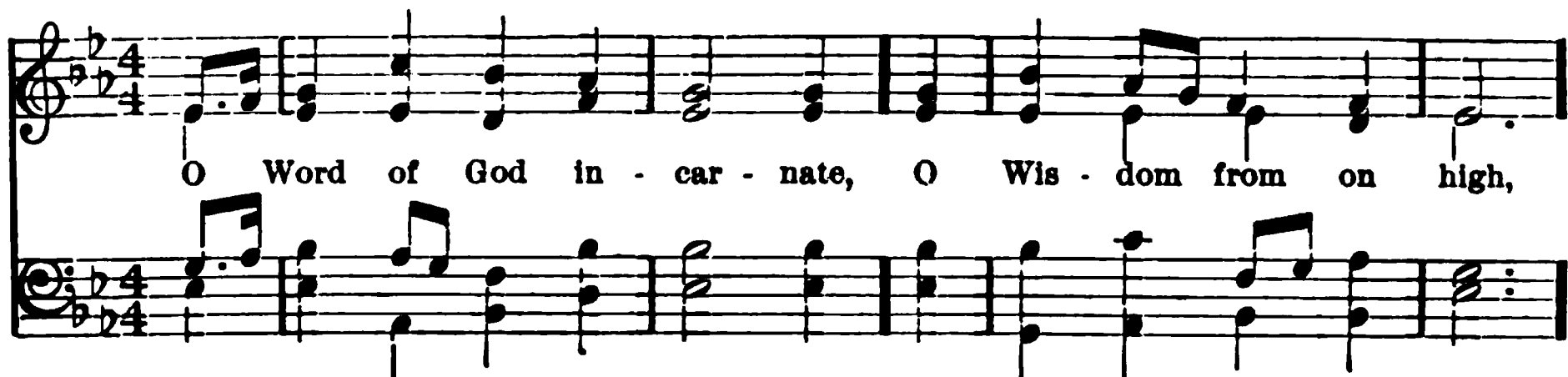
2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper, 1779

MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Meiningsches Gesang-Buch, 1698

1 **O** WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our foot-steps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket,
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

The Kingdom of God

140

The Church

AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

1 **T**HE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With Father, Spirit, Son,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone, 1866; (text of 1872)

ST. ANNE C. M.

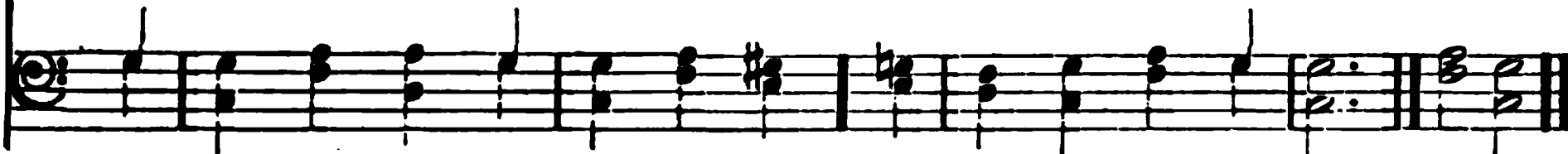
Ascribed to William Croft, 1708



O where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?



But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.



1 O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

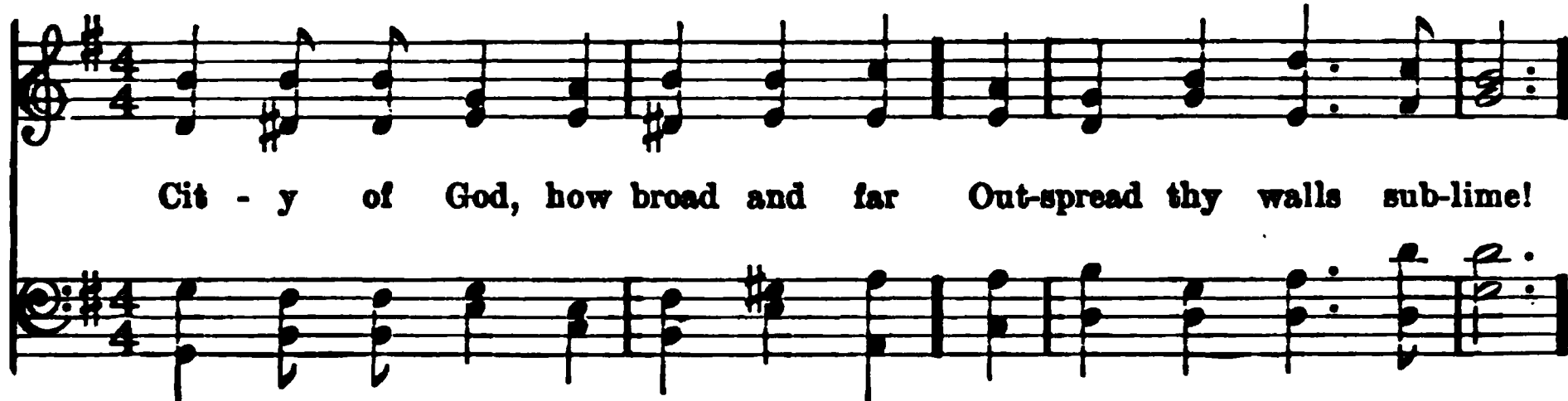
2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875



- 1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Out-spread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth!
- 4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!
- 5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon th' eternal Rock
Th' eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson, 1884

STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan O. Woodman, 1844

I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

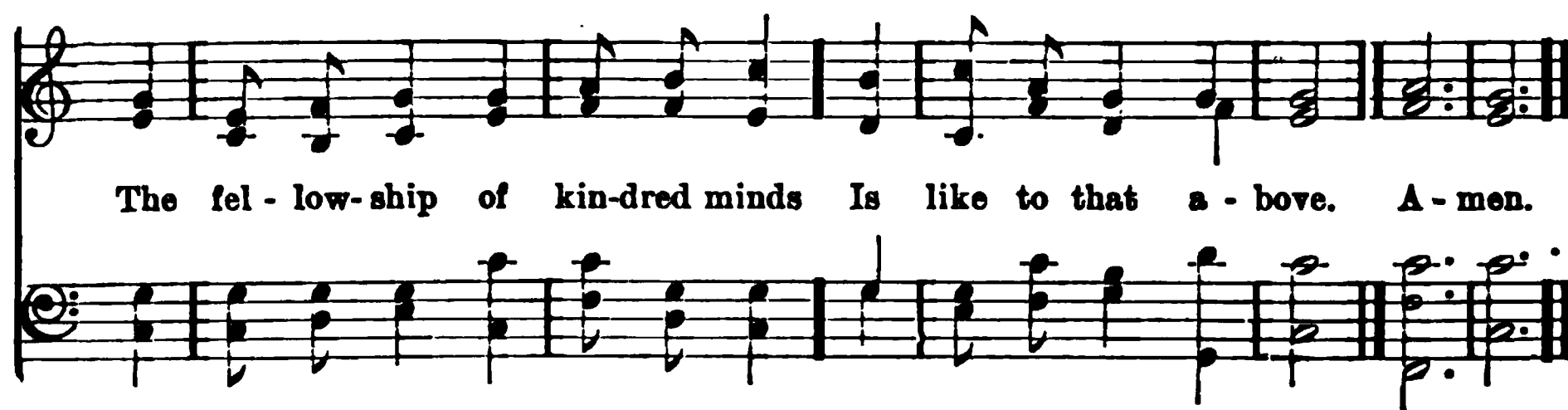
The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - men.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800

BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

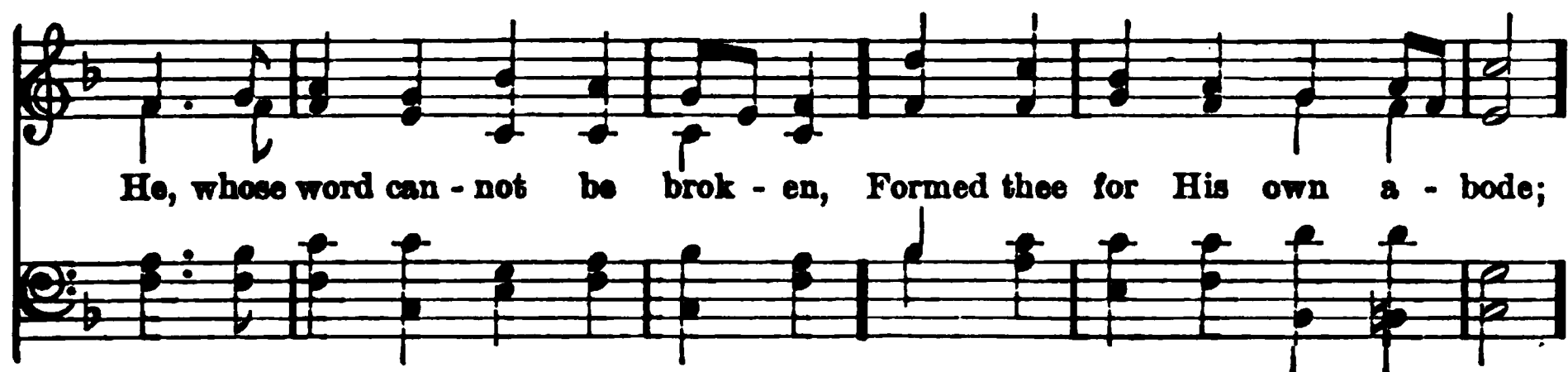
John Fawcett, 1782

Lord of our life and, God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
 night and Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
 Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD of our life and God of our salvation,
 Star of our night and Hope of every nation,
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
 Lord God Almighty.
- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
 Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
 Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
 Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaieth:
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
 Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
 Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
 Send us, O Saviour.
- 5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
 Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz J. Haydn, 1797



1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'Tis His love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, His solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

John Newton, 1779

EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 7.

Martin Luther, 1529

{ A might - y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; }
 { Our help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; }

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and

pow'r are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A-men.

1 **A** MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing;
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo, his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

YORKSHIRE Six 10s.

John Wainwright, 1760

E - ter - nal Ru - ler of the ceaseless round Of cir-cling plan-ets sing-ing on their way;

Guide of the na-tions from the night profound In - to the glo-ry of the per - fect day,—

Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be Guid-ed and strengthened and upheld by Thee. A-men.

1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day,—
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
 The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,
 As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
 As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
 One in the power that makes Thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,
 Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
 Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
 We ask no victories that are not Thine:
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be.
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

John W Chadwick, 1864

ST. CATHERINE Six 8s.

Henry F. Hemy and J. G. Walton, 1874

Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word!

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

- 1 **F**AITH of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

Joseph Barnby, 1871

God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled Thy whole cre -

a - tion lies, All souls are Thine;— we must not say

Slower.

That those are dead who pass a - way; From this our world of

flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to Thee. A - men.

1 **G**OD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine;— we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
All Thine, and yet most truly ours; [powers,
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair


Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

John Ellerton, 1858, 67

NUN FREUT EUCH 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Melody by Martin Luther in Joseph Klug's
Geistliche Lieder, Wittenberg, 1535


{ We come un - to our fa - thers' God, Their Rock is our sal - va - tion;
Th' e - ter - nal arms, their dear a - bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion; }

We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought, We seek Thee as Thy
saints have sought In ev - 'ry gen - e - ra - tion. A - men.

1 **W**E come unto our fathers' God,
Their Rock is our salvation;
Th' eternal arms, their dear abode
We make our habitation;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing,
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill, 1898

SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby 1869

For all Thy saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy name, O Je - sus,
 be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints who from their labors rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Alleluia!
- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Wm. Walsham How, 1864

The Home

VESALIUS 11. 10. 11. 10.

E. Cooper Perry, 1895

O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing

Friend and Sav - iour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev - er

com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - or'd place! A - men.

- 1 O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place!
- 2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!
- 3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!
- 4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!
- 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—
- 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,—
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

HOLLEY L. M.

George Hews, 1835

Thou gra - cious Pow'r, whose mer - cy lends The light of
home, the smile of friends, Our fam - 'lies in Thine
arms en - fold As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old. A-men.

1 **T**HOU gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our families in Thine arms enfold
As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old.

2 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

3 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

4 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circles still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sicilian Melody
Merrick and Tattersall's *Psalms*, 1794

Lord of life and King of glo - ry, Who didst deign a child to be,
Cra-dled on a moth-er's bo - som, Throned up - on a moth - er's knee,
For the children Thou hast giv-en We must an - swer un - to Thee. A-men.

For Mothers

1 **L**ORD of life and King of glory,
Who didst deign a child to be,
Cradled on a mother's bosom,
Throned upon a mother's knee,
For the children Thou hast given
We must answer unto Thee.

2 Since the day the blessed Mother
Thee, the world's Redeemer, bore,
Thou hast crowned us with an honor
Women never knew before;
And that we may bear it meetly
We must seek Thine aid the more.

3 Grant us, then, pure hearts and patient,
That in all we do or say
Little souls our deeds may copy,
And be never led astray;
Little feet our steps may follow
In a safe and narrow way.

4 When our growing sons and daughters
Look on life with eager eyes,
Grant us then a deeper insight
And new powers of sacrifice,
Hope to trust them, faith to guide them,
Love that nothing good denies.

5 May we keep our holy calling
Stainless in its fair renown,
That when all the work is over
And we lay the burden down,
Then the children Thou hast given
Still may be our joy and crown.

Christian Burke, 1908

The City

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,



A - bove the noise of sel - fish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man. A - men.



1 **W**HERE cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

The Nation

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Harmonia Anglicana c. 1748


My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

1 **M**Y country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and
 night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A - men.

1 GOD bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State.

3 Not for this land alone,
 But be God's mercies shown
 From shore to shore;
 And may the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833;
 John S. Dwight, 1844;
 William E. Hickson, 1886

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1798)

O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers
crossed the sea; And when they trod the win-try strand,
With pray'r and psalm they wor-shipped Thee. A-men.

- 1 **O** GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon, 1833 (text of 1845)

MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1841

Look from the sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might;

In pit-y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A-men.

- 1 LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant, 1859

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen-dor, Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy liv - ing fire of judg-ment Purge this land of bit - ter things;
 So-lace all its wide do-min-ion With the heal-ing of Thy wings. A - men.

1 JUDGE eternal, throned in splendor,
 Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy living fire of judgment
 Purge this land of bitter things;
 Solace all its wide dominion
 With the healing of Thy wings.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
 For the hour that brings release,
 And the city's crowded clangor
 Cries aloud for sin to cease;
 And the homesteads and the woodlands
 Plead in silence for their peace.

3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;
 Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
 Feed the faint and hungry heathen
 With the richness of Thy Word;
 Cleanse the body of this nation
 Through the glory of the Lord.

GOWER'S RECESSIONAL Six 8s.

John H. Gower, 1908

God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,

Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-men.

Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
 On dune and he-dland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

CROFT'S 148th 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

William Croft, 1709

A - rise, O Lord of hosts; Be jeal - ous for Thy name, And

drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame: O Lord, stretch forth Thy

might - y hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land. A - men.

1 **A**RISE, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

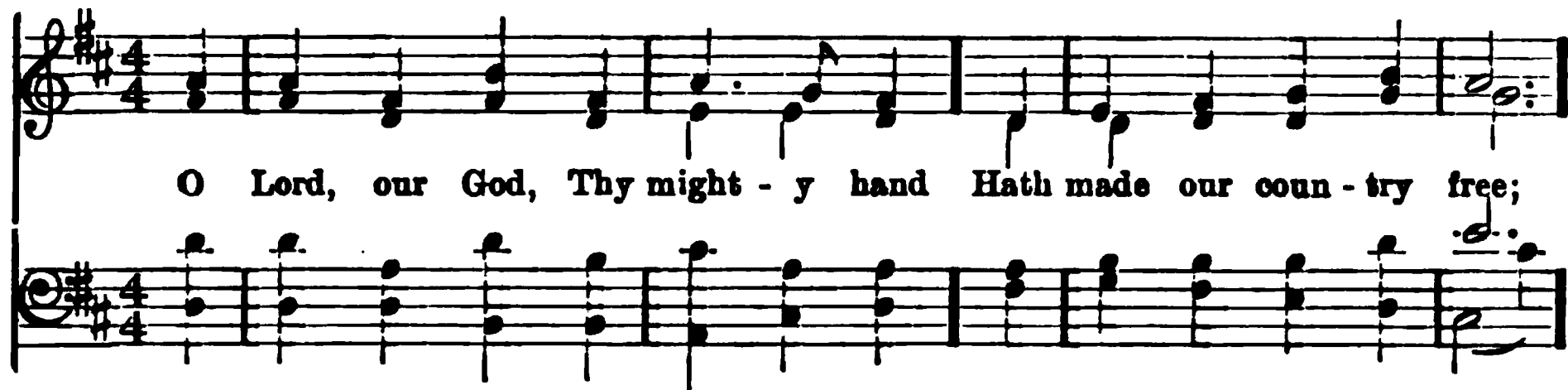
3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire;
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

REPUBLIC 8. 6. 8. 6. D.

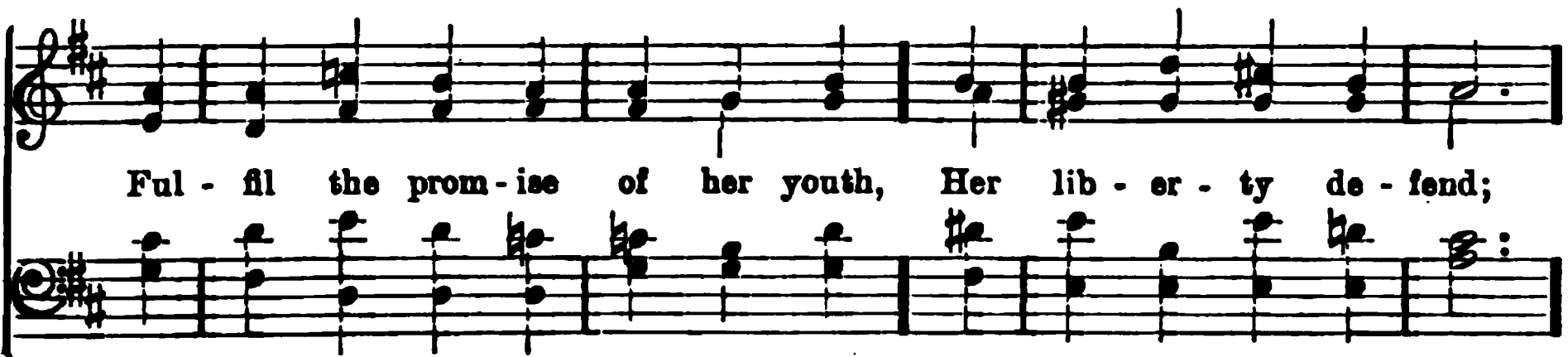
William Pierson Merrill, 1912




O Lord, our God, Thy might - y hand Hath made our coun - try free;



From all her broad and hap - py land May wor - ship rise to Thee.



Ful - fil the prom - ise of her youth, Her lib - er - ty de - fend;



By law and or - der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be - friend! A - men.

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1 O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee.
Fulfil the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America, befriend!

2 The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain:
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America, befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nationwide and sure,
America, befriend!

4 Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the joy of Jesus' name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America, befriend!

Henry van Dyke, 1912

MEIRINGEN 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

Christian G. Neefe, 1777

O North, with all thy vales of green, O South, with all thy palms,
From peo - pled town and fields be - tween Up - lift the voice of psalms; Raise
an - cient East, the an - them high, And let the youth - ful West re - ply. A - men.

1 **O** NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled town and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, 1800

RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis T. Lwoff, 1833

God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est Great winds Thy clar - ions, the

light - nings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou

reign - est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A - men.

1 **G**OD the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
 Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
 Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
 Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

vv. 1 and 2, Henry F. Chorley, 1842;
 vv. 3 and 4, John Ellerton, 1870

MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1829

From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819

SALVE DOMINE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lawrence W. Watson, 1909

Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush - ing the east - ern skies;

Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;

Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;

Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more. A - men.

1 **L**IGHT of the world, we hail Thee,
 Flushing the eastern skies;
 Never shall darkness veil Thee
 Again from human eyes;
 Too long, alas, withholden,
 Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thy light, so glad and golden,
 Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life's poorest, humblest part;
 Thou robest in Thy splendor
 The simple ways of men,
 And helpst them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

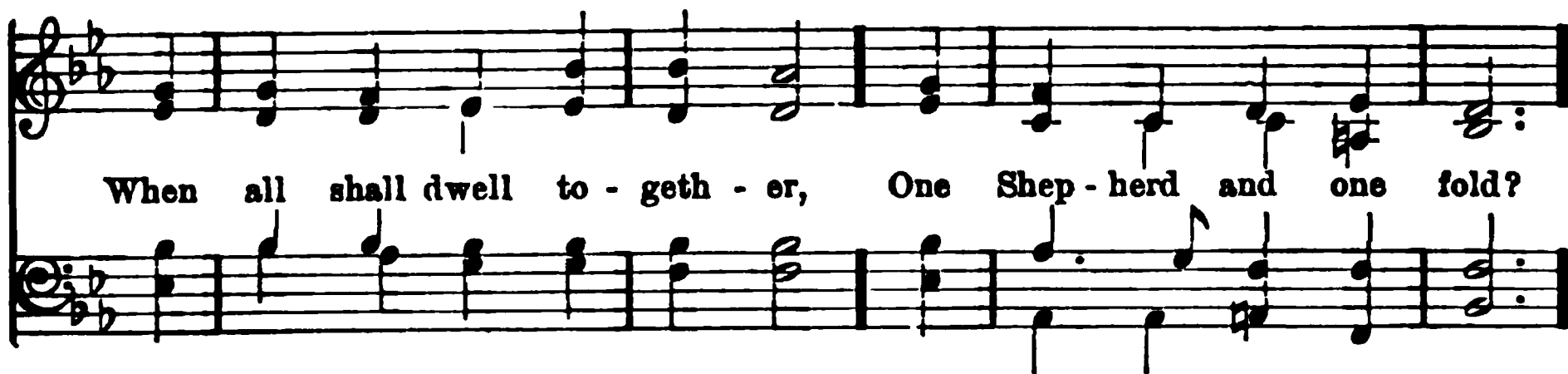
3 Light of the world, before Thee
 Our spirits prostrate fall;
 We worship, we adore Thee,
 Thou Light, the life of all;
 With Thee is no forgetting
 Of all Thine hand hath made;
 Thy rising hath no setting,
 Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
 This darkened land of Thine,
 Till everything that's human
 Be filled with what's divine;
 Till every tongue and nation,
 From sin's dominion free,
 Rise in the new creation
 Which springs from love and Thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1862

EDEN GROVE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel Smith, 1874



1 **A**ND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown?
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It clears the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1838

Each might-y pow'r of e - vil How doth the Lord as - sail?

'Gainst world and flesh and dev - il How doth the Lord pre - vail?

How doth the Strength su - per - nal Come down in - to the fight?

How dost Thou, King e - ter - nal, Win vic - t'ry for the right? A - men.

1 **E**ACH mighty power of evil
How doth the Lord assail?
'Gainst world and flesh and devil
How doth the Lord prevail?
How doth the Strength supernal
Come down into the fight?
How dost Thou, King eternal,
Win victory for the right?

2 Some mighty man Thou fillest
With holy hate of wrong;
Some tender soul Thou thrill'st
With yearnings sweet and strong:
This woe he must diminish,
This wrong he must o'erthrow,
This warfare he must finish,
This evil power lay low.

3 The strength by Thee conferrèd
To others he imparts;
The fire within him stirrèd
Doth kindle other hearts:
By glowing souls attended
He rushes on the foe;
The right is well defended,
The evil power laid low.

4 That army, Lord, Thou leade'st,
That warfare Thou dost share;
That victory Thou speed'st,
The Lord of hosts is there.
Then send the Spirit fervent,
The fire that never fails;
To lighten each true servant,
Until Thy cause prevails.

TOURS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1872

Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - press - ion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans - gress - ion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,—
That name to us is love.

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

1 **T**HE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1798)

Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

- 1 **F**LING out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
 The sun that lights its shining folds,
 The cross on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
 And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,—
 Our glory only in the cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

YORK C. M.

The ol Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

The Lord will come and not be slow, His foot-steps can - not err;

Be - fore Him righteous-ness shall go, His roy - al har-bin - ger. A - men.

1 **T**HE Lord will come and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err;
 Before Him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and truth, that long were missed,
 Now joyfully are met;
 Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
 And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then;
 And justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.

4 Rise, God; judge Thou the earth in might,
 This wicked earth redress:
 For Thou art He who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
 By Thy strong hand are done;
 Thou in Thy everlasting seat
 Remainest God alone.

ST. FULBERT C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Thy king-dom come—on bend-ed knee The pass-ing a-ges pray;

And faith-ful souls have yearn'd to see On earth that king-dom's day. A-men.

1 **T**HY kingdom come—on bended knee
 The passing ages pray;
 And faithful souls have yearned to see
 On earth that kingdom's day.

2 But the slow watches of the night
 Not less to God belong,
 And for the everlasting right
 The silent stars are strong.

3 And lo! already on the hills
 The flags of dawn appear;
 Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
 Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light
 All wrong shall stand revealed,
 When justice shall be clothed with might,
 And every hurt be healed:

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
 Shall walk the earth abroad,—
 The day of perfect righteousness,
 The promised day of God

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1891

MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874



O God of truth, whose liv - ing word Up - holds what - e'er hath breath,

Look down on Thy cre - a - tion, Lord, En-slaved by sin and death. A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.
- 3 We fight for truth, we fight for God,—
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.
- 4 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
- 5 Still smite, still burn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew, come down,
Rest on us from above.
- 6 Yea, come: then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes, 1859

DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1880

Come let us join with faith - ful souls' Our song of faith to sing,

One broth - er - hood in heart are we, And one our Lord and King. A - men.

- 1 COME let us join with faithful souls
Our song of faith to sing,
One brotherhood in heart are we,
And one our Lord and King.
- 2 Faithful are all who love the truth
And dare the truth to tell,
Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
And strive to serve Him well.
- 3 And faithful are the gentle hearts,
To whom the power is given
Of every hearth to make a home,
Of every home a heaven.
- 4 O mighty host! no tongue can tell
The numbers of its throng;
No words can sound the music vast
Of its grand battle-song.
- 5 From step to step it wins its way
Against a world of sin;
Part of the battle-field is won,
And part is yet to win.
- 6 O Lord of hosts, our faith renew,
And grant us, in Thy love,
To sing the songs of victory
With faithful souls above.

William G. Tarrant, 1892

The Kingdom of God

ST. CECILIA 6. 6. 6. 6.

Leighton G. Hayne, 1888



Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Wide - cir - cling as the sun;



Ful - fil of old Thy word And make the na - tions one; A-men.



1 **T**HY kingdom come, O Lord,
 Wide-circling as the sun;
 Fulfil of old Thy word
 And make the nations one;—

2 One in the bond of peace,
 The service glad and free
 Of truth and righteousness,
 Of love and equity.

3 Speed, speed the longed-for time
 Foretold by raptured seers—
 The prophecy sublime,
 The hope of all the years;—

4 Till rise at last, to span
 Its firm foundations broad,
 The commonwealth of man,
 The city of our God.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1905.

GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love,

Shed peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove. A - men.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

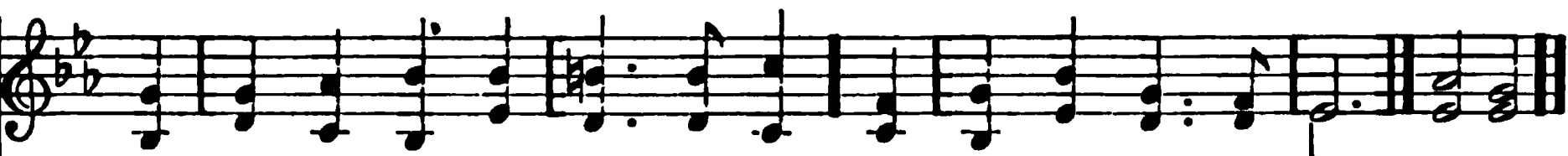
The Kingdom of God

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



From Thee all skill and sci - ence flow, All pit - y, care and love,



All calm and cour- age, faith and hope;— O pour them from a - bove. A-men.



1 **F**ROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;—
O pour them from above.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.



At length there dawns the glo - rious day By proph - ets long fore - told;



At length the cho - rus clear - er grows That shep - herds heard of old.



The day of grow - ing Broth - er - hood Breaks on our ea - ger eyes,



And hu - man ha - treds flee be - fore The ra - diant east - ern skies. A - men.



1 **A**T length there dawns the glorious day
By prophets long foretold;
At length the chorus clearer grows
That shepherds heard of old.
The day of growing Brotherhood
Breaks on our eager eyes,
And human hatreds flee before
The radiant eastern skies.

Then here together, brother men,
We pledge the Christ anew
Our loyal love, our stalwart faith,
Our service strong and true.

3 One common faith unites us all,
We seek one common goal,
One tender comfort broods upon
The struggling human soul.
To this clear call of Brotherhood
Our hearts responsive ring;
We join the glorious new crusade
Of our great Lord and King.

2 For what are sundering strains of blood,
Or ancient caste and creed?
One claim unites all men in Christ
To serve each human need.

The Kingdom of God

AGNES 7. 7. 7. 6.

Edward Bunnett, 1877



1 **L**OVELY to the outward eye
Seemed Jerusalem to lie—
Yet 'twas there Thou cam'st to die,
Jesus, Son of Mary.

3 Yea, that whited city's pride,
And its splendors multiplied,
Meant but pain and piercèd side
To Thee, Son of Mary.

2 Far-brought stones and marble rare
Made its towers and circuits fair,
Yet Thy cross was waiting there,
Wearied Son of Mary.

4 And would all the crowded mart,
Wealth and splendid ease and art
Of our own world please Thy heart,
O Thou Son of Mary?

5 Would'st Thou call our boasting good,
If Thou saw'st our triumphs stood
On the wreck of brotherhood,
Loving Son of Mary?

6 Or would'st hold our wealth and pride
Cheap because of love denied
And Thy Spirit crucified,
Patient Son of Mary?

7 Jesus, pardon where we fall;
Jesus, our whole life enthral;
Let Thy Spirit rule it all,
Blessèd Son of Mary.

SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1871

Hail the glo - rious Gold - en Cit - y, Pic - tured by the seers of old!

Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told:

On - ly right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing wall;

Wrong is ban - ished from its bord - ers, Jus - tice reigns supreme o'er all. A - men.

1 **H**AIL the glorious Golden City,
 Pictured by the seers of old!
 Everlasting light shines o'er it,
 Wondrous tales of it are told:
 Only righteous men and women
 Dwell within its gleaming wall;
 Wrong is banished from its borders,
 Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

2 We are builders of that city;
 All our joys and all our groans
 Help to rear its shining ramparts;
 All our lives are building-stones:

Whether humble or exalted,
 All are called to task divine;
 All must aid alike to carry
 Forward one sublime design.

3 And the work that we have builded,
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
 And in error and in anguish,
 Will not perish with our years:
 It will last and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of Right;
 It will merge into the splendors
 Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler, 1878, 1900

WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the
lands that in dark- ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and
mourn-ing; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. A - men.

- 1 **H**AIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1831

BLESSED HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

John Stainer, 1875

Lift up your heads, re - joice, Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh;

Now breathes a soft - er air, Now shines a mild - er sky;

The ear - ly trees put forth eir new and ten - der leaf; Hushed

is the moan - ing wind That told of win - ter's grief. A - men.

1 **L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King,
He comes, the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh!

Thomas T. Lynch, 1858

MORWELLHAM 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Charles H. Steggall, 1826-1905

O Ho - ly Cit - y seen of John, Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
 With - in whose four-square walls shall come No night, nor need, nor pain,
 And where the tears are wiped from eyes That shall not weep a - gain! A - men.

1 O HOLY City seen of John,
 Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
 Within whose four-square walls shall come
 No night, nor need, nor pain,
 And where the tears are wiped from eyes
 That shall not weep again!

3 O shame to us who rest content
 While lust and greed for gain
 In street and shop and tenement
 Wring gold from human pain,
 And bitter lips in blind despair
 Cry—"Christ hath died in vain!"

2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held
 More cheap than merchandise,
 From women struggling sore for bread,
 From little children's cries,
 There swells the sobbing human plaint
 That bids thy walls arise!

4 Give us, O God, the strength to build
 The City that hath stood
 Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
 Whose ways are brotherhood,
 And where the sun that shineth is
 God's grace for human good.

5 Already in the mind of God
 That City riseth fair,—
 Lo, how its splendor challenges
 The souls that greatly dare,—
 Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
 And build its glory there!

W. Russell Bowie, 1909

The World

RANGELEY 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. (*Alternate Tune for 187*)

Henry M. Dunham, 1909

O Ho - ly Cit - y seen of John, Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
With - in whose four-square walls shall come No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wip'd from eyes That shall not weep a - gain! A - men, A - men.

1 O HOLY City seen of John,
Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
Within whose four-square walls shall come
No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wiped from eyes
That shall not weep again!

2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held
More cheap than merchandise,
From women struggling sore for bread,
From little children's cries,
There swells the sobbing human plaint
That bids thy walls arise!

3 O shame to us who rest content
While lust and greed for gain
In street and shop and tenement
Wring gold from human pain,
And bitter lips in blind despair
Cry— "Christ hath died in vain!"

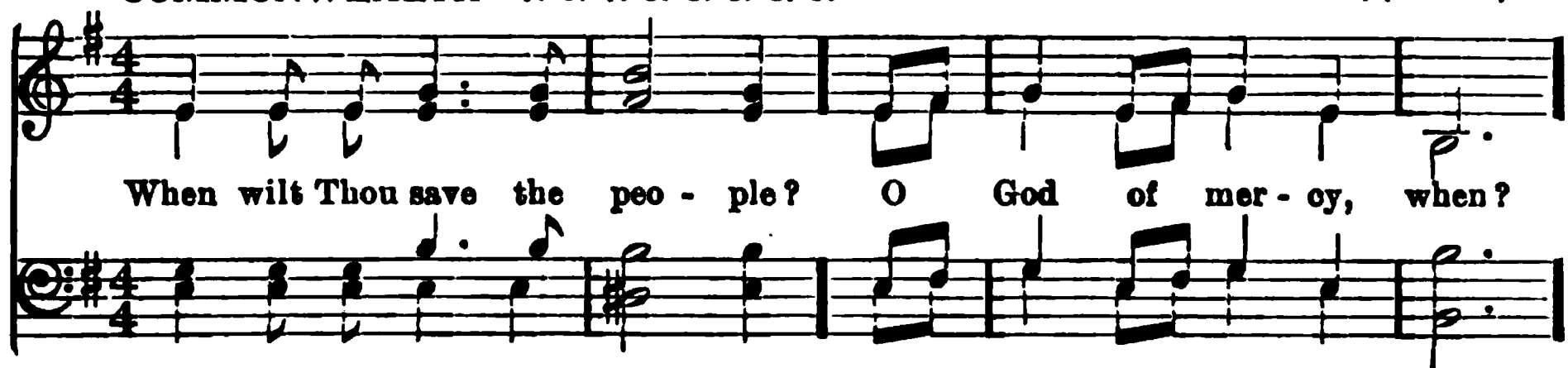
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The City that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good.

5 Already in the mind of God
That City riseth fair,—
Lo, how its splendor challenges
The souls that greatly dare,—
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
And build its glory there!

W. Russell Bowie, 1909

COMMONWEALTH 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 5.

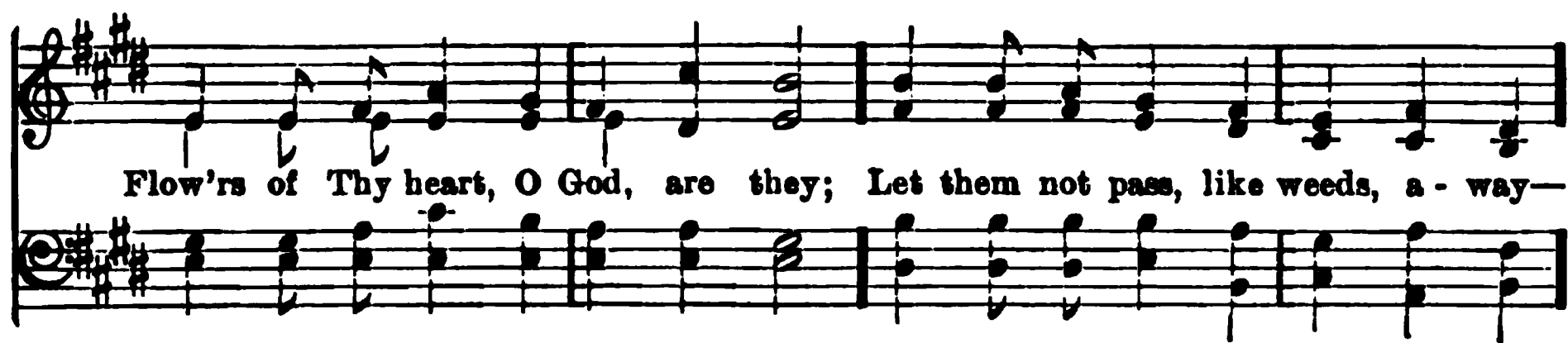
Josiah Booth, (1852—)



When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?



Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!



Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way—



Their her - it - age a sun-less day: God save the peo - ple! A - men.

1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day:
 God save the people!

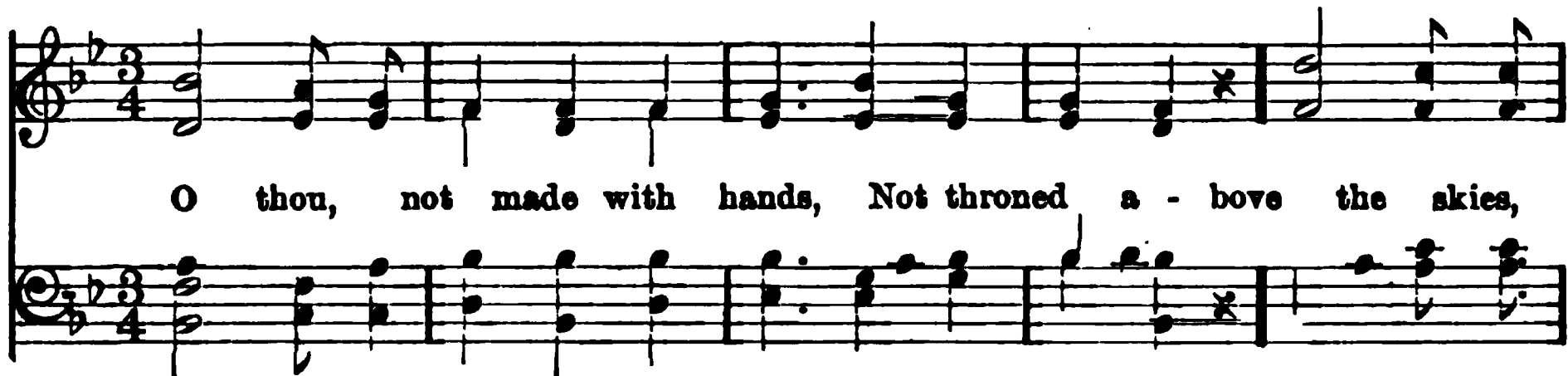
2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?

'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs:
 God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

WALTHAM (Monk's) Six 6s.

William H. Monk, 1889



1 O THOU, not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Not walled with shining walls,
Not framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down,
Where self itself yields up,
Where martyrs win their crown,
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go,
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the ways of woe,
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Not golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

BRAUN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Johann G. Braun, 1675

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and

o - ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

1 **C**HRISt for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With loving zeal;
 The poor and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost
 From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With joyful song,—
 The new-born souls whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott, 1809

The Consummation

PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1866



1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, Light of Paradise,
Shine on me my life long,
In all earth's din cause me to hear
Faint fragments of that song,
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862. v. 4, alt.

PATMOS 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Henry J. Storer, 1891

I heard a sound of voices A-round the great white throne,
 With harp-ers harp-ing on their harps To Him who sat there-on;
 "Sal-va-tion, glo-ry, hon-or," I heard the song a-rise,
 As through the courts of heav'n it rolled In won-drous har-mon-ies. A-men.

1 I heard a sound of voices
 Around the great white throne,
 With harpers harping on their harps
 To Him who sat thereon;
 "Salvation, glory, honor,"
 I heard the song arise,
 As through the courts of heaven it rolled
 In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,
 And nations from afar,
 As serried ranks returning home
 In triumph from a war;
 I heard the saints upraising,
 The myriad hosts among,
 In praise of Him who died, and lives,
 Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
 The New Jerusalem,
 Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
 With jewelled diadem:
 The flood of crystal waters
 Flowed down the golden street;
 And nations brought their honors there,
 And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,
 Nor moon to shine by night,
 God's glory did enlighten all,
 The Lamb Himself, the light;
 And there His servants serve Him,
 And, life's long battle o'er,
 Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
 They reign for evermore.

Godfrey Thring, 1886

ST. ALPHEGE 7. 6. 7. 6.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1857

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - lived care;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. A - men.

1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.

2 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Zion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope.

4 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.

5 Then all the halls of Zion
 For aye shall be complete,
 And in the land of beauty,
 All things of beauty meet.

6 Yes, God, my King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 We then shall see forever,
 And worship face to face.

HOLY CITY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alfred B. Gaul, 1870

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep;

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

1 **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep;
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart;
 And none, O peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 That peace—but who may claim it?
 The guileless in their way,
 Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the things they say:
 And none shall there be jealous,
 And none shall there contend;
 Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
 All ill, all ill shall end.

4 And He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own;
 The Crown He is to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.

HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

The home-land, O the home-land, The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near. A-men.

1 **T**HE homeland, O the homeland,
 The land of souls free-born!
 No gloomy night is known there,
 But aye the fadeless morn:
 I'm sighing for that country,
 My heart is aching here;
 There is no pain in the homeland,
 To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the homeland
 Are waiting me to come,
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invade their holy home:
 O dear, dear native country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the homeland
 Of His eternal love.

Ascribed to Hugh R. Haweis, 1855

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
 I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
 What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare. A - men.

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest;
 I know not, O I know not,
 What joys await us there,
 What radiance of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast;
 And they, who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er win thy grace?
 Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part;
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Olun, c. 1145;
 tr. John M. Neale, 1851
 v. 1 ll. 5, 6, and v. 2 l. 2 alt.

The Consummation

URBS BEATA 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (*Alternate Tune for 196*)

George F. Le Jeune, 1887

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

The first system of musical notation for 'The Consummation'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -'.

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, O I

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, O I'.

know not, What joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'know not, What joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry,'.

REFRAIN.

Je - ru sa - lem the

What light be - yond com - pare. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the beginning of the refrain. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'What light be - yond com - pare. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey'.

gold - en, Be - neath
blest, Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.

The fifth system of musical notation, which is the end of the refrain. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'gold - en, Be - neath
blest, Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.'

MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 2 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light;
There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen;

Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

- 4 Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case;
For there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.
- 5 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
Ah, my sweet home Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

Based on a Latin original,
from a xvi C. MS signed "F. B. P." arr.

ALFORD 7 6. 8. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph night!

O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford, 1867

The Children of the Kingdom

199

Repentance

LUX MUNDI 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore Thy throne of love;

O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;

Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee;

And all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

1 **W**E stand in deep repentance,
Before Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to Thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free.

2 O shouldst Thou, from us fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
*Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;*

But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow;
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer, 1884

ST. HILDA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799
and Edward Husband, 1871


O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Wm. Walsham How, 1887

DE PROFUNDIS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.

Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;

Wea - ry, waiting for my rest: God be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

1 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest:
God be merciful to me!

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me!

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me!

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
God be merciful to me!

John S. B. Monsell, 1857

WOODMAN 7. 7. 7. 7.

(Alternate Tune to 201)

R. Huntington Woodman, 1895

Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;

Wea - ry, wait - ing for my rest: God be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

ST. BEES 7. 7. 7. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?" A - men.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light."
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1862

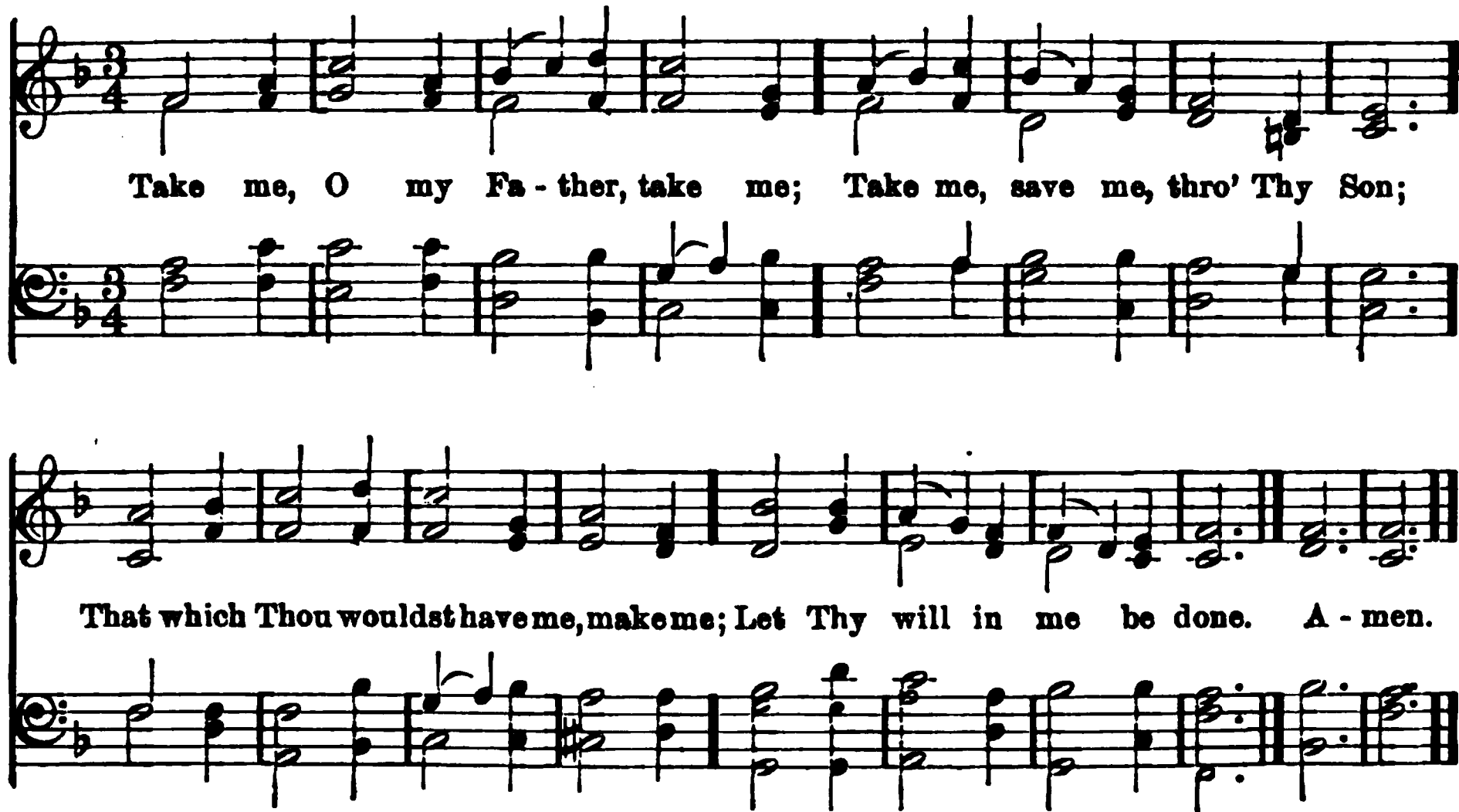
Lord, Thy mer-cy now en - treat - ing, Low be - fore Thy throne we fall;

Our misdeeds to Thee con - fess - ing, On Thy name we humbly call. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy name we humbly call.
- 2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;
- 3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;
- 4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.
- 5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Melody from a xv O. German MS.



Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me; Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;

That which Thou wouldst have me, make me; Let Thy will in me be done. A - men.

1 **T**AKE me, O my Father, take me;
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make me;
 Let Thy will in me be done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying,
 Take me to Thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Father, take me; all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast;
 In thy love for ever living
 I must be forever blest.

ARTAVIA 10. 10. 10. 6.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818-1901

Be - cause I knew not when my life was good, And when there

was a light up - on my path, But turned my soul per - verse - ly

to the dark, O Lord, I do re - pent. A - men.

1 **B**ECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
 And when there was a light upon my path,
 But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
 O Lord, I do repent.

2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
 And left my brother wounded by the way,
 And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
 O Lord, I do repent.

3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
 In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
 And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,
 O Lord, I do repent.

4 Because I was impatient, would not wait,
 And thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
 And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
 O Lord, I do repent.

5 Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
 Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
 Hast called me as a mother calls her child,
 O Lord, I do repent.

Sarah Williams, 1868

PEACE 10. 10. 10. 6.

George W. Chadwick, 1890

I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew

He moved my soul to seek Him, seek-ing me; It was not I that

found, O Sav- iour true, No, I was found of Thee. A - men.

1 **I** SOUGHT the Lord, and afterward I knew
 He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me;
 It was not I that found, O Saviour true,
 No, I was found of Thee.

2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
 I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,—
 'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
 As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

3 I find, I walk, I love, but, O the whole
 Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
 For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
 Always Thou lovedst me.

ST. AUSTIN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arr. from Gregorian Chant for
Bristol Tune Book, 1876

Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra - cious ear;

While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear;

By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord! A - men.

1 JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

2 From the depths of nature's blindness
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power;
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our rock and stay;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

COME UNTO ME 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest:—

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus Which comes to hearts op-pressed!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. A - men.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest:—
O blessed voice of Jesus
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light:—
O loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life:—
O cheering voice of Jesus
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out:—
O welcome voice of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

William C. Dix, 1867

FARRANT C. M.

Richard Farrant, 1530-1580

Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite hearts re - turn;

Our God is gra - cious, nor will leave The des - o - late to mourn. A - men.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1865



- 1 ONE thing I of the Lord desire,—
For all my way hath miry been,—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean!
- 2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be,
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.
- 3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.
- 4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought;
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.
- 5 So, wash Thou me without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be,—
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

Walter O. Smith, 1887

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey, 1863

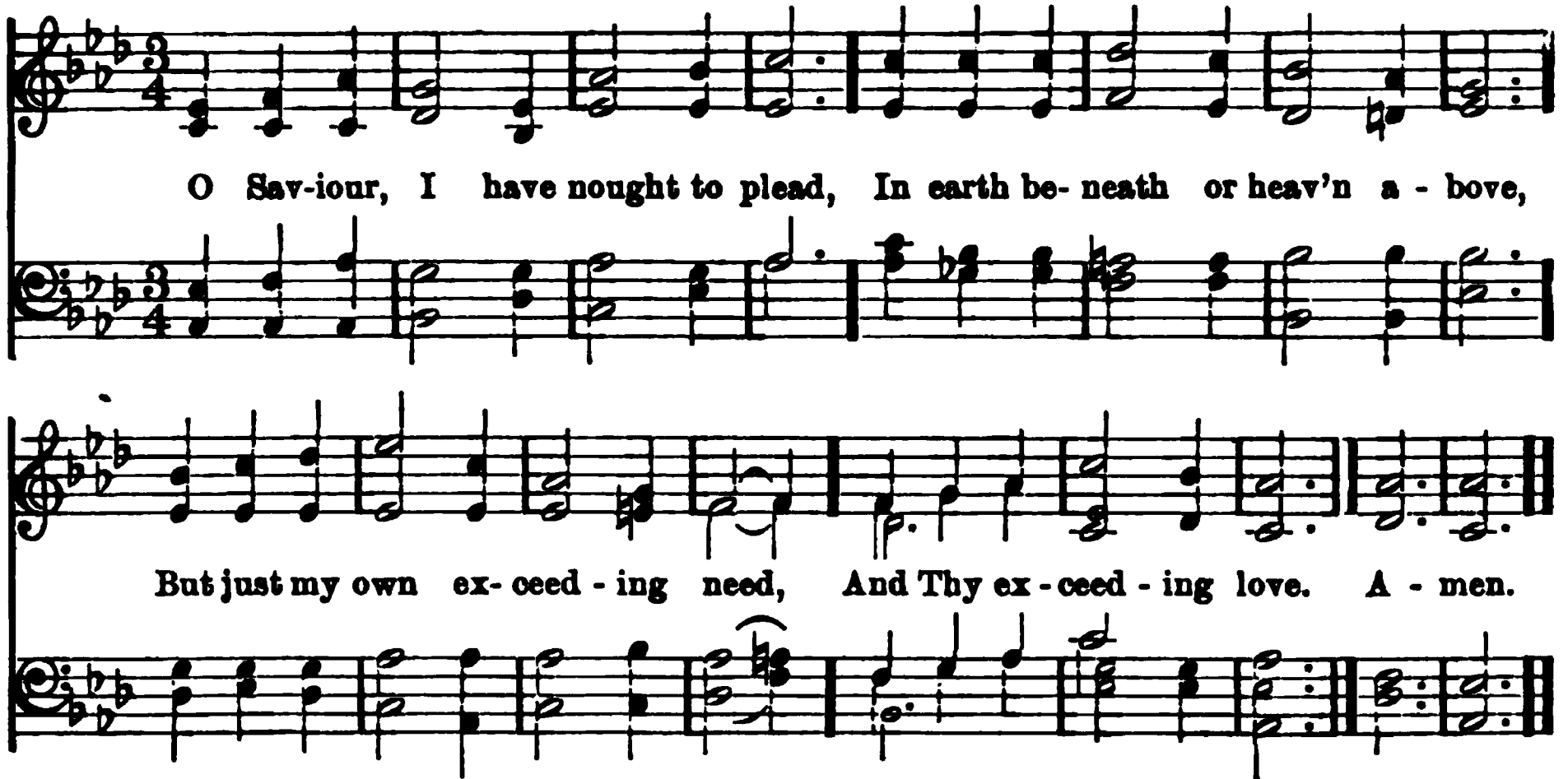
Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am— Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1892



O Sav-iour, I have nought to plead, In earth be-neath or heav'n a - bove,
But just my own ex-ceed - ing need, And Thy ex - ceed - ing love. A - men.

1 **O** SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

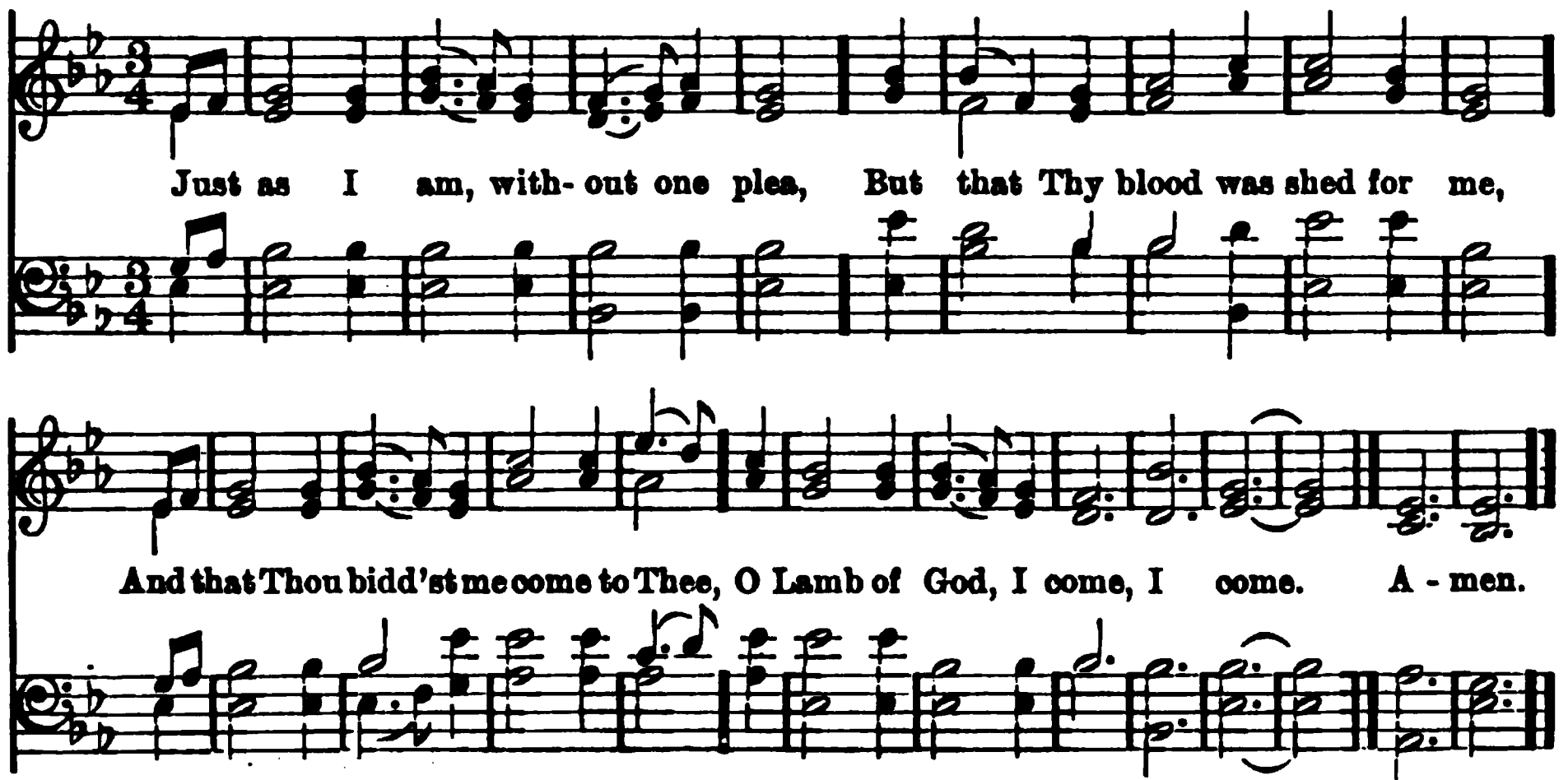
2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly g'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

Jane Crewdson, 1864

WOODWORTH L. M.

(Alternate Tune for 211)

William B. Bradbury, 1849



Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

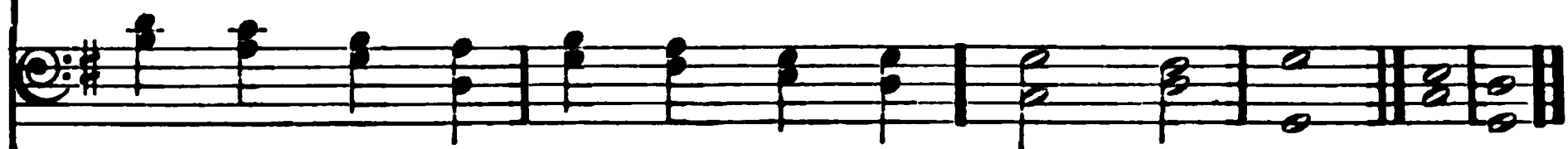
Henry W. Baker, 1868



Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress?



"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.



1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes'."

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874



- 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874

OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A - men.

1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1890

TOPLADY Six 7s.

Thomas Hastings, 1890

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A - men.

1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling; !
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. A - men.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740

CONSOLATION 11. 10. 11. 10.

Adapted from Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your

an - guish: Earth has no sor-rows that heav'n can - not heal. A - men.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, v. 1, 2, alt; 1816,
Thomas Hastings, v. 3, 1832

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

(Alternate Tune for 217)

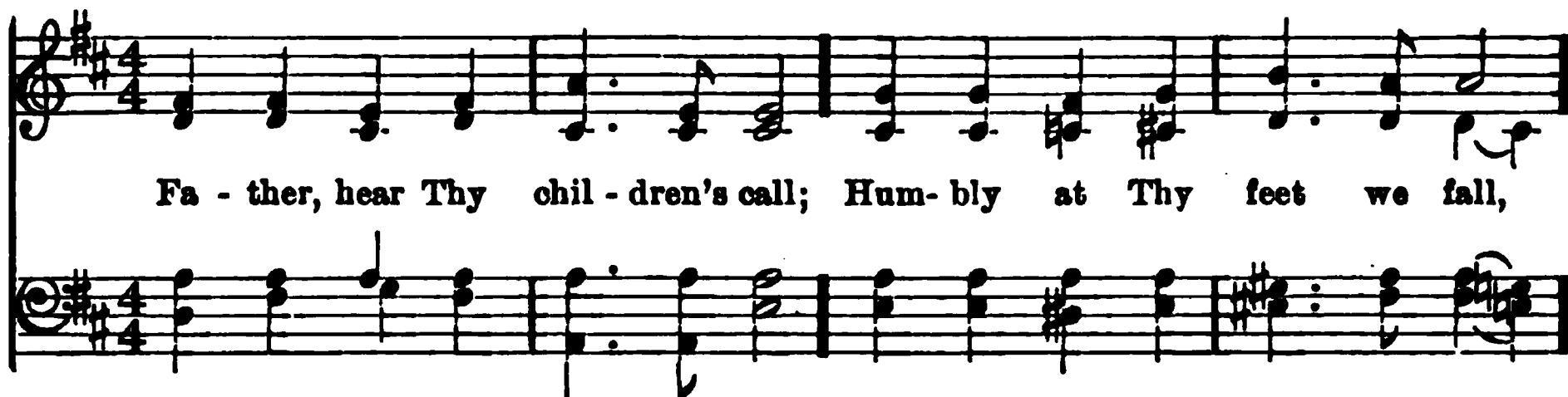
Simeon B. Marsh, 1836

{ Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
{ While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. A - men.

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1890



Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 **F**ATHER, hear Thy children's call;
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
 Prodigals confessing all:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 We Thy call have disobeyed,
 Into paths of sin have strayed,
 And repentance have delayed:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
 Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
 Evil, long to be made pure:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Stained, we pray for sanctity:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love that caused us first to be,
 Love that bled upon the tree,
 Love that draws us lovingly:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1875

FELIX 11. 10. 11. 10.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-1847

Fa - ther, to us Thy chil - dren, hum - bly kneel - ing, Con - scious of

weak - ness, ign'rance, sin and shame, Give such a force of ho - ly tho't and

feel - ing, That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name; A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify Thy name;
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat and fashion,
 Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thy will.
- 3 O let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
 Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest,
 Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted,
 When on His soul the guilt of men was pressed!
- 4 Let all this goodness by our minds be heeded;
 Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealed:
 Thy power, O Lord, can give the cleansing needed;
 O speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has
 knock'd be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still;
 You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.

1 **BEHOLD** a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands;
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 That matchless kindness to His foes.

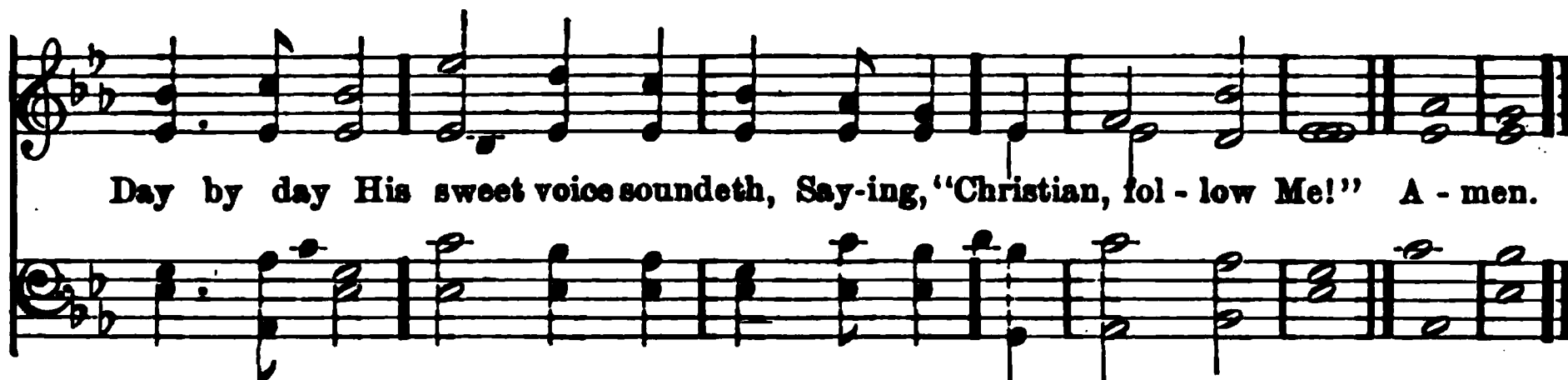
3 Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest:
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
 To reign, and with no partial sway;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

5 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
 O may Thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765. arr.

STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Psalmody Sacra Gotha, 1715

1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,

From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

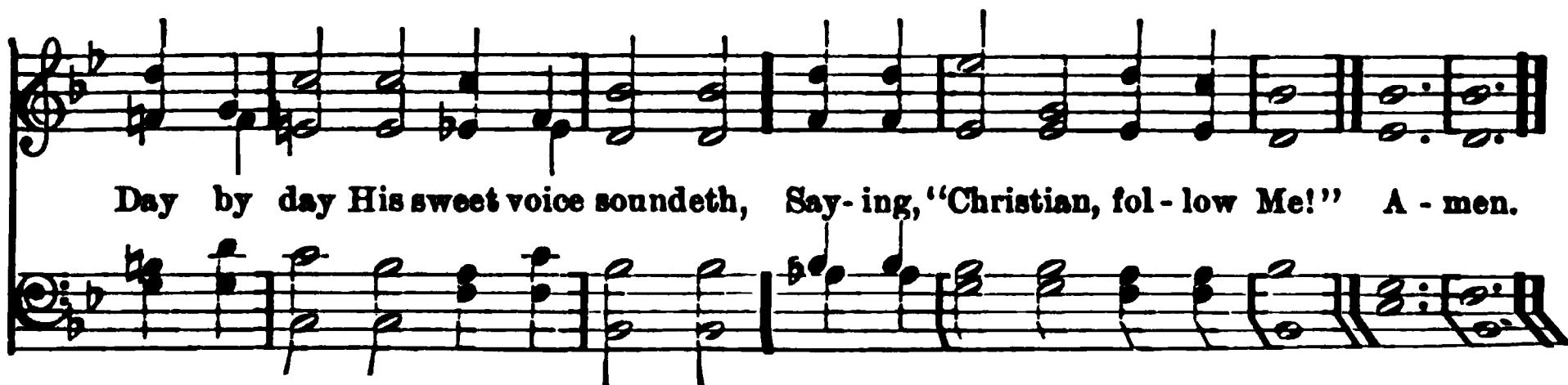
5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

GALILEE 8. 7. 8. 7.

(Alternate Tune)

William H. Jude, 1874



St. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peaca. 1885

O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest m

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A - men.

- 1 **O** LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- 2 **O** Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 **O** Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 **O** Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1892

Faith

AMESBURY C. M. D.

Uzziah O. Burnap, 1895

I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trem-bling self - dis-trust, A prayer with-out a claim.
 I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt with-in;
 I hear, with groan and tra - vail-cries, The world con-fess its sin; A-men.

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1 I BOW my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim;
 I see the wrong that round me lies,
 I feel the guilt within,
 I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
 The world confess its sin;

2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things.
 And tossed by storm and flood,
 To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
 I know that God is good.
 I dimly guess from blessings known,
 Of greater out of sight,
 And with the chastened Psalmist own,
 His judgments too are right.

3 I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies;
 I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

4 No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts He gave,
 And plead His love for love:
 And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1895, arr.

ST. RAPHAEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1882

Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand;

Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A-men.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

FENITON COURT 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1877



Lead us, heav'nly, Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uons sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

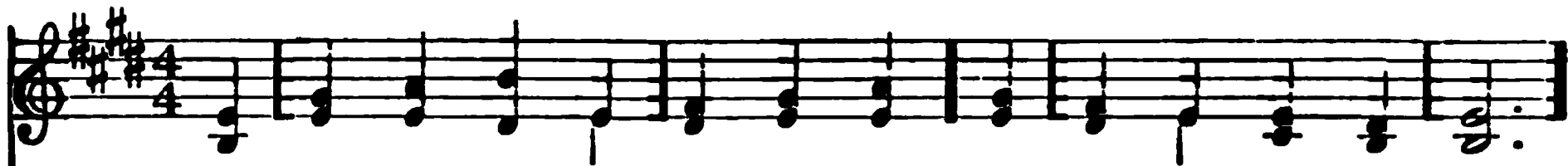
1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

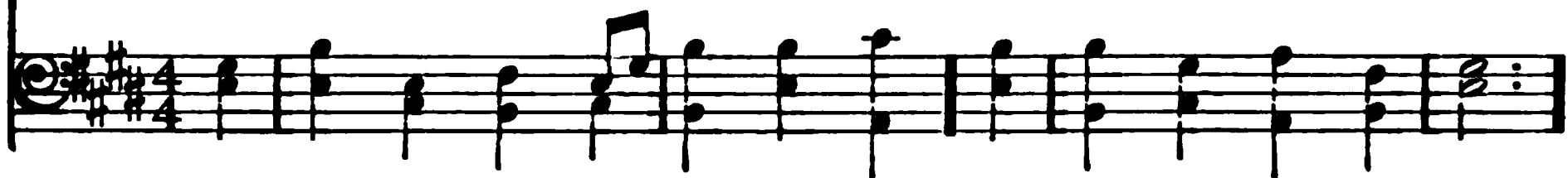
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1871

DUNDEE C. M.

The cl Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed,



Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led, A - men.



1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

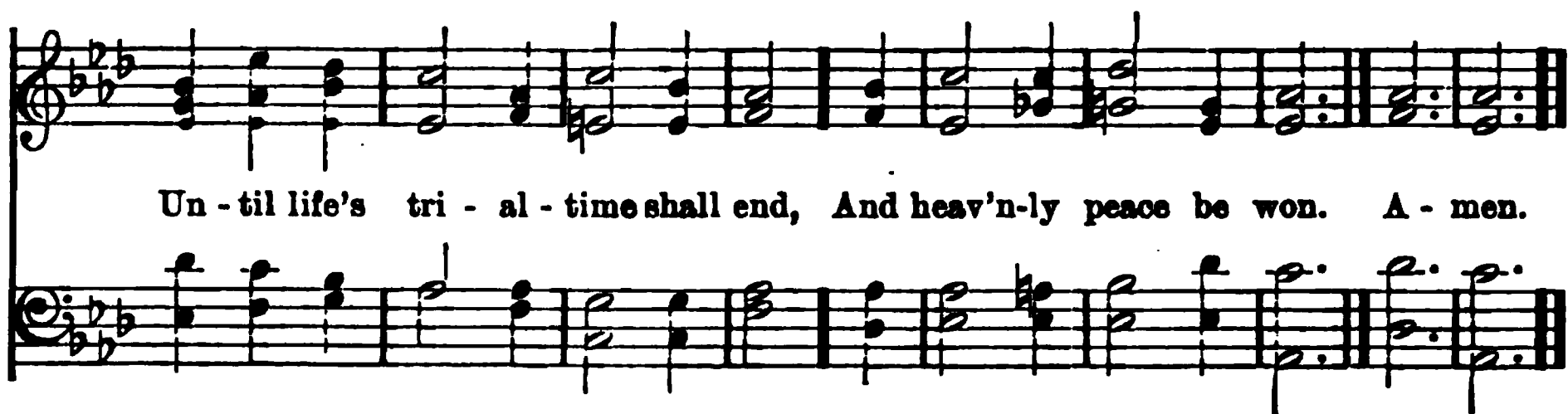
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Phillip Doddridge, 1737
and John Logan, 1781

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 **F**ATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
 O lead us gently on,
 Until life's trial-time shall end,
 And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
 As yet by us untrod;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time,
 Deliverance shall arise;

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
 O teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
 That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
 And we, His followers here,
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy name.
 In hope and love and fear.

William J. Irons, 1844

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



1 **O** THOU, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear;
And, each vainglorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.

5 Yet may we, feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

Jane B. Cotterill, 1815

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey, 1863



1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
 The wisdom Thou alone canst give,
 That truth may guide where'er we go,
 And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
 Where error lurks in human lore,
 And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
 And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
 How dead is life from Thee apart,
 How sure is joy for all who turn
 To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
 To lift our burdened hearts above,
 And count the very cross a gain,
 And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
 All earthly scenes shall pass away,
 In Thee to find the open gate
 To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttle, 1864

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace: With - out Thy

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and

sor - rows still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - men.

- 1 **L**EAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

BATTELL 10. 10. 10. 10.

Robbins Battell, 1882

Light - on the dark - ness of our life's long night, Through which we
blind - lystum-ble to the day, Shad - ows mis-lead us: Fa - ther,
send Thy light To set our foot-steps in the home-ward way. A - men.

1 **L**IGHTEN the darkness of our life's long night,
Through which we blindly stumble to the day,
Shadows mislead us: Father, send Thy light
To set our footsteps in the homeward way.

2 Lighten the darkness of our self-conceit—
The subtle darkness that we love so well,
Which shrouds the path of wisdom from our feet,
And lulls our spirits with its baneful spell.

3 Lighten our darkness when we bow the knee
To all the gods we ignorantly make
And worship, dreaming that we worship Thee,
Till clearer light our slumbering souls awake.

4 Lighten our darkness when we fail at last,
And in the midnight lay us down to die;
We trust to find Thee when the night is past,
And daylight breaks across the morning sky

NEUMARK Six 8s.

Georg Neumark, 1657; har. J. S Bach, 1685-1750

1. { Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in
Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days, Thine all - suf -

Him what-e'er be - tide; } Who trusts in God's un -
fi - - cient Strength and Guide; }

chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move. A - men.

- 1 **L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.
- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love has sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

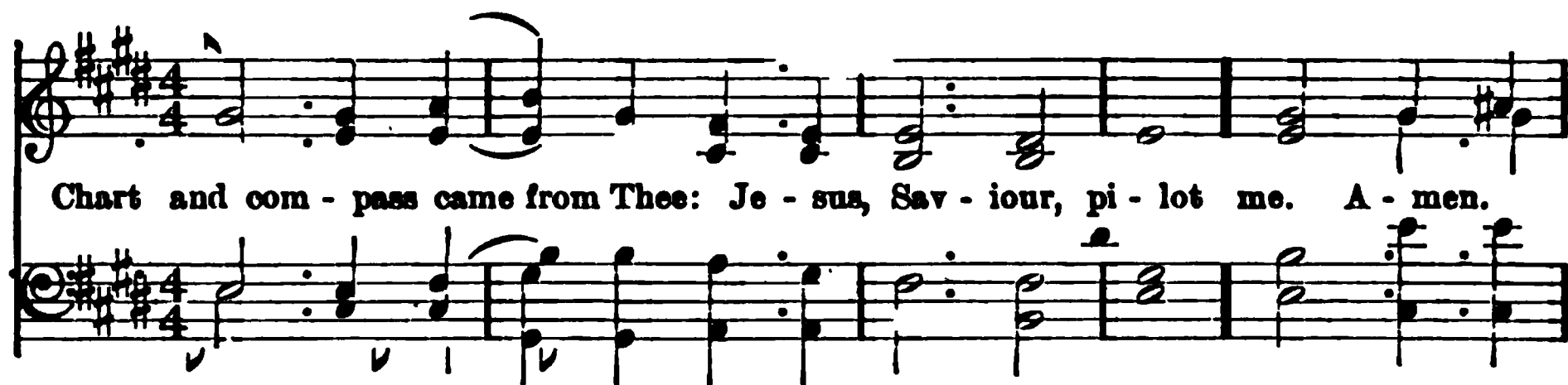
3 He knows when joyful hours are best;
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Georg Neumark, 1641; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

PILOT Six 7s.

John E. Gould, 1871



- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871

LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1867

Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see.....
 The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-men.

1 **L** EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,— one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on;
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833

LUX BEATA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

Im - mor - tal Love, with-in whose righteous will Is al- ways peace, O pit - y
me, storm-tossed on waves of ill; Let pas-sion cease; Come down in pow'r with-
in my heart to reign, For I am weak, and striving has been vain. A - men.

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace,
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and striving has been vain.
- 2 The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way,
Which leads through mists and rocks to Thine abode;
Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.
- 3 Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.
- 4 So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881

JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

From Carl M. von Weber, 1821



My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me

as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - men.

1 **M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 O may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own;
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

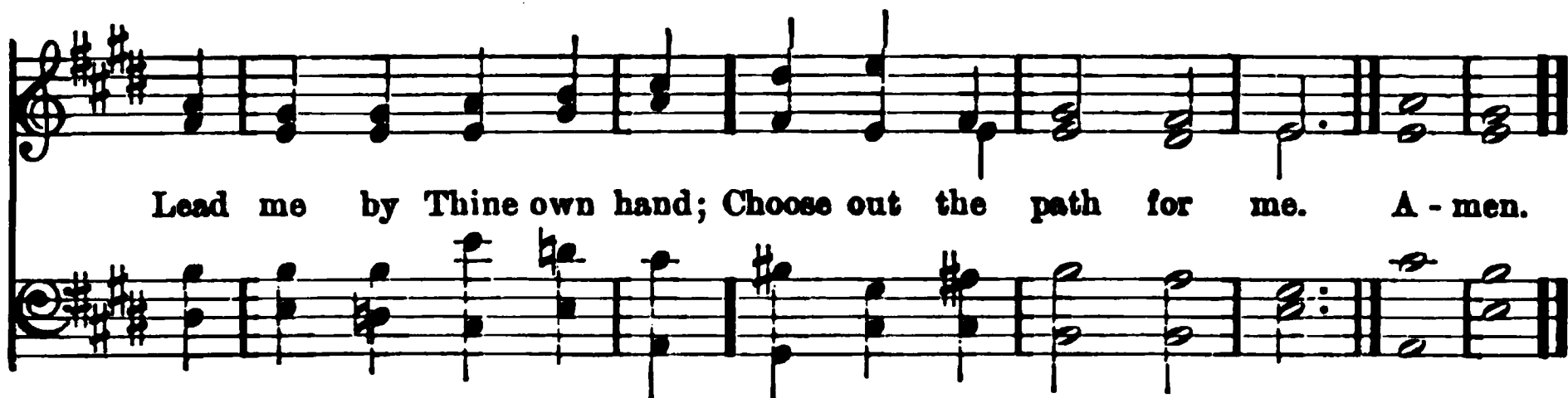
2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure;
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

VIA RECTE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1872



1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

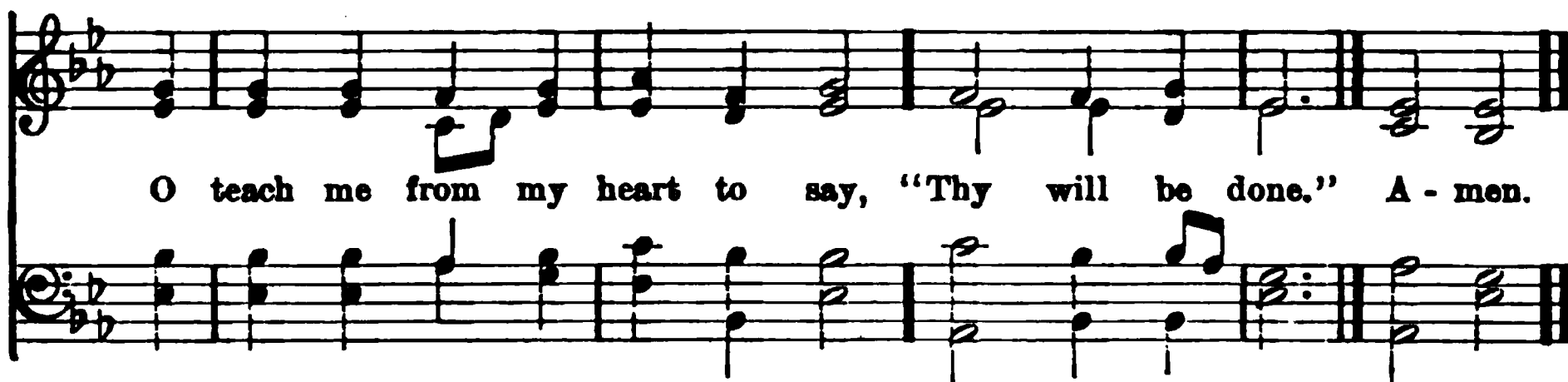
5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth;

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

HERBERT 8. 8. 8. 4.

Richard R. Chope, 1862



1 **M**Y God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834, 35

TROYTE, NO. 1 (Chant) 8. 8. 8. 4.

A. H. D. Troyte 1811-1857



HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

O God, not on - ly in dis - tress, In pain and want and wea - ri - ness,
Thy ten - der Spir - it stoops to bless, Thy will is done. A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD, not only in distress,
In pain and want and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done.
- 2 But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,—
Thy will is done.
- 3 In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.
- 4 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.
- 5 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrows to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.
- 6 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just;
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

Frederic Smith, 1870

GUILDFORD Six 7s.

William Haynes, 1876

Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a wean - ed child,

From dis-trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee. A - men.

1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me as a weanèd child,
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

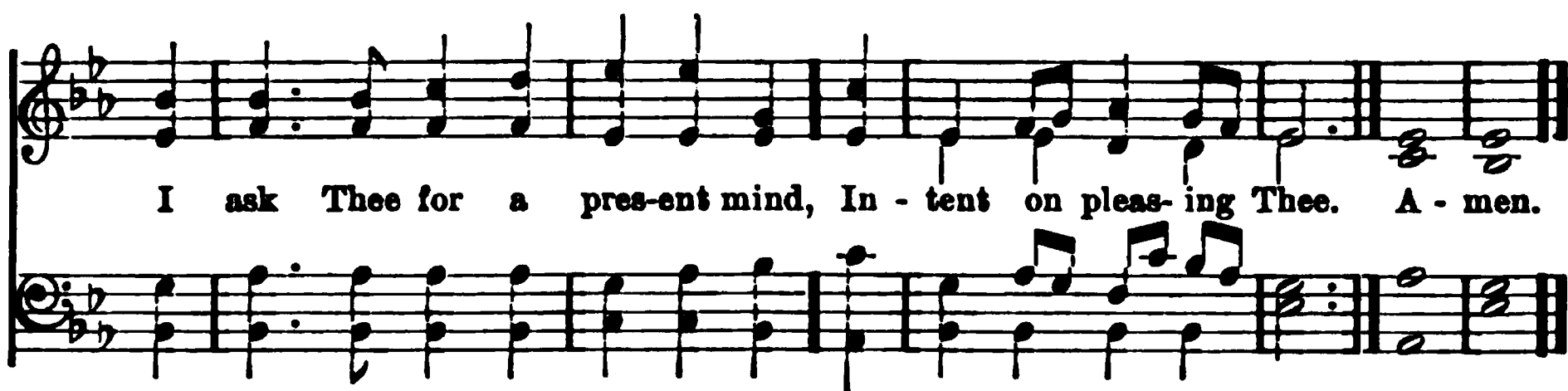
2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone,—
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton, 1779

ST. BEDE 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

John B. Dykes, 1867



1 **F**ATHER I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
More careful not to serve Thee much
But please Thee perfectly.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring, 1868, etc.

LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George W. Martin, 1862;
har. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Make me a cap - tive, Lord, And then I shall be free;
Force me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall con-queror be.
I sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand;
Im - pris - on me with - in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand. A - men.

1 **M**AKE me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thy arms,
And strong shall be my hand.

2 My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find;
It has no spring of action sure,
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve,
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4 My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson, 1890

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1868

The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev-er. A-men.

1 **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

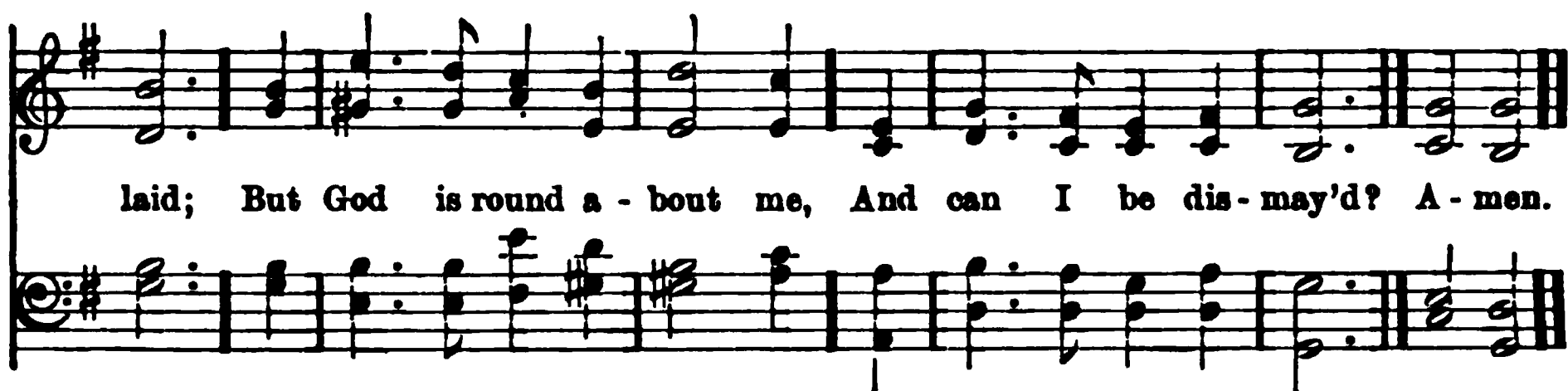
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker, 1868

ANGELS' STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1881



1 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid;
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack;
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been;
 My hope I cannot measure,
 The path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

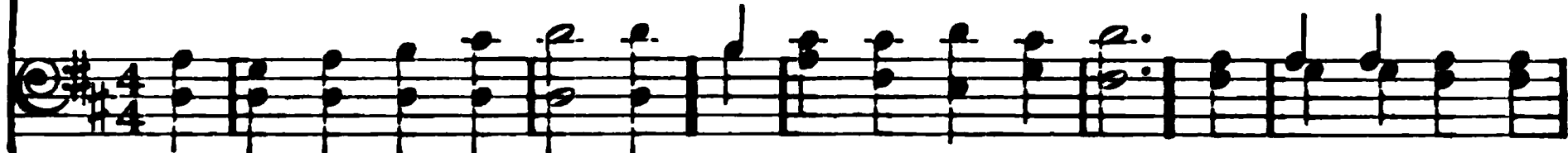
Anna L. Waring, 1860

BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John P. Hullah, 1867



Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who



ris - es With heal - ing in His wings: When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the



soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.



1 **SOMETIMES** a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say:—
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 "It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

FERNshaw C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887

Lord, it be - longs not to my care Wheth - er I die or live;

To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

JACKSON C. M.

Thomas Jackson, 1715-81

O Lord, I would de - light in Thee, And on Thy care de - pend;

To Thee in ev - 'ry troub - le flee, My best, my on - ly Friend. A - men.

1 **O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

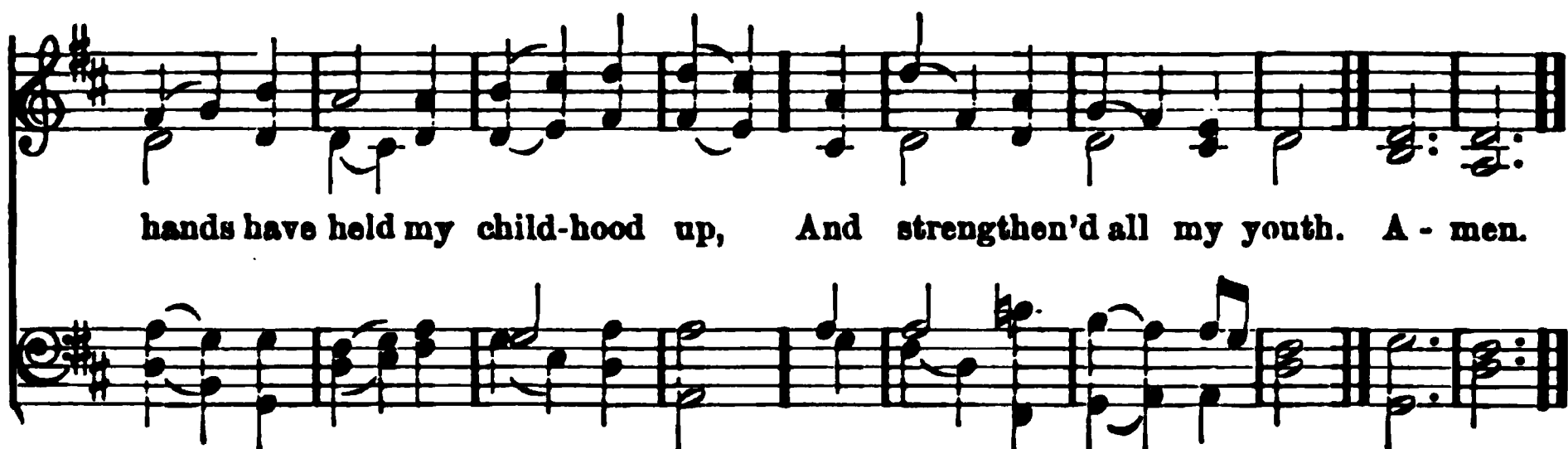
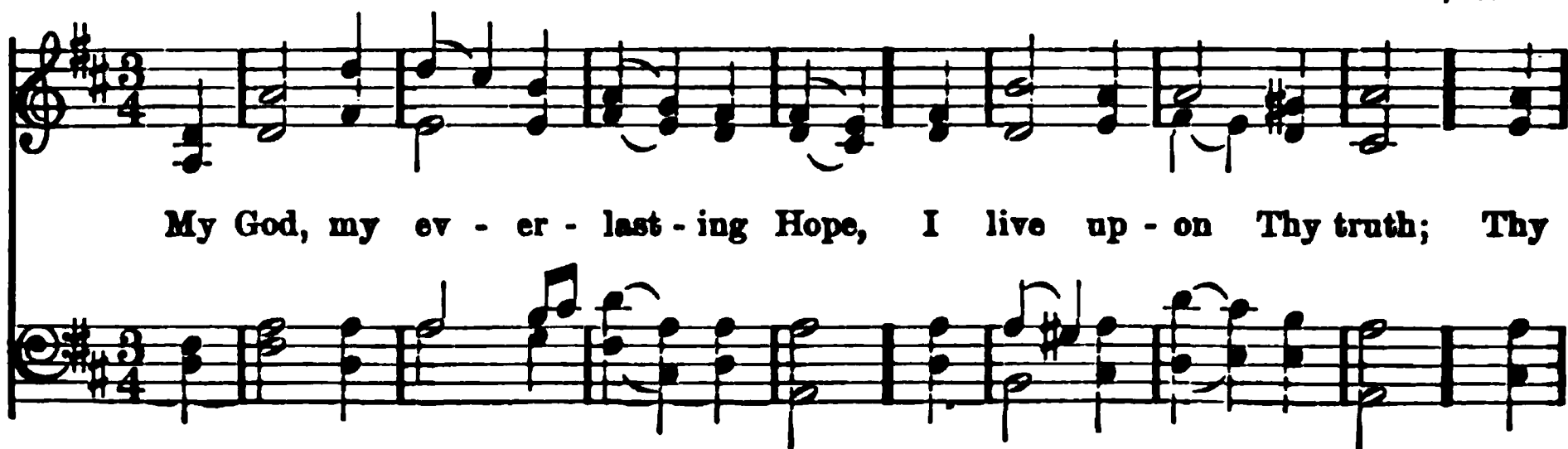
4 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland, 1771

ABRIDGE C. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



1 **M**Y God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year:
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719

DUNDEE C. M.

The old Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

God moves in a mys-ter-ious way His won-ders to per-form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm. A-men.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1859

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
That rais - eth me, Still all my song would be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

KEDRON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Ann B. Spratt, 1866

More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

1 **M**ORE love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best;
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This is the parting cry,
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

MARLBOROUGH 11. 10. 11. 10.

Arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Fa - ther, to Thee we look in all our sor - row, Thou art the

foun-tain whence our heal - ing flows; Dark though the night, joy com-eth with the

mor - row; Safe - ly they rest who on Thy love re - pose. A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
 Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.
- 2 When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our lives increase,
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.
- 3 Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning;
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning;
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.
- 4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows;
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
 Yet shalt thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
 Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1881

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear,



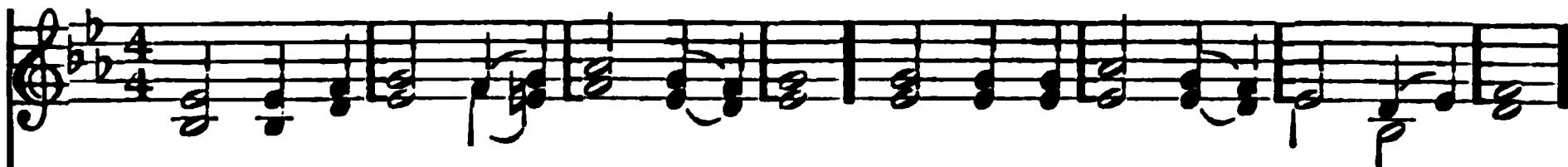
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - men.



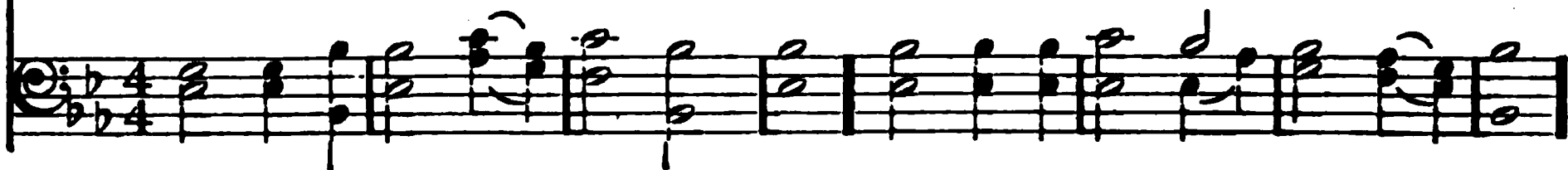
- 1 **O** LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian chant
by Lowell Mason, 1824

Lord, my weak tho't in vain would climb To search the star-ry vault pro-found;



In vain would wing her flight sub-lime, To find cre-a-tion's ut-most bound. A-men.



1 **L**ORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

Art. fr. Robert A. Schumann, 1889

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high, Be - cause Thou first hast lov - ed me;

I seek no oth - er lib - er - ty But that of be - ing bound to Thee. A - men.

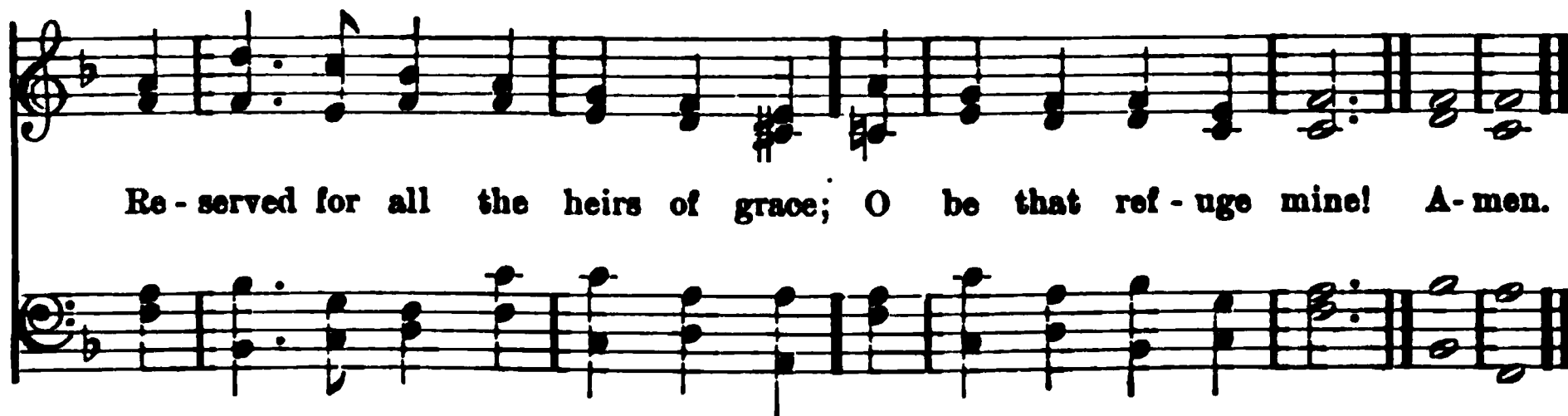
- 1 **I** LOVE, I love Thee, Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty;
But that of being bound to Thee.
- 2 May memory no thought suggest,
But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.
- 3 My God, I here protest to Thee,
No other will have I than Thine;
Whatever Thou hast given me,
I here again to Thee resign.
- 4 All mine is Thine,— say but the word,
Whate'er Thou willest shall be done;
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;
I know it seeks my good alone.
- 5 Apart from Thee all things are naught;
Then grant, O my supremest bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;—
Thou givest all in giving this.

O Thou from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

- 1 **O** THOU from all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 While on my poor distressed heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
To shake my faith in Thee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.
- 4 If on my face for Thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail, reproach! and welcome, shame!
If Thou remember me.
- 5 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I cannot see;
Then, Lord, arise with glorious light,
And still remember me.

WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

Thomas Este's *Psalmes* 1592,
arr. from Christopher Tye, 1563

1 **T**HERE is a safe and secret place,
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
 O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
 Uninjured and unawed;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God;

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
 Of love and truth divine:
 O child of God, O glory's heir,
 How rich a lot is thine,—

4 A hand almighty to defend,
 An ear for every call,
 An honored life, a peaceful end,
 And heaven to crown it all!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834, 36

LAMBETH C. M.

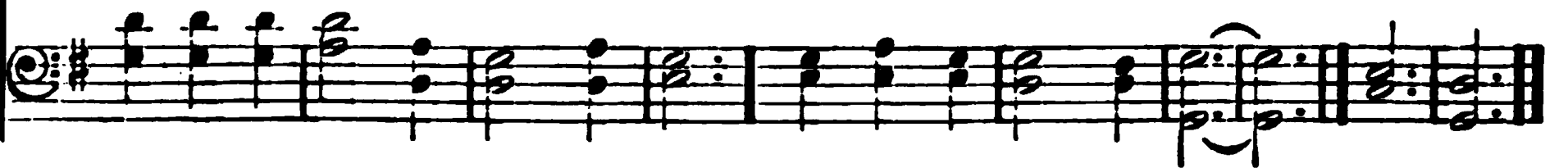
Wilhelm Schulthes, 1871



Lord, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;



I wan-der com-fort-less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A - men.



1 LORD, I believe; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey;

I wander comfortless and lone
When from Thy truth I stray.

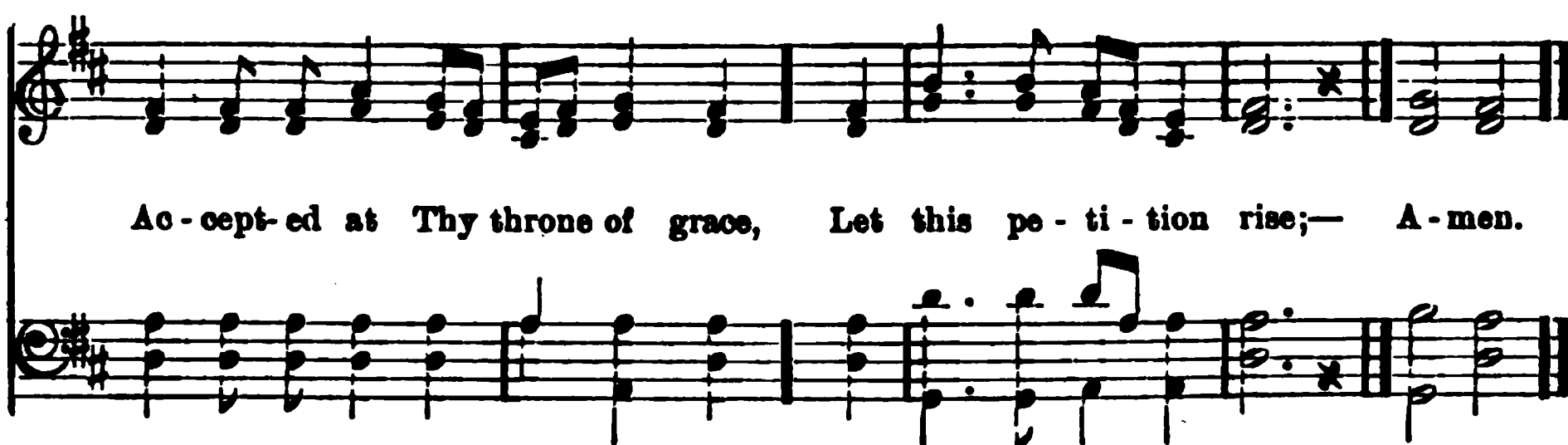
2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
Help Thou mine unbelief.

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836



1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign hand denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise;—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My path of life attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1879

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, Lest, by base de -

ni - al, I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a

look re - call, Nor, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

1 **I**N the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me,
 Lest, by base denial,
 I depart from Thee;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favor,
 Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice;
 Then upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834

O JESU 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

J. Balthasar Reimann, 1747



1 I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still,
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will,
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

ELTON 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

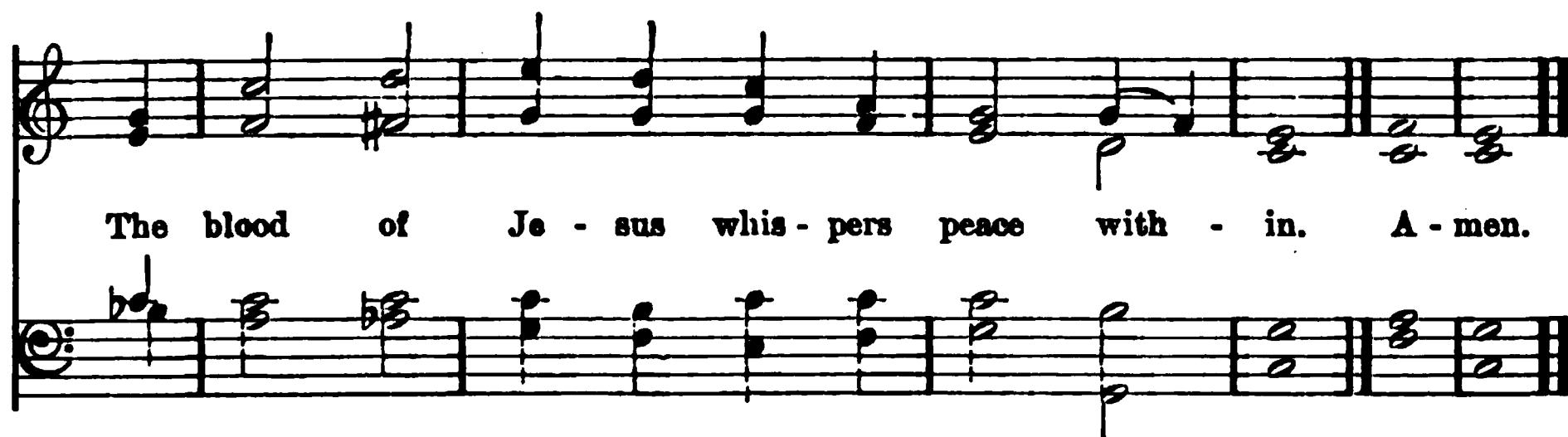
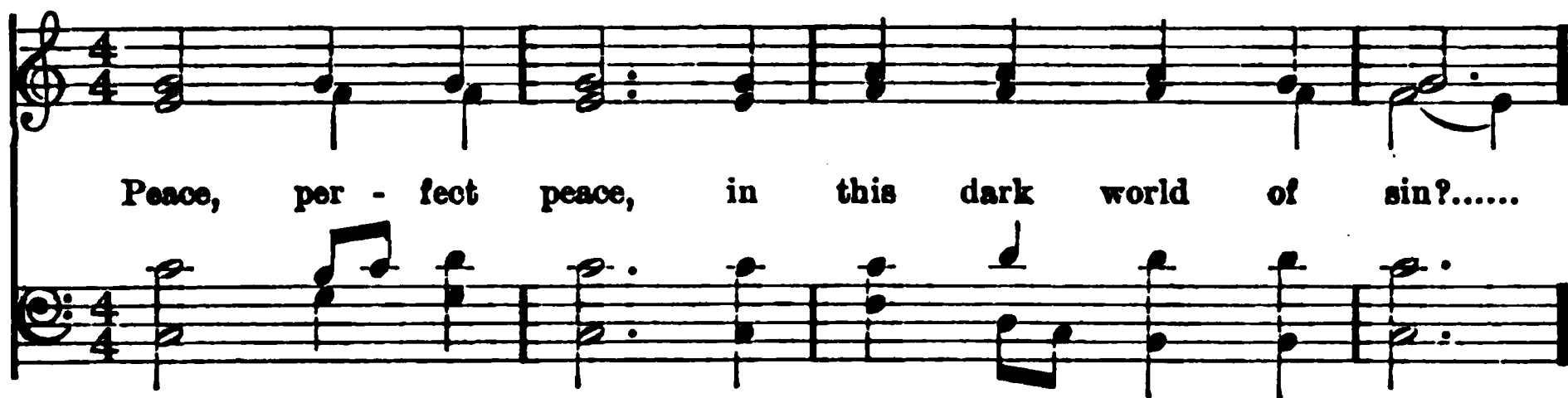
Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our fool-ish ways; Reclothe us in our

right-ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise. A - men.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.
- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
 Beside the Syrian sea
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow Thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love!
- 4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.
- 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,,
 O still, small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

PAX TECUM 10. 10.

Charles Vincent and
George T. Caldbeck, 1877

1 **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1876

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; While these hot breez - es blow,

Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up - on earth's fev-ered brow. A - men.

Copyright by John H. Gower

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name;
- 5 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th'un-fath-om'd sea, Which
falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A - men.

1 **W**E bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

SPOHR C. M.

From Louis Spohr, 1835

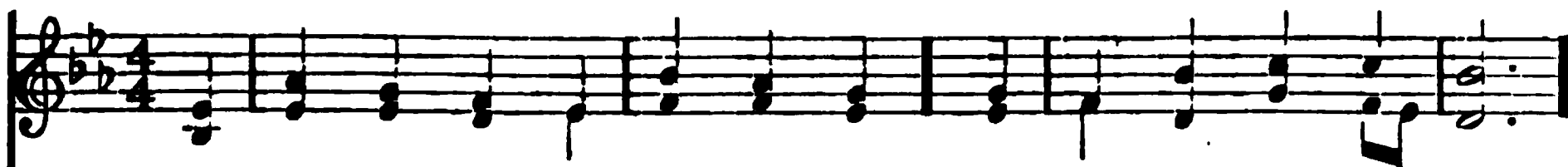


- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772

ST. FRANCES C. M.

George A. Lohr, (1821-1897)



My God, my on - ly Help and Hope, My strong and sure de - fence,



For all my safe - ty and my peace I bless Thy prov - i - dence. A - men.



- 1 **M**Y God, my only Help and Hope.
My strong and sure Defence,
For all my safety and my peace
I bless Thy providence.
- 2 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 3 In Thee I live and move and am;
Thou deal'st me out my days;
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.
- 4 Let me be ever good to Thine,
Who art so good to me;
Let Thine be mine, and mine be Thine,
And they twice mine shall be.
- 5 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplexed?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.
- 6 Go fearless, then, my soul, with God
Into another room;
Thou, who hast walkèd with Him here,
Go see Thy God at home.

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from J. G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Phillip Doddridge, 1702-51

CHENIES 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Timothy R. Matthews, 1855

God is my strong Sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear?

In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion My Light, my Help, is near.

Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm to the fight I stand;

What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand? A - men.

1 **G**OD is my strong Salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation
 My Light, my Help is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1822

INTERCESSION, NEW 7. 5. 7. 5. D. With Refrain

William H. Callcott, 1857
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

When the wea-ry, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy - la - den cast
All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call;
When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: *Hear then in*
love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A-men.

1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend,
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:

Horatius Bonar, 1868

ADESTE FIDELES 11. 11. 11. 11.

J. F. Wade's, *Cantus Diversi*, 1761

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to

Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's Selection, 1787

Hope

ST. ANDREW S. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1869

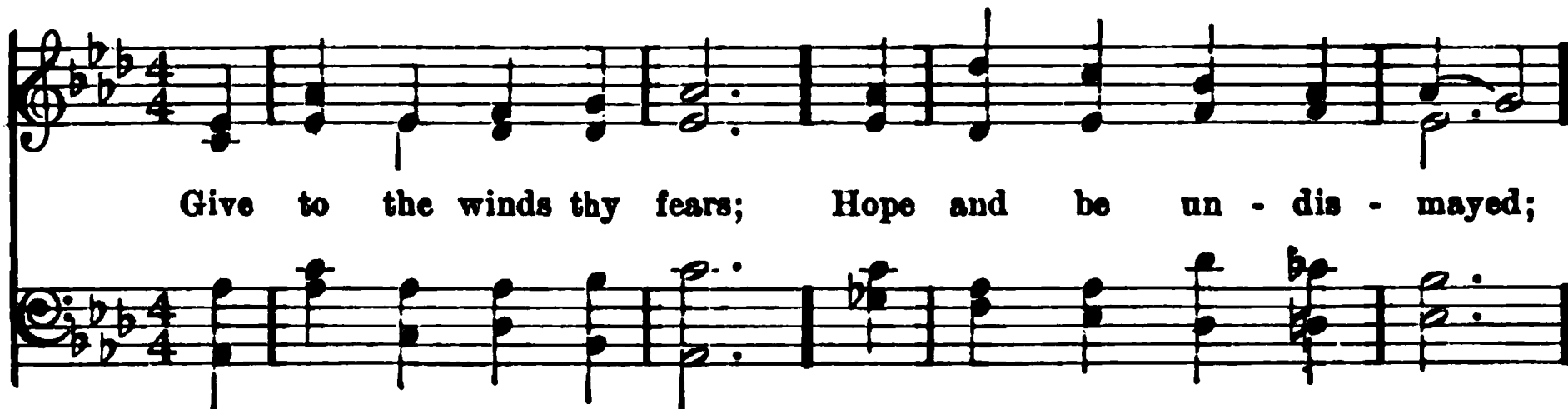
Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands, To

His sure truth and ten - der care, Who earth and heav'n commands. A - men.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
- 6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656; tr. John Wesley, 1780

SCHUMANN S. M.

Cantica Laudis, 1860

1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His way
 How wise, how strong His hand!

4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
 Our hearts are known to Thee;
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee.

6 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

CHALVEY S. M. D.

Leighton G. Hayne, 1868

Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the will - ows take;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.

Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home,

And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo - ment come. A - men.

1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

2 Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong,
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along;
Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
*Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.*

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul:
Still on His plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of His face
Shall train thee up to joy.

4 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.
Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1773

DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George J. Elvey, 1868



1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley, 1749, arr.

ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Henry S. Outler, 1872

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

PRESBYTER C. M. D.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,

And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:

That ban - ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,

Shines on their march, and guides from far His serv-ants to the fight. A - men.

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1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
 Ye bars of iron, yield,
 And let the King of glory pass;
 The cross is in the field:
 That banner, brighter than the star
 That leads the train of night,
 Shines on their march, and guides from far
 His servants to the fight.

2 A holy war those servants wage;
 Mysteriously at strife,
 The powers of heaven and hell engage
 For more than death or life.
 Ye armies of the living God,
 His sacramental host,
 Where hallowed footsteps never trod
 Take your appointed post.

3 Though few and small and weak your bands,
 Strong in your Captain's strength
 Go to the conquest of all lands;
 All must be His at length:
 Those spoils at His victorious feet
 You shall rejoice to lay,
 And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
 In His great judgment-day.

4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
 Quit you like men, be strong!
 To Christ shall all the nations bow,
 And sing with you this song:
 "Uplifted are the gates of brass,
 The bars of iron yield;
 Behold the King of glory pass;
 The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery, 1843, v: 4, line 3 alt

ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Pscaumes octante trois, Geneva 1551

Be - lieve not those who say The up - ward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way And faint be - fore the truth. A - men.

- 1 **B**ELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.
- 2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.
- 3 Arm, arm thee for the fight;
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.
- 4 To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure—
- 5 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight.
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight,
- 6 If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest!

Anne Brontë, 1850, v. 6, line 1 alt.

DOLOMITE CHANT 6. 6. 6. 6.

Austrian Melody
harmonized by Joseph T. Cooper, 1877

Not so in haste, my heart! Have faith in God and wait; Al-though He



lin - ger long, He nev - er comes too late. A - men.



1 **N**OT so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although He linger long,
He never comes too late.

3 Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal.

2 He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain;
Until He cometh, rest.

4 Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

Bradford Torrey, 1875

QUAM DILECTA 6. 6. 6. 6. (Alternate Tune)

Henry L. Jenner, 1861



Not so in haste, my heart! Have faith in God, and wait;

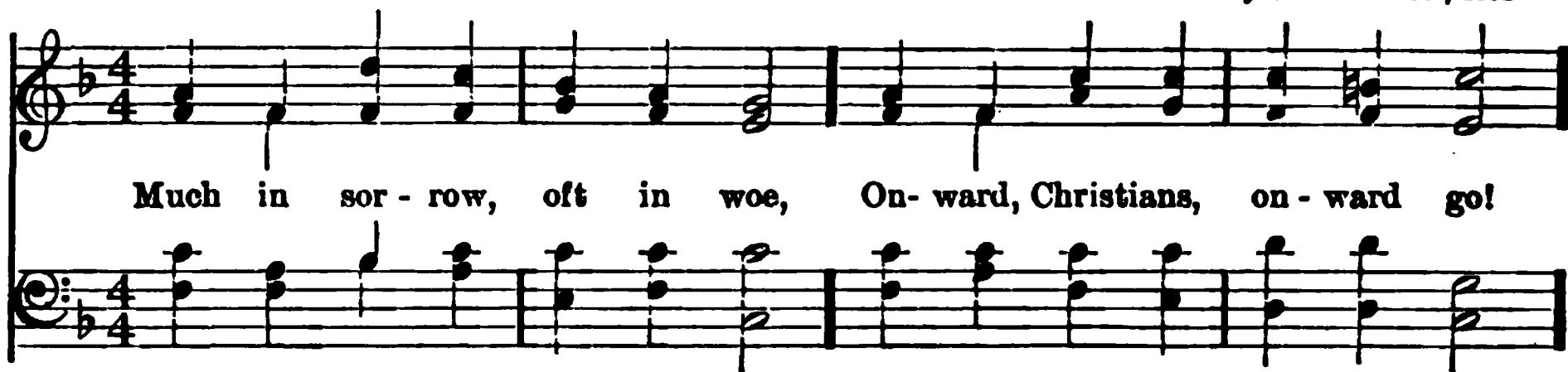


Al-though He lin - ger long, He nev - er comes too late. A - men.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go!
 Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
 Join the war, and face the foe:
 Faint not! much doth yet remain,
 Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
 Will ye quit the painful field?
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March, in heavenly armor clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry,
 Let not woe your course impede,
 Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove,
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

Henry Kirk White, 1785-1806,
 and Frances S. Fuller-Maitland, 1827, v. 1, lines 3 & 4 alt.

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1866



1 **H**E who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us His upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command:
God is for us;
In His strength and stay we stand.

2 Hard the fight with flesh and devil;
Dread the might of inbred sin;
How can we encounter evil
Strong without and strong within?
God is for us;
He will help and we shall win.

3 'Gainst oppression forth He sends us,
His the cause of truth and right;
With His own great host He blends us,
Lendeth us of His own might:
God is for us,
Brings to happy end the fight.

4 Onward, upward doth He beckon;
Onward, upward would we press:
As His own our burdens reckon,
As our own His strength possess:
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless.

Thomas. H. Gill, 1880

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

- 1 **S**TAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;

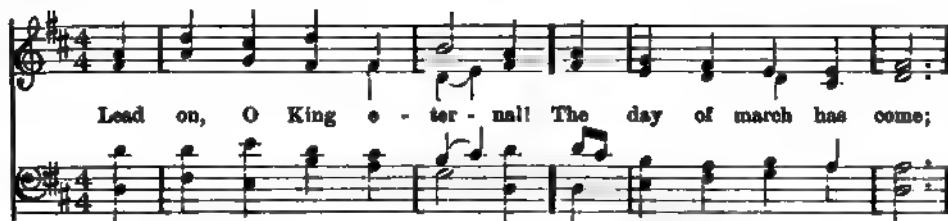
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PEARSALL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Robert L. de Pearsall, 1796-1886



1 **L** EAD on, O King eternal!
 The day of march has come;
 Henceforth in fields of conquest
 Thy tents shall be our home.
 Through days of preparation
 Thy grace has made us strong
 And now, O King eternal!

For not with swords loud clashing,
 Nor roll of stirring drums,
 But deeds of love and mercy,
 The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King eternal!
 We follow, not with fears;
 For gladness breaks like morning
 Where'er Thy face appears;
 Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
 We journey in its light:
 The crown awaits the conquest;
 Lead on, O God of might!

Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868

Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross. A - men.

1 **C**HRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast,
Smite them, Christ is with thee,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe, I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle.
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,—
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3.

William H. Monk, 1868

"Chris-tian, seek not yet re - pose," Hear thy guar-dian an - gel say,

"Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch..... and pray!" A - men.

1 "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say,
"Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray!"

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray!

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray!

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim:
"Watch and pray!"

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word:
"Watch and pray!"

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839

BLENDEN C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt Our feel-ings come and go;

Our best es-tate is tossed a-bout In cease-less ebb and flow;

No mood of feel-ing, form of thought, Is con-stant for a day;

But Thou, O Lord, Thou chang-est not: The same Thou art al-way. A-men.

1 'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
 Our feelings come and go;
 Our best estate is tossed about
 In ceaseless ebb and flow;
 No mood of feeling, form of thought,
 Is constant for a day;
 But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not:
 The same Thou art always.

2 I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
 My heart with peace is blest;
 I lose my hold, and then comes down
 Darkness, and cold unrest.
 Let me no more my comfort draw
 From my frail hold of Thee,
 In this alone rejoice with awe,
 Thy mighty grasp of me.

3 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
 That comes but to depart,
 To that pure heaven my spirit lift
 Where Thou unchanging art;
 Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
 Let Thy almighty arm
 In its embrace my weakness clasp,
 And I shall fear no harm.

4 Thy purpose of eternal good
 Let me but surely know;
 On this I'll lean—let changing mood
 And feeling come or go—
 Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,
 Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
 Since Thou within Thy sure control
 Of love dost hold me fast.

John O. Shairp, 1871

WARRIOR C. M. D.

Archibald MacDonald, 1875

O it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His part
Up - on this bat - tle - field of earth, And not some-times lose heart!
He hides Him - self so won - drous - ly, though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the pow'rs Of ill are most a - broad. A - men.

1 **O** IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!
He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

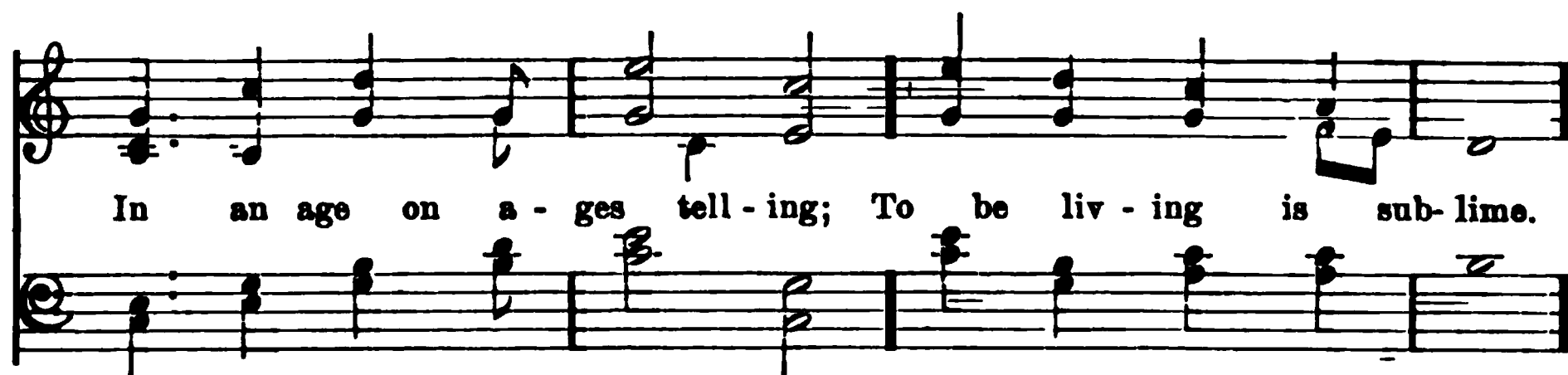
2 Ah, God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.
Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road:
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797



1 **W**E are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth is creation's
Groaning for the latter day.

2 Will ye play, then? will ye dally
Far behind the battle-line?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally;
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right!

3 Scaled to blush, to waver never,
Consecrated, born again,
Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
O for Christ at least be men!
O let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840, arr.,
v. 2, line 2 and v. 3, line 2 alt.

WENTWORTH 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876

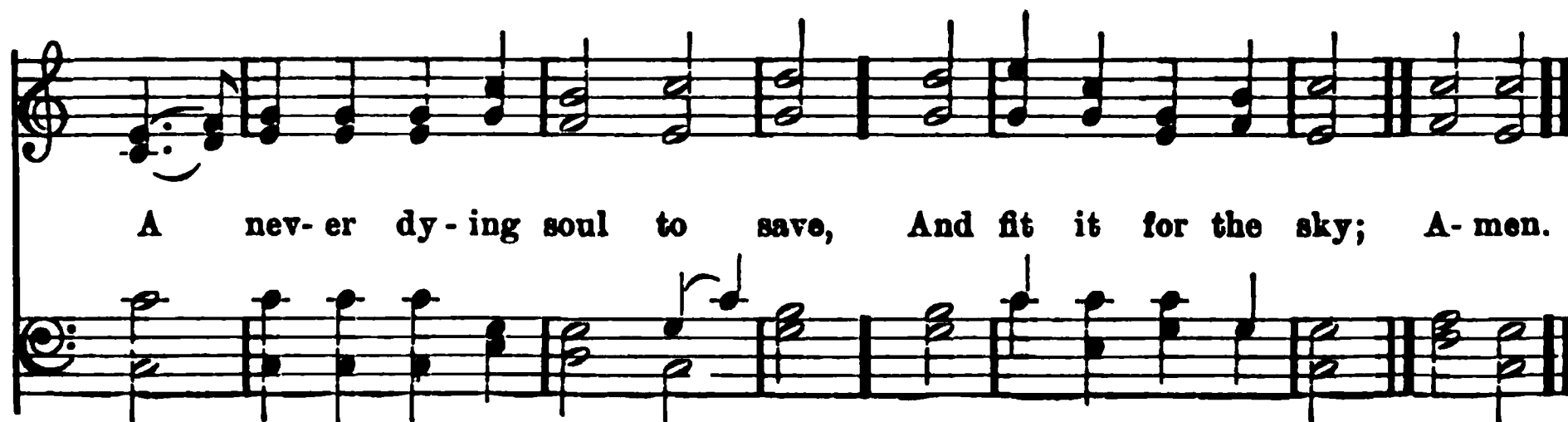
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

- 1 **M**Y God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858, v. 1, line 1 alt.

LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762

ARLINGTON C. M.

Thomas A. Arne, 1762

Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name. A - men.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure, I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1724

ST. OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1857



Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be,



But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cou - rage - ous - ly. A - men.



1 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength, that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be;
 But the steep and rugged pathways
 May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay;
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our Guide,
 Through endeavor, failure, danger,
 Father, be Thou at our side.

5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
 Storm or sunshine be our share,
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,
 Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Love M. Willis, 1859, recast in 1864

STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7.

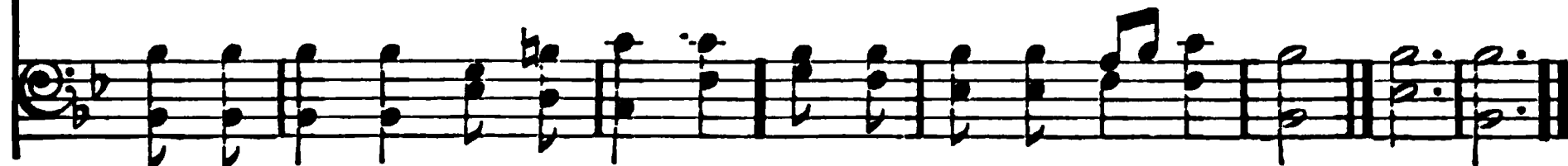
Darius E. Jones, 1851



He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,



Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.

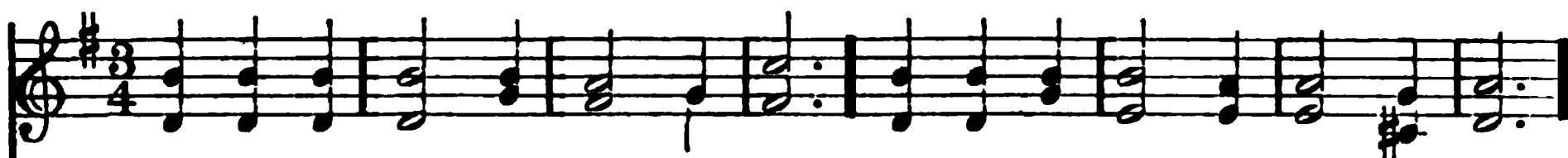


- 1 **H**E that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given
 Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear:
 Look again, the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest-time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1838

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1868



O God, in whom we live and move, Thy love is law, Thy law is love;



Thy present Spir - it waits to fill The soul which comes to do Thy will. A - men.



1 O GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love beyond the power of speech;
And make them know with joyful awe
Th' encircling presence of Thy law.

3 That law doth give to truth and right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly worshipped lie
And boasting wrong to cower and die.

4 Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love, to come to naught.

5 Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still:
Who works for justice, works with Thee,
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

COURAGE L. M. With Refrain

Horatio W. Parker, 1903

Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

- 1 **F**IGHT the good fight
With all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside,
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear,
His arms are near;
He changeth not and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1903

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

Arthur Sullivan, 1871

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

REFRAIN.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go: Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before:
 Christ the royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See His banners go:
*Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.*

2 **L**ike a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,

One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud and honor
 Unto Christ the King;—
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

WATCHWORD 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With refrain

Henry Smart, 1872

"Forward!" be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things be - fore us,
 Not a look be - hind; Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je - ho - vah led? For - ward thro' the des - ert,
 Thro' the toil and fight! Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light. A - men.

1 "FORWARD!" be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By Jehovah led?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight!
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth!
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In Jehovah's might;
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light!

Henry Alford, 1871

MORLEY 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Thomas Morley, 1867

On our way re - joic - ing As we homeward move, Such for us Thy

pur-pose, O Thou God of love: Is there grief or sad - ness? Thou our

Joy shall be; Is our sky be-cloud-ed? There is light in Thee. A - men.

1 **O**N our way rejoicing
 As we homeward move,
 Such for us Thy purpose,
 O Thou God of love:
 Is there grief or sadness?
 Thou our Joy shall be;
 Is our sky beclouded?
 There is light in Thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 We be humbly striving
 To do all we can;
 He who gives the seed-time,
 Gives the large increase,
 Crowns the head with blessings,
 Fills the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
 Gladly let us go,
 A victorious Leader!
 And a vanquished foe!
 Christ without—our safety!
 Christ within—our joy!
 Who, if we be faithful,
 Can our hope destroy?

John S. B. Monsell, 1868: verse 1, lines 6. & alt.

LYNDHURST 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Anon in *Church Praise*, 1883;
har. by Geo. H. Loud, 1859-1908

Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
Hop - ing still, and trust - ing Thee with - out a fear,
Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing Thou wilt make all clear: A - men.

1 **PURER** yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still, and trusting
Thee without a fear,
Patiently believing
Thou wilt make all clear:

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trials bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Bearing still and doing,
To my lot resigned,
And to right subduing
Heart and will and mind:

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Satisfied and blest:

4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Scarce can be expressed.

Anon. in "Iphigenia in Tauris, with Original Poems," 1851.

ELLESDIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. fr. J. O. W. A. Mozart, (1756-1791)
Hubert P. Main, 1873

Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

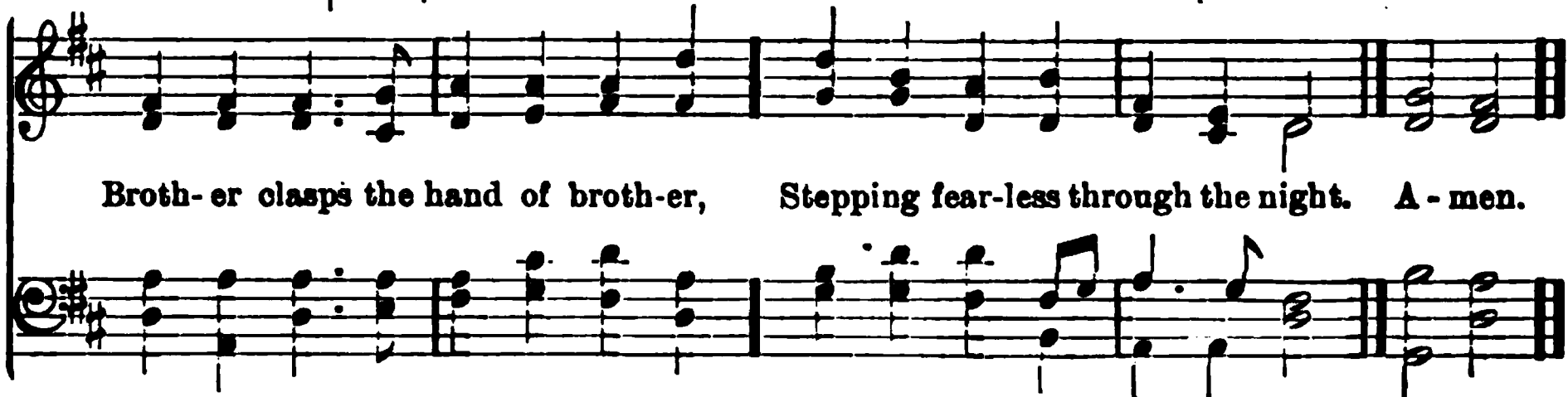
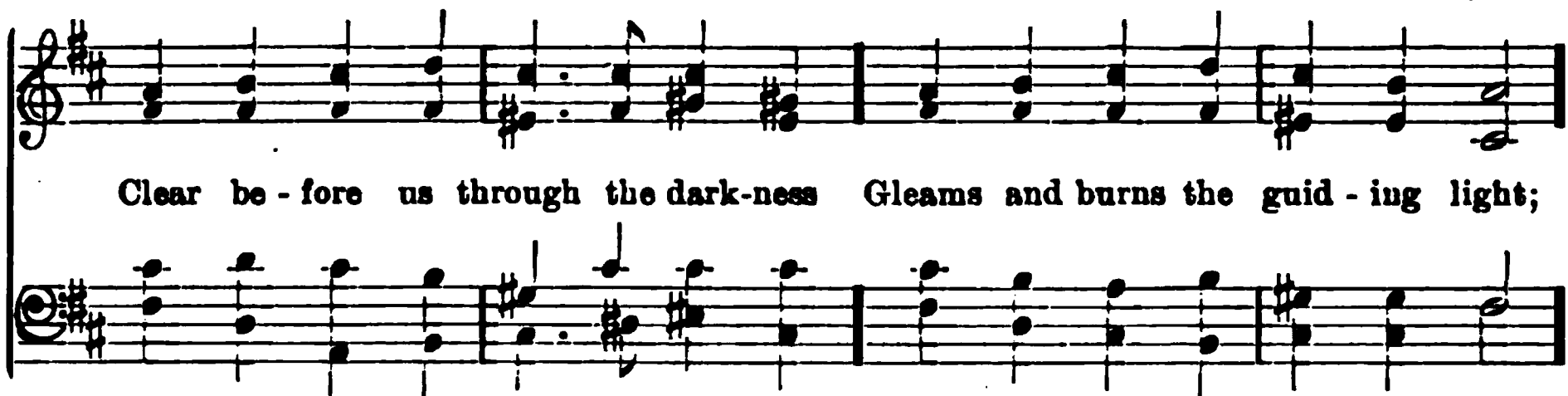
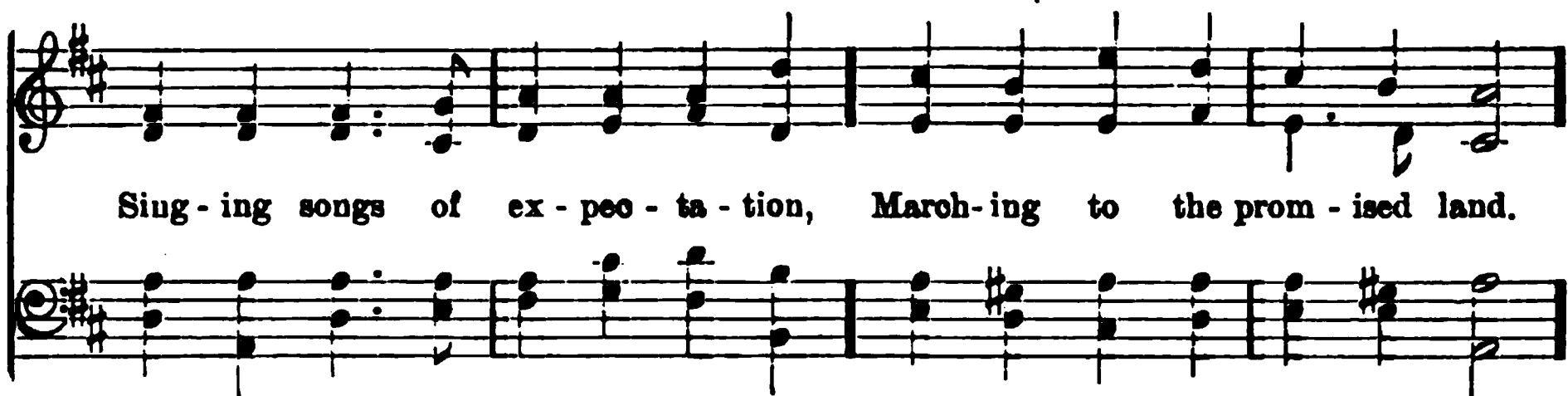
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte, 1824, 1833

ST. ASAPH 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William S. Bambridge, 1872



1 **T**HRO' the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.
 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the light of God's own presence
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread;

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun;
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the one almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

VESPERI LUX 7. 7. 7. 5.

John B. Dykes, 1823-1876

When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,

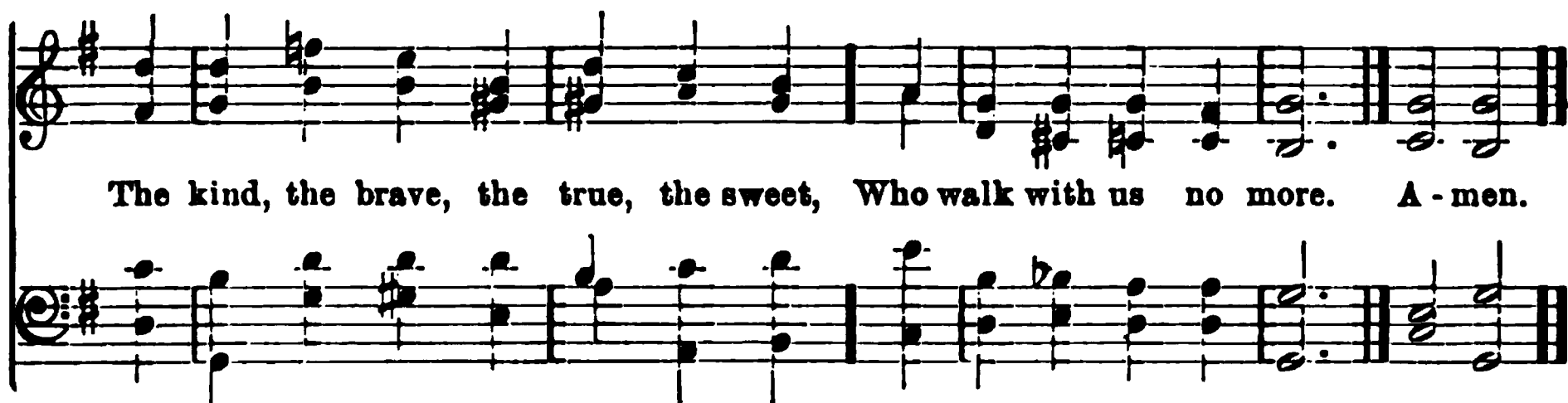
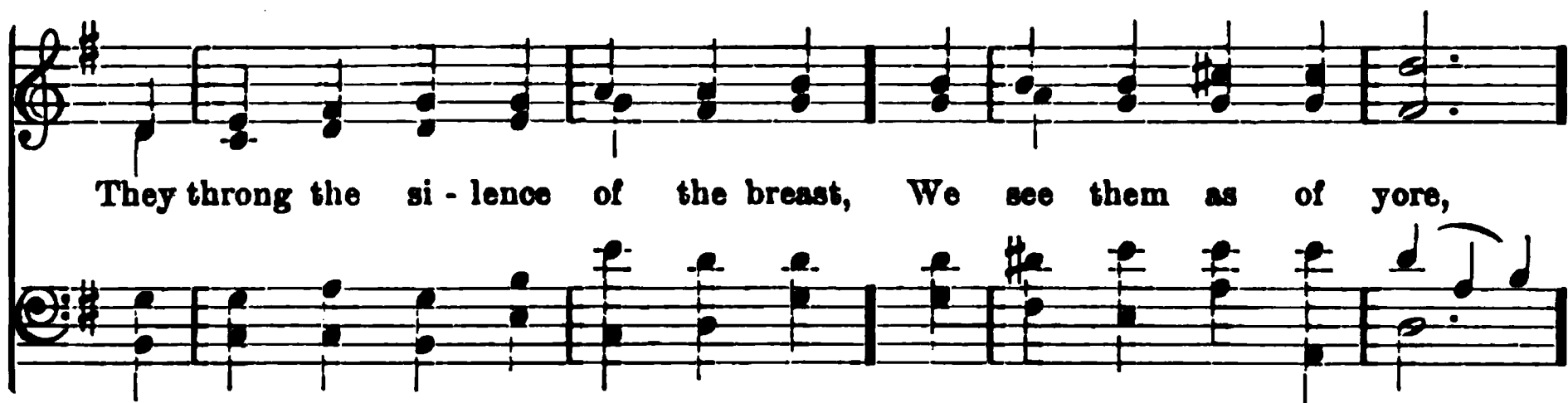
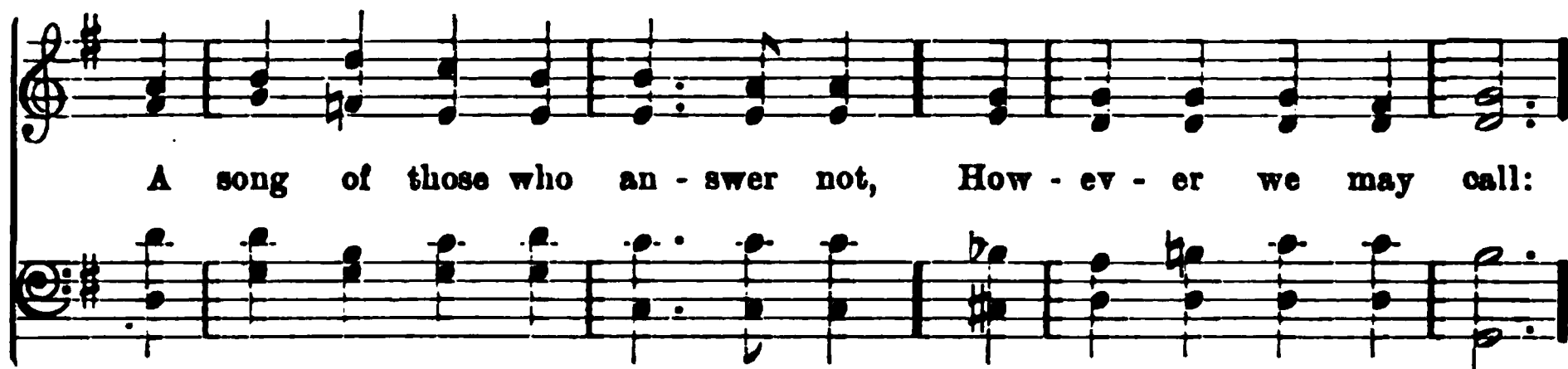
Fa - ther, grant Thy wea - ried one Rest for ev - er - more. A - men.

- 1 **W**HEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.
- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.
- 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton, 1870

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867



1 **I**T singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call:
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore,
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:

But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more.

3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare;
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God, for evermore.

John W. Chadwick, 1876

RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Arr. from Chrétien Urhan, 1834,
by Edw. F. Rimbault, 1867

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes;
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land A - men.

1 **T**HE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George W. Martin, 1862;
har. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874

"For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him roam,

Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home. A - men.

- 1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

- Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.
- 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me and I shall stand,
Fight and I must prevail.
- 5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1833

PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1868

Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 1 **H**ARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Frederick W. Faber, 1854: v. 5, lines 3, 4, alt.

Hope

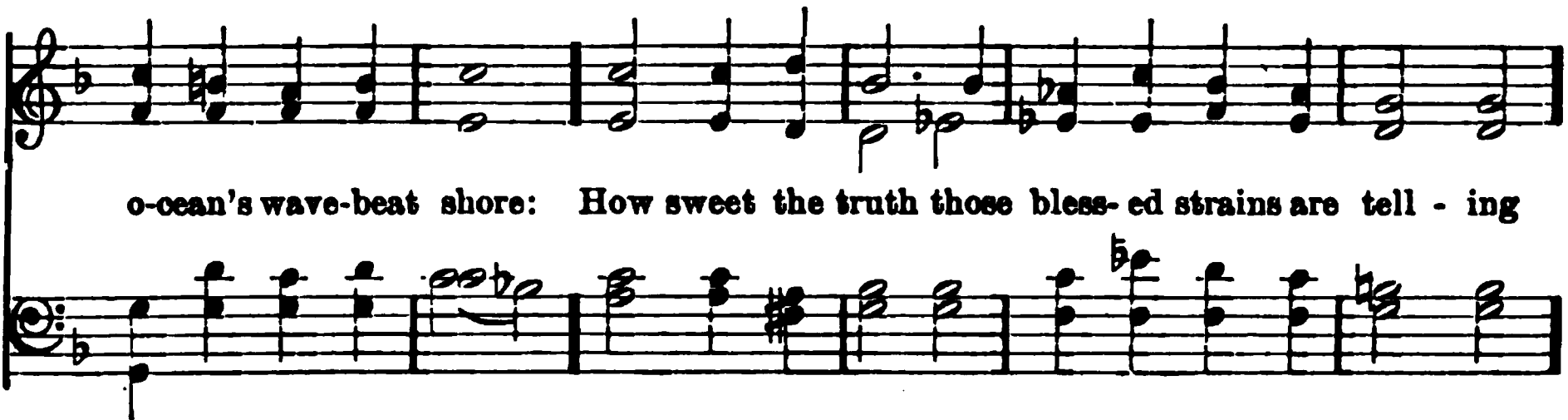
(Alternate tune for 307.)

VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

John B. Dykes, 1868



Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green fields and



o-ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing



Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

INTEGER VITAE 11. 10. 11. 6.

Frederick F. Flemming, 1811



When on my day of life the night is fall-ing, And, in the winds from unsunn'd spaces



blown, I hear far voices out of darkness call-ing My feet to paths unknown. Amen.



- 1 **W**HEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
- 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!
- 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
- 4 I have but Thee, my Father, let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold!
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
- 5 Suffice it if— my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—
- 6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease—
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.
- 7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1852

Love

ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Arr. by John Goss, 1871

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav- iour we are Thine. A- men.

1 **W**HO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

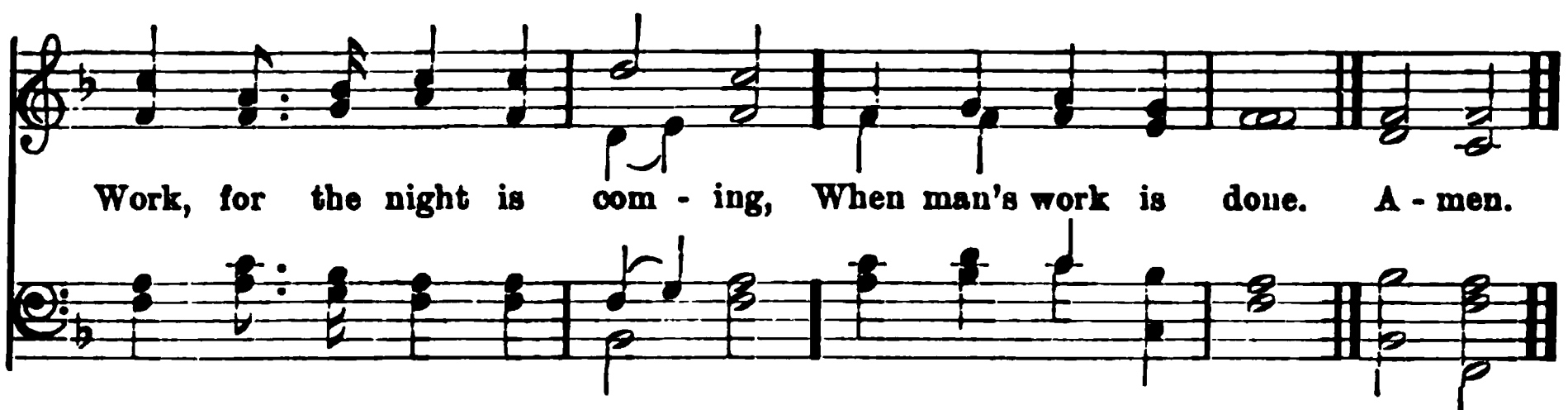
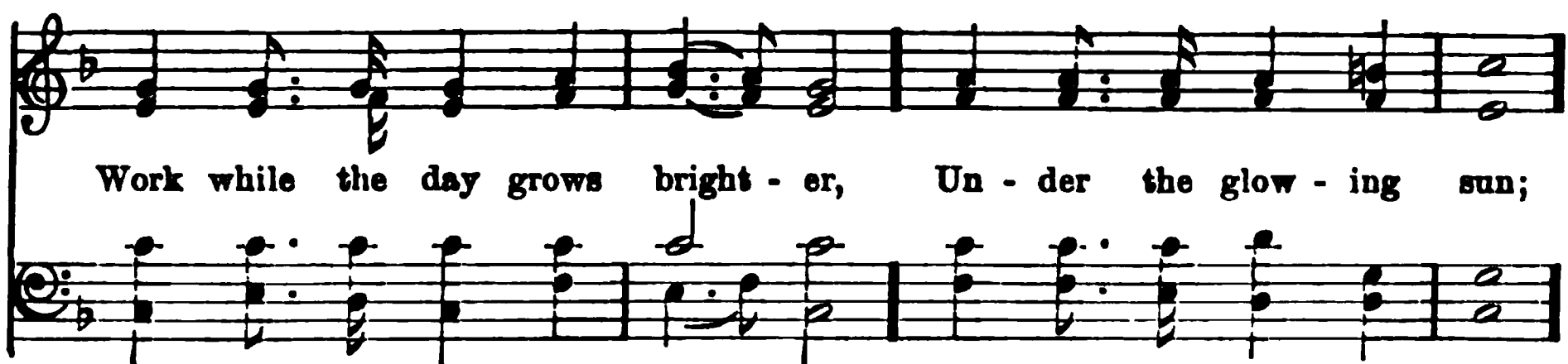
3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood,
 For Thy diadem:
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure,
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

Francis B. Havergal, 1877

DILIGENCE 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1834



1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming:
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling;
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work while the day grows brighter,
 Under the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming:
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill the bright hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;

Give to each flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming:
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1854

REDHEAD 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Medieval French Melody (xii C.)
arr. by Richard Rodhead, 1853

Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright:

Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat-tle ye must fight. A - men.

- 1 **SOLDIERS** of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright:
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.
- 3 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 4 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief,
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 5 Be the banner still unfurled
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Wm. Walsham How, 1854

ORA, LABORA 4. 10. 10. 10. 4.

Robert P. Stewart, 1825-1894

Come, la - bor on! Who dares stand i - dle on the har - vest plain,

While all a - round him waves the gold - en grain,

And to each serv - ant does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day?" A - men.

- 1 **C**OME, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day?"
- 2 Come, labor on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share;
To young and old the gospel gladness bear;
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.
- 3 Come, labor on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.
- 4 Come, labor on!
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"
- 5 Come, labor on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee.

Jane Borthwick, 1857

DOMINUS FORTIS 8. 8. 8. 2. 7.

Charles L. Safford, 1909

Lord of might, and Lord of glo - ry, On my knees I bow be - fore Thee;

With my whole heart I a - dore Thee; Great Lord, List-en to my cry, O Lord! A - men.

1 **L**ORD of might, and Lord of glory,
 On my knees I bow before Thee;
 With my whole heart I adore Thee;
 Great Lord,
 Listen to my cry, O Lord!

2 Groping dim, and bending lowly,
 Mortal vision catcheth slowly
 Glimpses of the pure and holy;
 Now, Lord,
 Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord!

3 In the deed that no man knoweth,
 Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
 Where he may not reap who soweth,
 There, Lord,
 Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord!

4 In the work that no gold payeth,
 Where he speedeth best who prayeth,
 Doeth most who little sayeth,
 There, Lord,
 Let me work Thy will, O Lord!

5 In His name who meek and lowly,
 Died to make poor sinners holy,
 Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
 Great Lord,
 Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1870

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1882

Be with me, Lord, where - e'er I go; Teach me what

Thou wouldst have me do; Sug - gest what - e'er I

think or say; Di - rect me in Thy nar - row way. A - men.

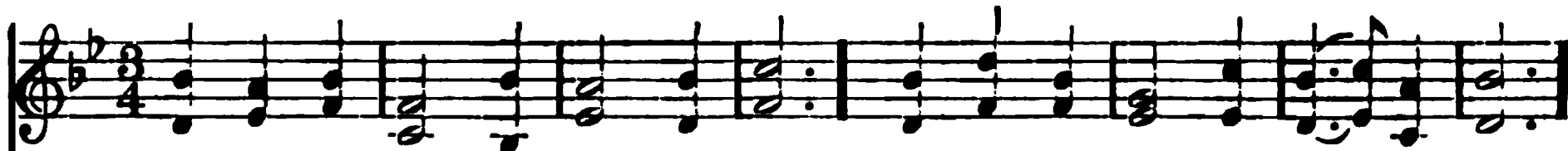
1 **B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go;
 Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do;
 Suggest whate'er I think or say;
 Direct me in Thy narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
 Lest I in my own strength confide;
 Show me my weakness, let me see
 I have my power, my all from Thee.

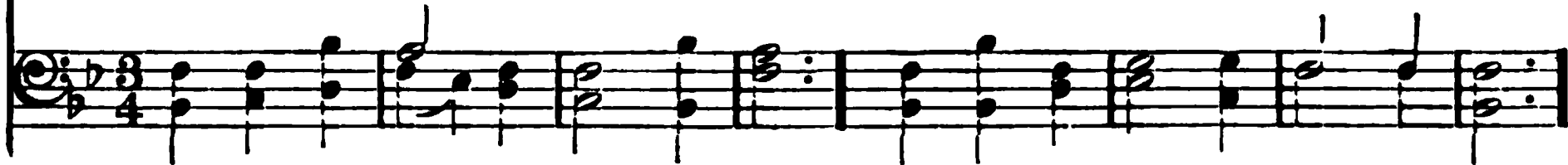
3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
 Incline my nature to obey;
 What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
 And only love what pleases Thee.

MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1828



Go, la - bor on: spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;



It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still? A - men.



- 1 **G**O, labor on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises:—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert A. Schumann, 1839

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing chil - dren lost and lone. A - men.

1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depth of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
 Until Thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

MARYTON L. M.

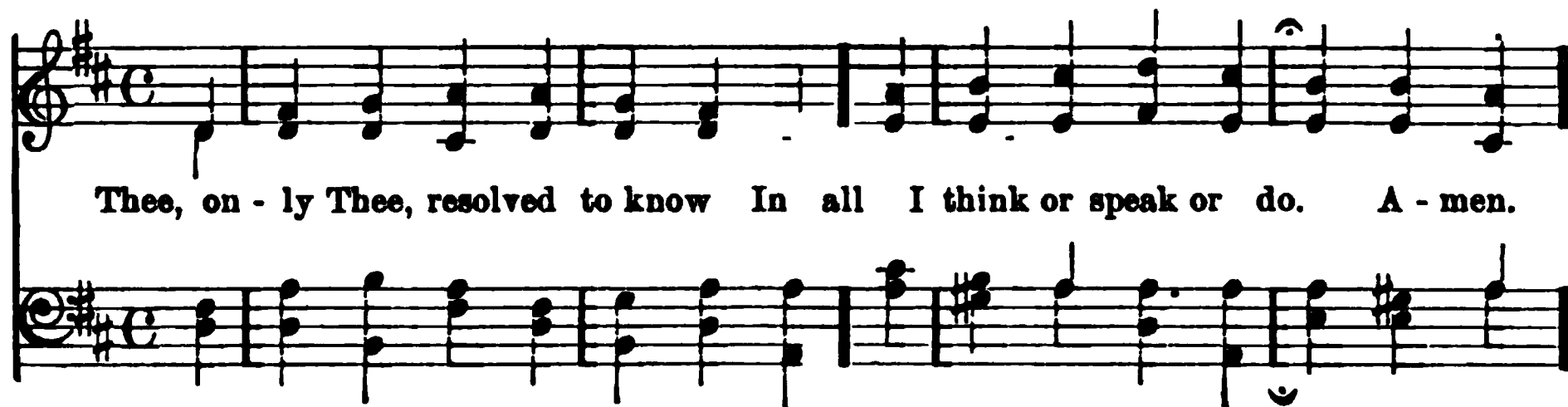
H. Percy Smith, 1874

O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly
paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret; help me
bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.

- 1 **O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love,
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

EISENACH L. M.

Johann H. Schein, 1628



1 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labor to pursue,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
 In all I think or speak or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
 O let me cheerfully fulfil,
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
 And labor on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray,
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1749: v. 2, line 4 alt.

MOZART L. M.

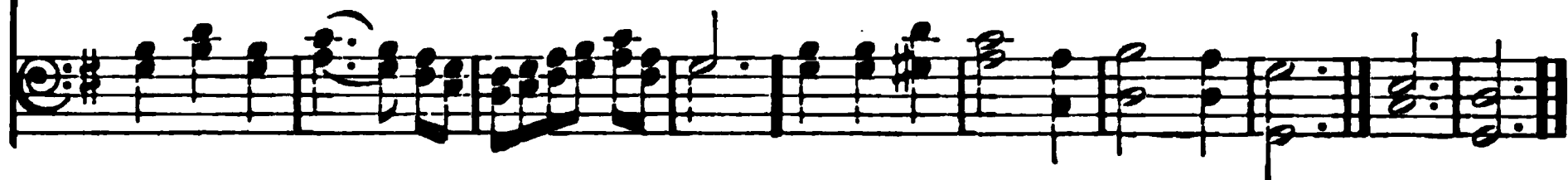
Arr. from Mozart, (1756-1791)



My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - 'ry ser-vice I can pay;



And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dictates and o - bey. A - men.

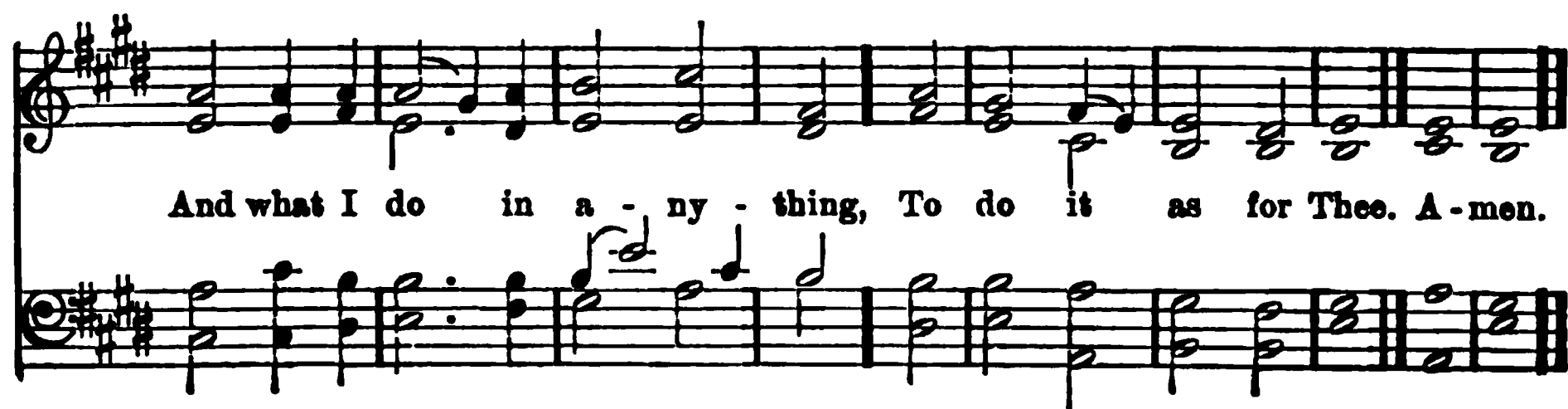


- 1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

Phillip Doddridge, 1702-1751

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for Thee;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to Thee I tend:
 In all I do be Thou the Way,
 In all be Thou the End.

3 All may of Thee partake;
 Nothing so small can be
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee:

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work Divine.

ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1763

Dear Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py serv - ant see;

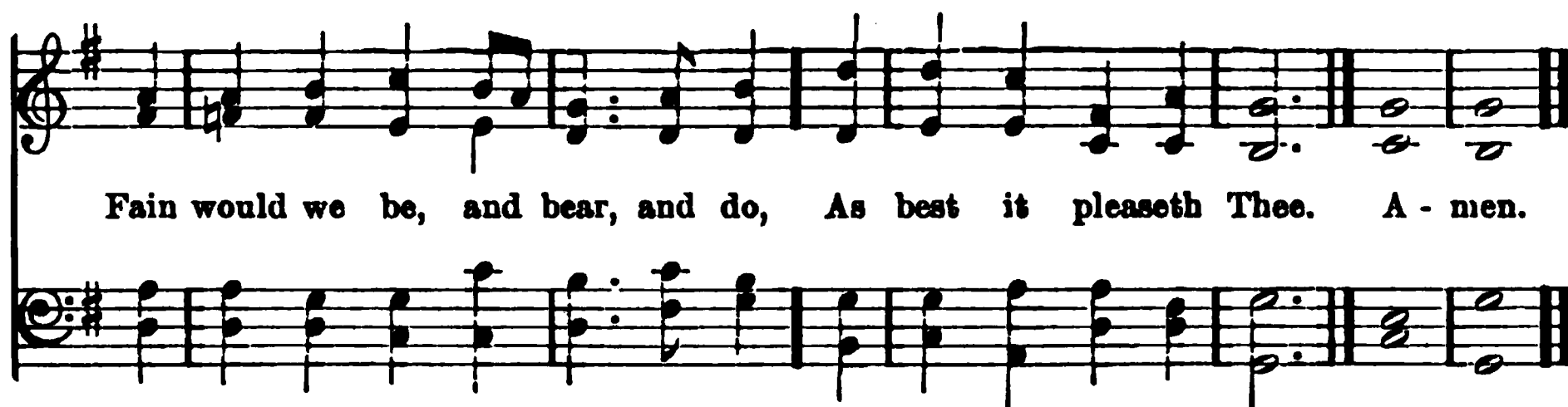
My Conqu'ror, with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee! A - men.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee!
- 2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands;
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.
- 3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.
- 4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.
- 5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.
- 6 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign.

Thomas H. Gill, 1893

FAITH C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1867

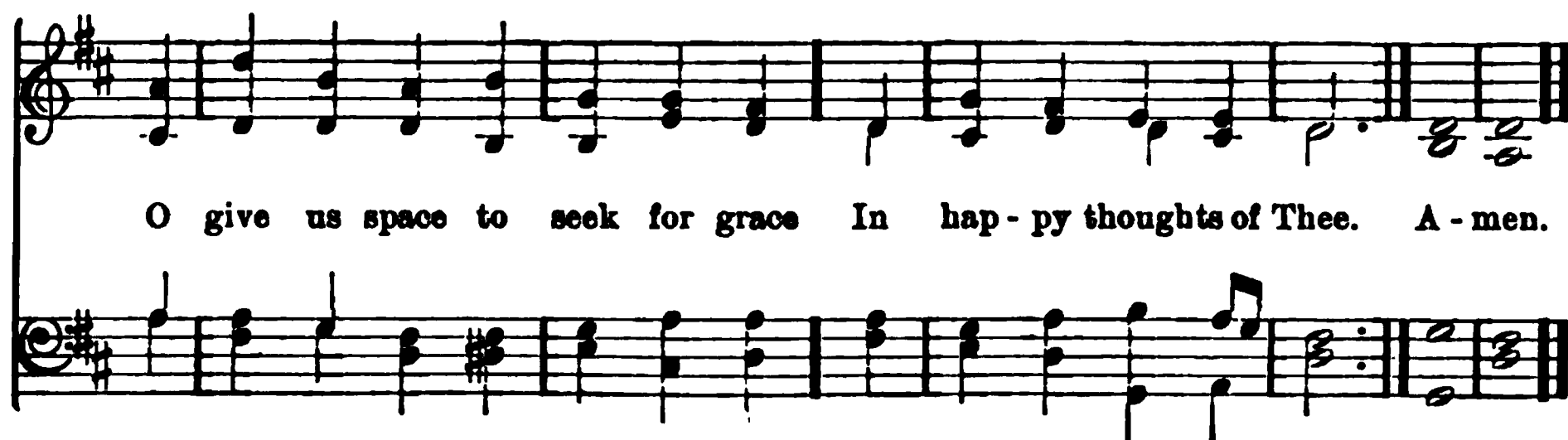


- 1 **O** GOD, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.
- 2 The toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot;
He who Thy call can understand,
Will work, and murmur not.
- 3 Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls from it all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.
- 4 Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.
- 5 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but Thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine.

ST. BERNARD C. M.

Adapted from a melody in
Tochter Zion Cologne, 1741


O Lord, with toil our days are filled, They rare - ly leave us free;



O give us space to seek for grace In hap - py thoughts of Thee. A - men.

1 O LORD, with toil our days are filled,
They rarely leave us free;
O give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee!

2 Yet hear us, little though we ask,
O leave us not alone;
In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.

3 Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food,
And mark, as none on earth can mark,
Our struggle to be good.

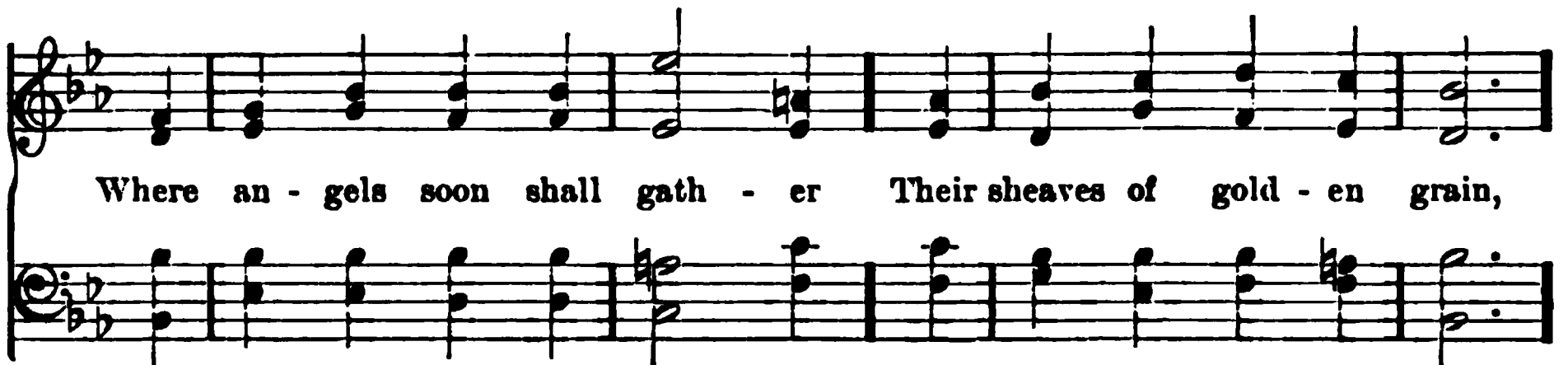
. Alfred Ainger, c. 1885

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806



Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,



Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,



Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,



And deign with them to has - ten Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

1 **L**ORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy kingdom come.

John S. B. Monsell, 1886

LOVE'S OFFERING 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Edwin P. Parker, 1893

Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like

Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than

sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee, dear Lord, to Thee. A - men.

1 **M**ASTER, no offering
 Costly and sweet,
 May we, like Magdalene,
 Lay at Thy feet;
 Yet may love's incense rise,
 Sweeter than sacrifice,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

2 Daily our lives would show
 Weakness made strong,
 Toilsome and gloomy days
 Brightened with song;
 Some deeds of kindness done,
 Some souls by patience won,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope for hearts
 Burdened with fears,
 Some balm of peace for eyes
 Blinded with tears,
 Some dews of mercy shed,
 Some wayward footsteps led,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
 Till eventide
 Closes the day of life,
 May we abide.
 And when earth's labors cease
 Bid us depart in peace,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

Edwin P. Parker, 1893

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1887

O God, whose thoughts are bright-est light, Whose love al-ways runs clear,

To whose kind wis-dom sin-ning souls A-midst their sins are dear,

How Thou canst think so well of us, Yet be the God Thou art,

Is dark-ness to my in-tel-lect, But sun-shine to my heart. A-men.

1 **O** GOD, whose thoughts are brightest light,
 Whose love always runs clear,
 To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
 Amidst their sins are dear,
 How Thou can'st think so well of us,
 Yet be the God Thou art,
 Is darkness to my intellect,
 But sunshine to my heart.

2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
 With charity like Thine,
 Till self shall be the only spot
 On earth which does not shine;
 For they have caught the way of God,
 To whom self lies displayed
 In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

3 I need Thy mercy for my sin;
 But more than this I need,
 Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
 For others' sin to bleed:
 'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
 'Tis but one step to heaven;
 When I am kind to others, then
 I know myself forgiven.

4 Hardheartedness dwells not with souls
 Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
 And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
 Like cloud spots in the dawn:
 All bitterness is from ourselves,
 All sweetness is from Thee;
 Sweet God, for evermore be Thou
 Fountain and Fire in me.

BLENDEN C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth - ly fet - ters free,
In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant Lord to be;
The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com - mand,
The mean - est of - fice to re - ceive With meek - ness at Thy hand; A - men.

1 **H**OW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant Lord to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The one Beloved's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

Carl J. P. Spitta, 1888
tr. Jane Borthwick, 1884

AGAPÉ 9. 8. 9. 8.

Charles J. Dickinson, 1861

O Rock of A - ges, one Foun - da - tion, On which the liv - ing
Church doth rest,— The Church, whose walls are strong sal - va - tion,
Whose gates are praise,— Thy name be blest. A - men.

1 **O** ROCK of Ages, one Foundation,
On which the living Church doth rest,—
The Church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise,— Thy name be blest!

2 Son of the living God, O call us
Once and again to follow Thee,
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?"— and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thy hand to help and save.

4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee
In inmost thought, in deed, in word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

5 O strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end.

Henry Arthur Martin 1871

ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887



O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pit-y in-fi-nite,
Teach us, as ev-er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A-men.

1 O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou who can'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

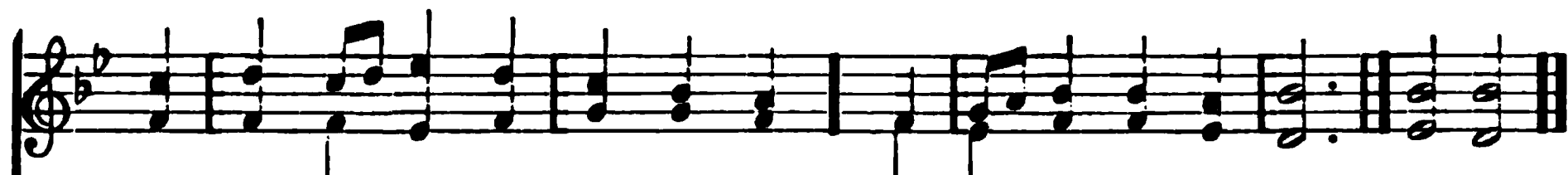
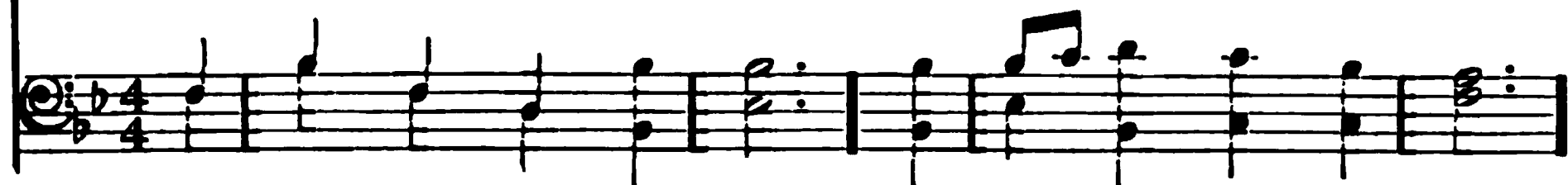
5 In sickness, sorrow, want or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

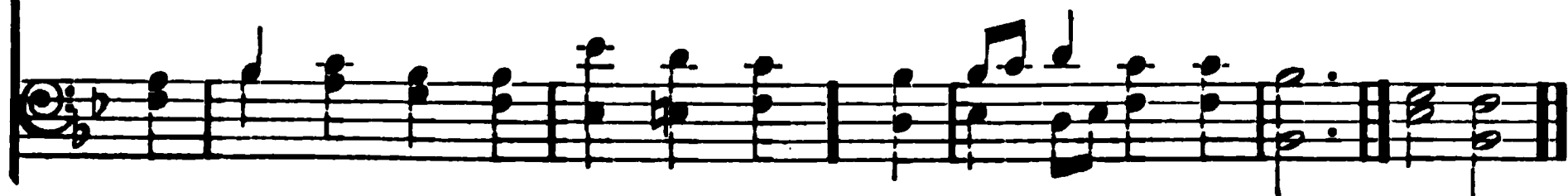
Godfrey Thring, 1877



Rise up, O men of God! Have done with les - ser things;



Give heart and mind and soul and strength To serve the King of kings. A-men.



1 RISE up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and mind and soul and strength
To serve the King of kings.

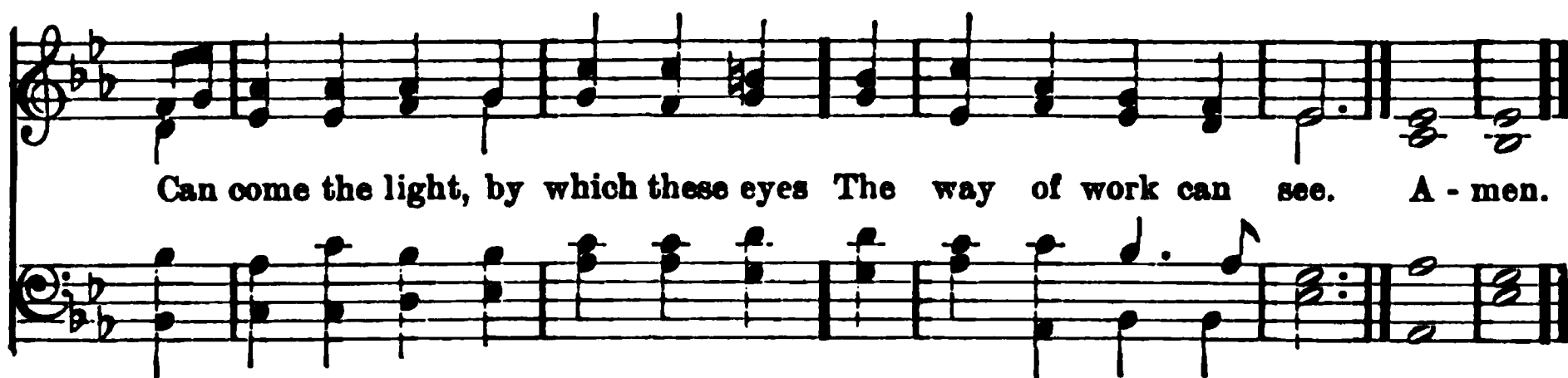
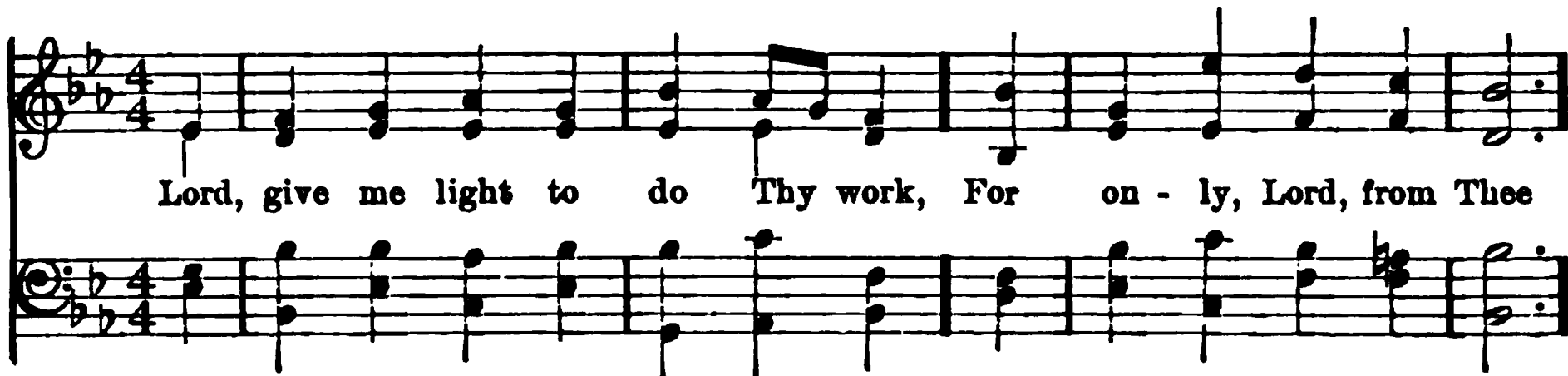
2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood,
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ;
Tread where His feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844



1 **L**ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
 For only, Lord, from Thee
 Can come the light, by which these eyes
 The way of work can see.

2 In word, and plan, and deed I err,
 When busiest in Thy work;
 Beneath the simplest forms of truth
 The subtlest errors lurk.

3 The way is narrow, often dark,
 With lights and shadows strewn;
 I wander oft, and think it Thine,
 When walking in my own.

4 O send me light to do Thy work,
 More light, more wisdom give;
 Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
 While on Thine earth I live.

5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
 It is Thy race we run;
 Give light, and then shall all I do
 Be well and truly done.

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1865



1 **O** LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we show our love to Thee
 Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air
 Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
 Who givest all.

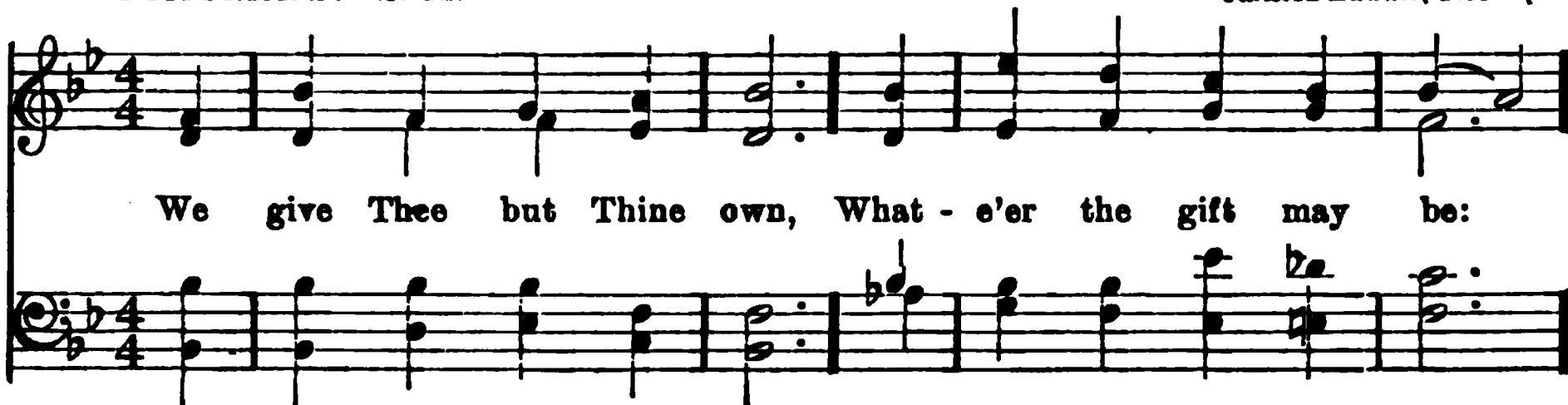
3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
 Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given
 Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
 Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1833

SCHUMANN S. M.

Christian Lieder, 1850

1 **W**E give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be:
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

UNSER HERRSCHER 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joachim Neander, 1650-80

Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,

Still with heal - ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain,—

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat. A - men.

1 **T**HOU to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing words replying
 To the wearied cry of pain,—
 Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care;
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart,
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
 To Thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Godfrey Thring, 1870

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830



Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing Health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,



Our gifts are still our tru- est wealth, To serve Thee our sin- cer- est pray'r. A- men.



1 **T**HOU Lord of life, our saving Health,
 Who mak'st Thy suffering ones our care,
 Our gifts are still our truest wealth,
 To serve Thee our sincerest prayer.

2 As on the river's rising tide
 Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
 So through the ways our hands provide
 May quickening life flow in from Thee,

3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
 And strength to failing pulses bring,
 Till the lame feet shall leap again
 And the parched lips with gladness sing.

4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
 Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned.
 Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;
 The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

Samuel Longfellow, 1833

TRUST 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840

Chris - tians, lo, the star ap - pear - eth; Lo, 'tis yet Mes - si - ah's day;

Still with trib - ute - treas - ure la - den Come the wise men on their way. A - men.

1 CHRISTIANS, lo, the star appeareth;
 Lo, 'tis yet Messiah's day;
 Still with tribute-treasure laden
 Come the wise men on their way.

2 Where a life is spent in service
 Walking where the Master trod,
 There is scattered myrrh most fragrant
 For the blessed Christ of God.

3 Whoso bears his brother's burden,
 Whoso shares another's woe,
 Brings his frankincense to Jesus
 With the men of long ago.

4 When we soothe earth's weary children
 Tending best the least of them,
 'Tis the Lord Himself we worship
 Bringing gold to Bethlehem.

5 Christians, lo, the star appeareth
 Leading still the ancient way;
 Christians, onward with your treasure;
 It is still Messiah's day.

RIVAUXX L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866



Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guid-ing hand Has brought us here be - fore Thy face,



Our spir - its wait for Thy command, Our si - lent hearts implore Thy peace. A - men.



1 **T**HOU, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.

2 And now with hymn and prayer we stand
To give our strength to Thee, great God.
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

3 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

4 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

Octavius B. Frothingham, 1868

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1670-1707



1 **T**O Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

2 If I am right, Thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.

4 Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent
 At aught Thy wisdom hath denied,
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

6 This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let Thy will be done.

Alexander Pope, 1738, arr.

PAX DEI 10. 10. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1868

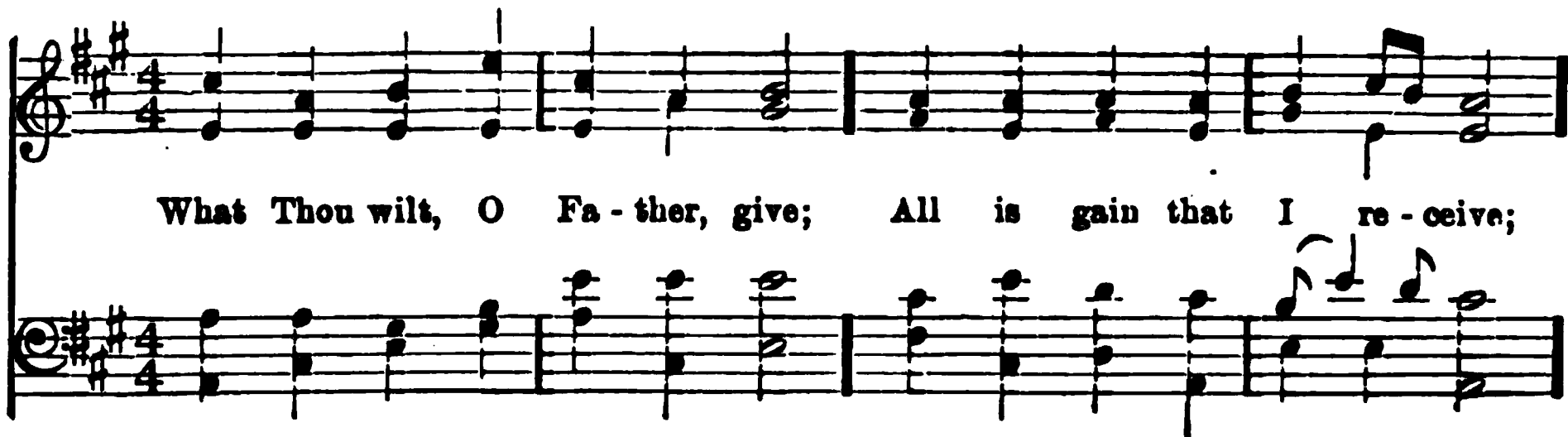


1 **T**O do Thy holy will,
 To bear the cross,
 To trust Thy mercy still
 In pain or loss;
 Poor gifts are these to bring,
 Dear Lord, to Thee,
 Who hast done everything
 For all, and me.

2 For all Thy glorious earth,
 Thy stars and flowers,
 For love and gentle mirth,
 For happy hours,
 For good by which we live,
 For sweet sunshine,
 What recompense can give
 This heart of mine?

3 Thou, who enthroned above
 Dost hear our call,
 O can our faithful love
 Pay Thee for all?
 Poor recompense to bring,
 Dear Lord, to Thee,
 Who hast done everything
 For man and me.

Ascribed to George Cooper, c. 1800



1 **W**HAT Thou wilt, O Father, give;
All is gain that I receive;

Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.

2 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

3 Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;

4 Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

VIENNA 7. 7. 7. 7.

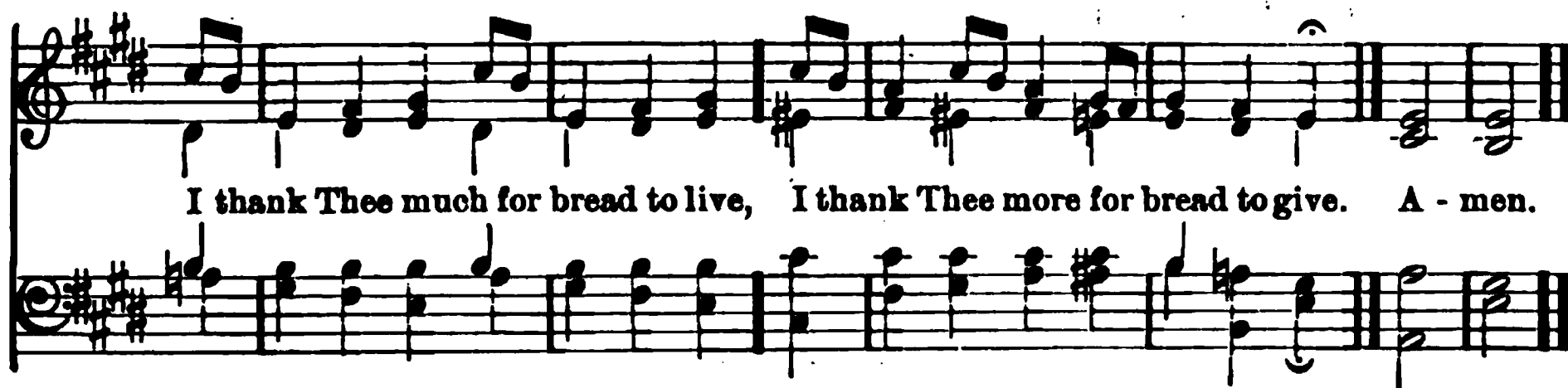
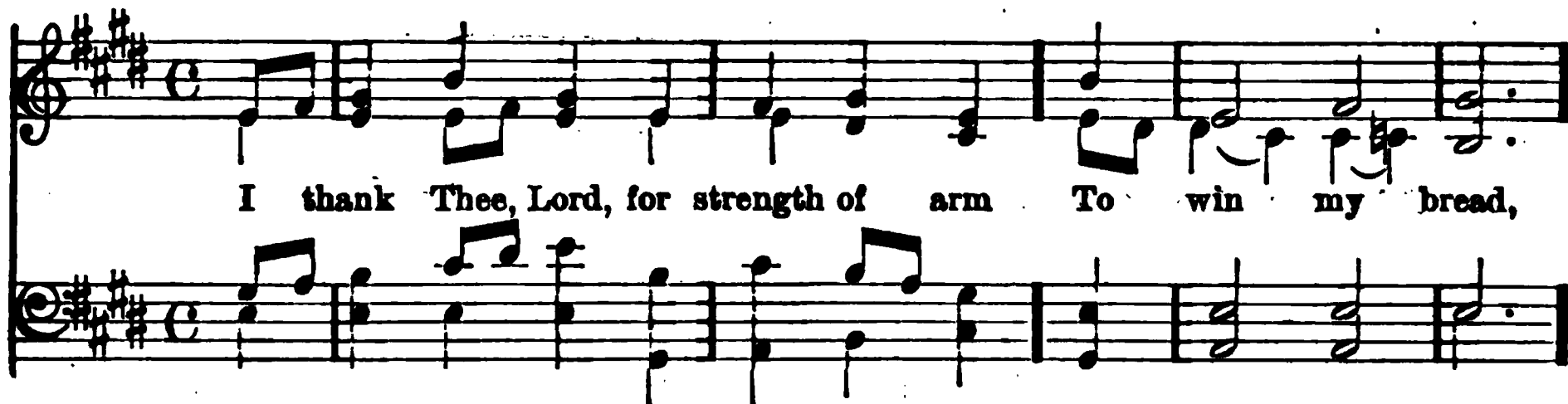
Justin H. Knecht, 1797



- 1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 3 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

MINISTRY 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8.

John H. Gower, 1909



1 I THANK Thee, Lord, for strength of arm
 To win my bread,
 And that, beyond my need, is meat
 For friend unfed:
 I thank Thee much for bread to live,
 I thank Thee more for bread to give.

2 I thank Thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
 In cold and storm,
 And that beyond my need is room
 For friend forlorn:
 I thank Thee much for place to rest,
 But more for shelter for my guest.

3 I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love
 On me bestowed,
 Enough to share with loveless folk
 To ease their load:
 Thy love to me I ill could spare,
 Yet dearer is Thy love I share.

Robert Davis, 1908

SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



- 1 GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our Strength forever art,—
We come to do Thy will.
- 2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God,
- 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self and live;
- 4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
The spirit's godlikeness.

Times, Services, and Seasons

344

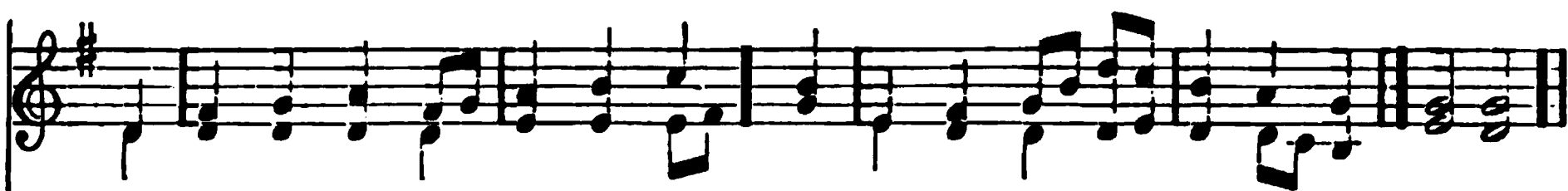
Morning

MORNING HYMN L. M.

François H. Barthélémon, 1789



A- wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A-men.



- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 3 By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1695, 1700

GOUNOD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872.

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

1 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee,
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiance Divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

DUKE STREET L. M.

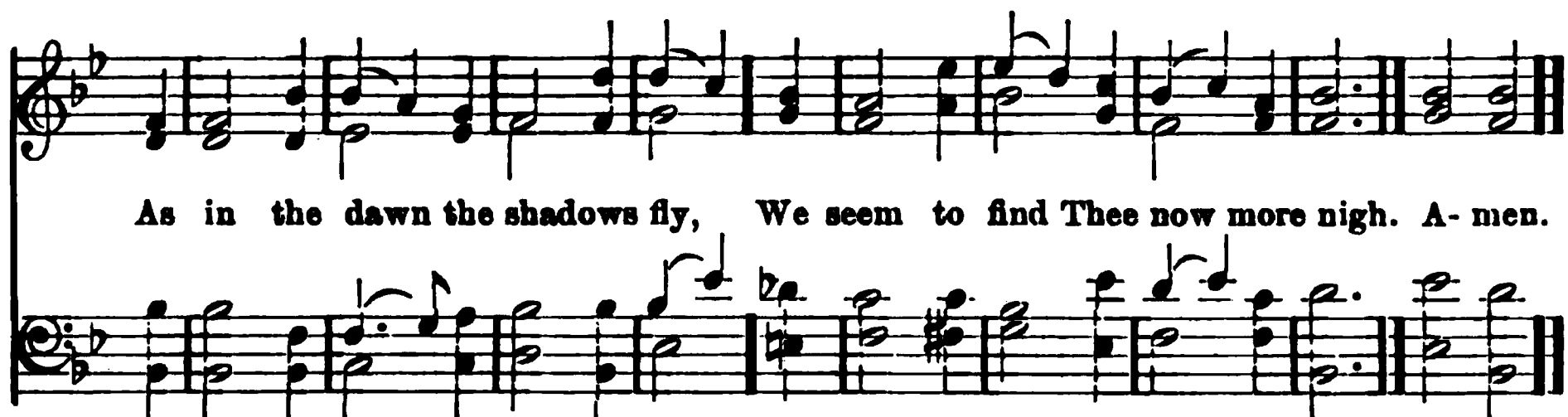
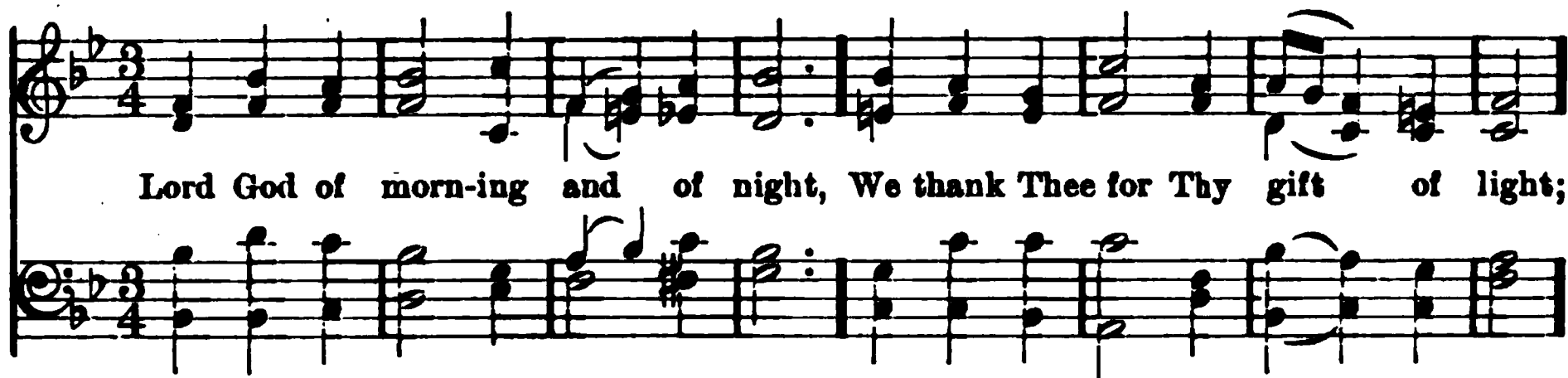
John Hatton, (-1798)

God of the morn - ing at whose voice The cheer - ful sun makes haste to rise,

And like a gi - ant doth re - joice To run his jour - ney thro' the skies. A - men.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race .
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

GERMANY

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

1 **L**ORD God of morning and of night,
 We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
 As in the dawn the shadows fly,
 We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
 Fresh energy to do our part;
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
 A thousandfold to serve Thee more.

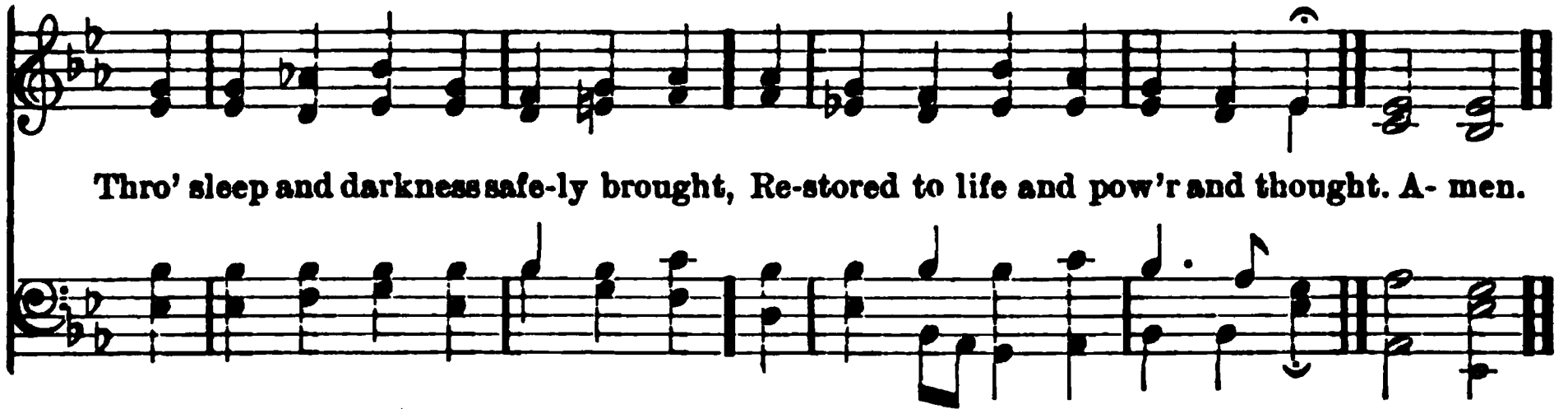
3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
 Oft what we would we cannot do;
 The sun may stand in zenith skies,
 But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of light! 'tis Thou alone
 Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
 Though this new day with joy we see,
 Great dawn of God! we cry for Thee.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
 Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
 Till psalm and song His name adore
 Through heaven's great day of evermore.

MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1782



- 1 **N**EW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1822

KEBLE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1874

O Je - sus, Lord of heav'n-ly grace, Thou Brightness of Thy Fa - ther's face,

Thou Fountain of e - ter - nal light, Whose beams dis - perse the shades of night, A-men.

1 **O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
 Thou Fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night,

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Shower down Thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness;
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And bring us to a prosperous end.

4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.

5 O hallowed be th' approaching day;
 Let meekness be our morning ray,
 And faithful love our noonday light,
 And hope our sunset calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn
 Thine image to our hearts is borne;
 O may we ever clearly see
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

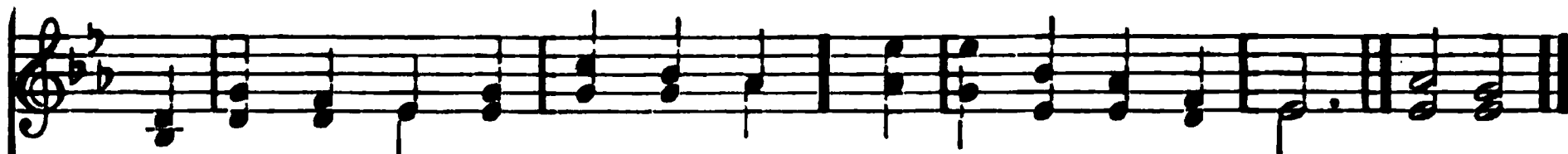
Ambrose of Milan (340-397), tr. John Chandler, 1857

BRADFIELD C. M.

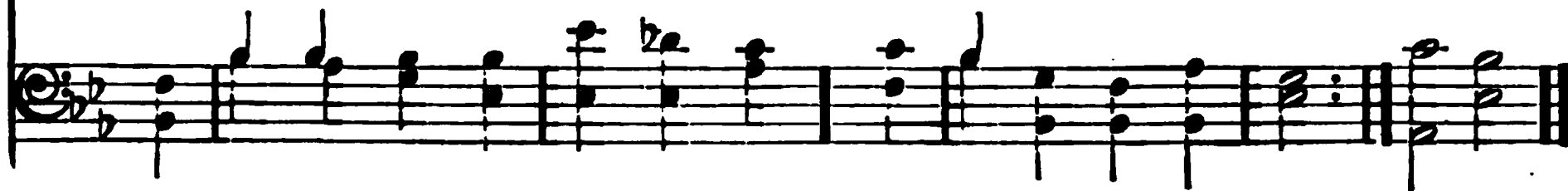
John B. Oelkin, 1872



O Lord of life, Thy quick'ning voice A - wakes my morn - ing song



In glad-some words I would re - joice That I to Thee be - long. A - men.



1 **O** LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind;
Earth is Thy uttered word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

4 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till night is come, and, labor done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

George Macdonald, 1860

BRACONDALE C. M.

Josiah Booth, (1852-)

My soul a - wake, Thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light;

With song a - rise— Glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night! A - men.

1 **M**Y soul awake,
 Thy rest forsake,
 And greet the morning light;
 With song arise—
 Glad sacrifice
 For mercies of the night.

2 With courage drest,
 Strong-hearted, blest,
 Fulfil thy work abroad;
 Fearless and true,
 Thy way pursue
 A happy child of God.

3 In liberty
 Of holy glee
 Accept thy childhood's part;
 And thou shalt find,
 By faith enshrined,
 Thy Father in thy heart.

4 O blessed rest,
 With such a Guest
 Life's duty grows divine,
 Dross becomes gold,
 And, as of old,
 The water turns to wine.

KELSO Six 7s.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - oies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

For Thy mer-oies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure. A - men.

1 **E**VERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.

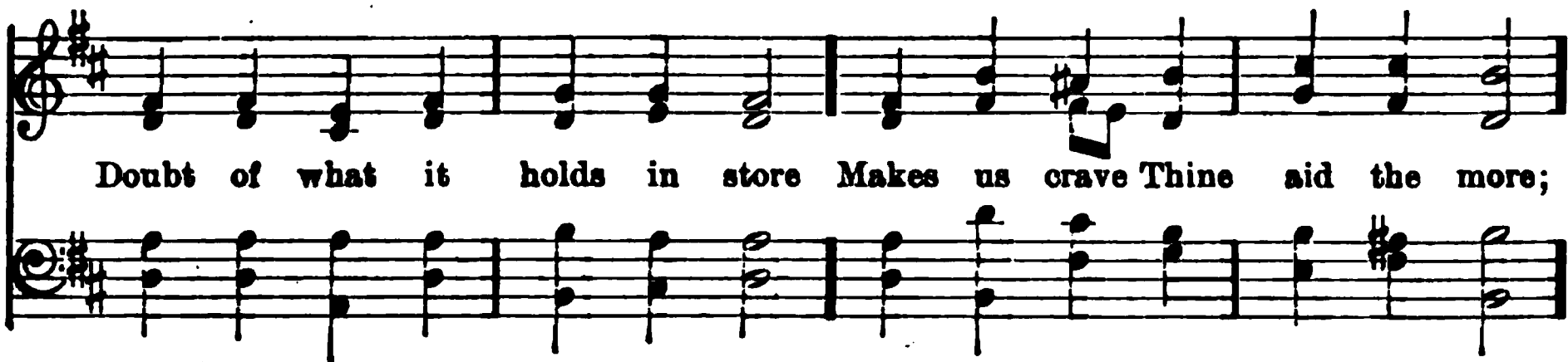
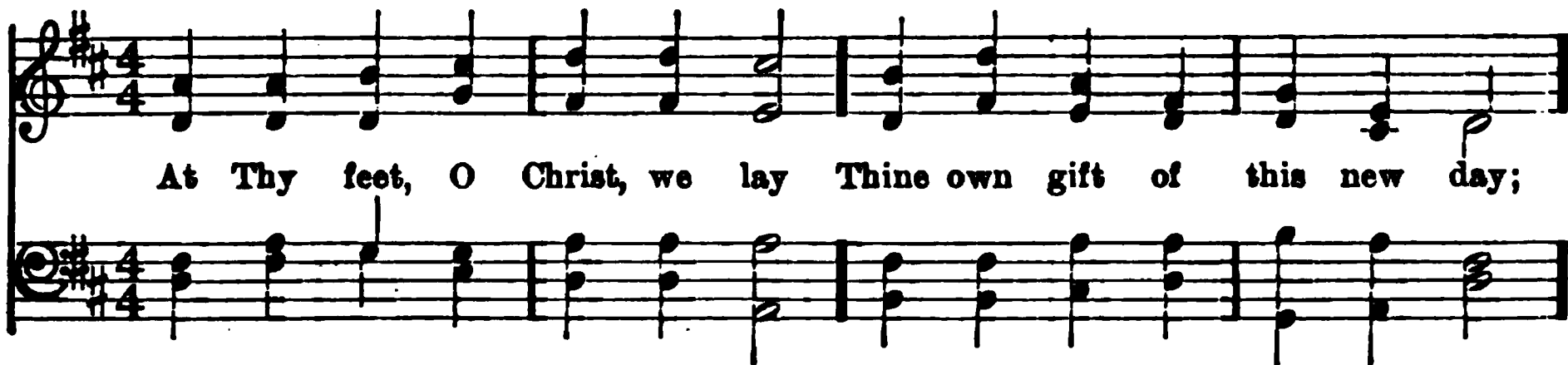
2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the bread of life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Greville Phillimore, 1863: v. 1, line 1, 2, alt.

RATISBON Six 7s.

Old German Melody: Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1817

1 **A**T Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think and speak and do and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

NICAËA 11. 12. 12. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity,
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1783-1833

LAUS MATUTINA 11. 10. 11. 10.

John Steiner, 1872

Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the

sun's red ban-ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are

fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee. A - men.

- 1 **N**OW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee.
- 2 Look from the tower of heaven and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
- 3 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,
Man goeth forth through all the weary day;
In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.
- 4 Thou, who hast made the north and south, watch o'er us;
Thou, in whose name the lonely ones rejoice,
Still let Thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
Still let us listen for Thy warning voice.
- 5 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Anon. Hedge and Huntington's Hymns, 1852

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1782-1809

Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing

O'er the earth an - oth - er day. Come to Him, who made this splen - dor,

See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs can pay. A - men.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day.
Come to Him, who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.
- 2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;—
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
- 4 Say, this morn doth aught oppress thee?
Then address thee
To thy God, whose sunlike smile,
When the mountain-tops He brightens,
Yet enlightens
E'en the lowliest vale the while.
- 5 Mayest Thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654-1699;
tr. Henry J. Buckoll. 1841. and others, arr.

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790



As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies,



So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord. A - men.



1 **A**S the sun doth daily rise,
Brightening all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord.

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Anon (Latin) Tr. "O. B. C."
Recast by Horatio Nelson, 1894

ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

Thomas Turton, 1860

O Fa-ther, hear my morn-ing pray'r, Thy aid im-part to me,
That I may make my life to-day Ac-cept-a-ble to Thee. A-men.

1 **O** FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
Thy aid impart to me,
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to Thee.

2 May this desire my spirit rule;
And as the moments fly
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die,—

3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win
With shining victory meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery
Find overthrow complete;—

4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

Frances A. Percy, c. 1896

WEARMOUTH 8. 8. 8. (or Evening)

Charles Steggall, 1826-1905

O Lord, it is a bless - ed thing To Thee both morn and
night to bring Our wor-ship's low - ly of - fer - ing. A - men.

1 **O** LORD, it is a blessed thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering,

2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day,

3 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

4 O Jesus, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armor bright,

5 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
O be Thou then our Light once more.

6 Light of the world, with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.

Noon

TRURO L. M.

T. Williams' *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1790

Look up to heav'n! th' in - dust - rious sun Al - read - y

half his course hath run; He can - not halt nor go a -

stray, But our im - mor - tal spir - its may. A - men.

1 **L**OOK up to heaven! th' industrious sun
 Already half his course hath run;
 He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal spirits may.

2 Lord, since his rising in the east
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course.

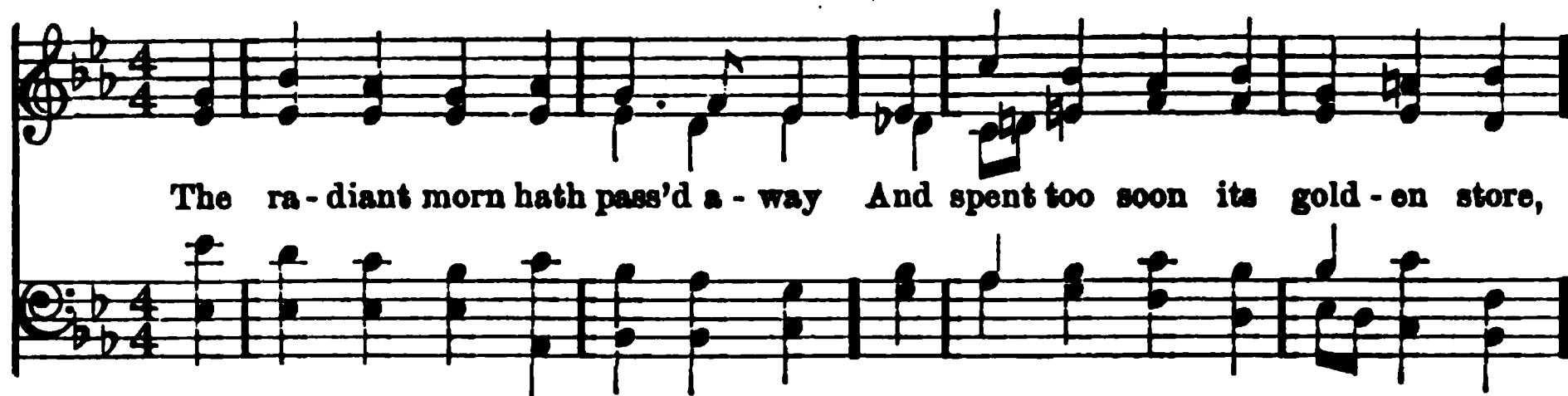
3 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way,
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink to final rest.

William Wordsworth, 1834

Evening

ST. GABRIEL 8. 8. 8. 4.

Frederick A. G. Onseley, 1868



1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away
And spent too soon its golden store,
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

3 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high!
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

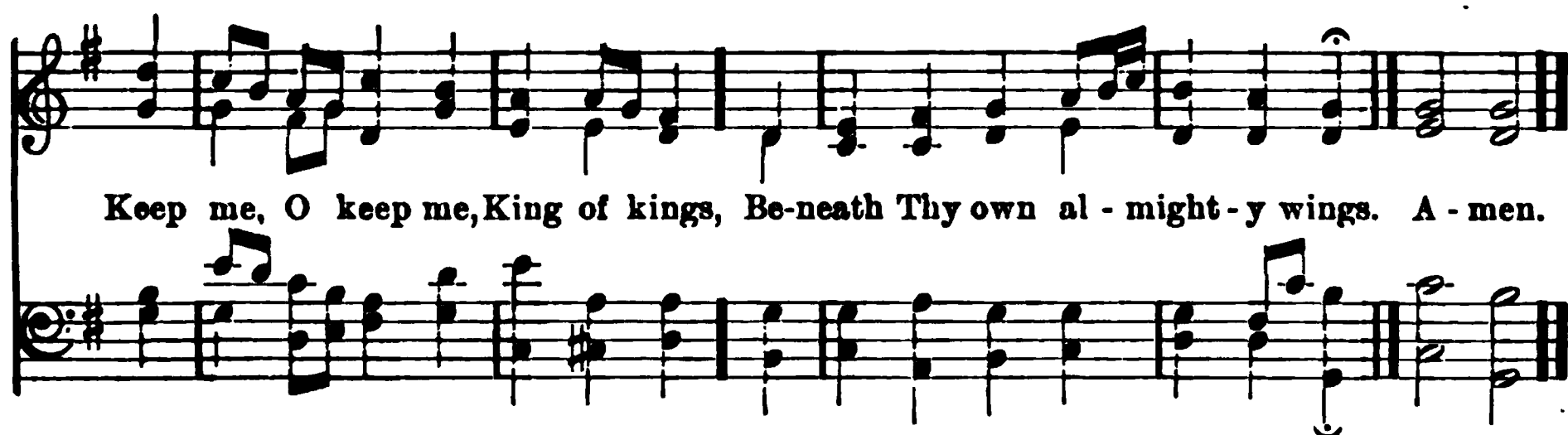
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, 1884

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Arr. from Thomas Tallis, 1567



1 **A**LL praise to Thee, my God, this night
 For all the blessings of the light,
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed,
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake!

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

STAINCLIFFE L. M.

Robert W. Dixon, 1875

O Light of life, O Sav- iour dear, Be - fore we sleep bow down Thine ear;

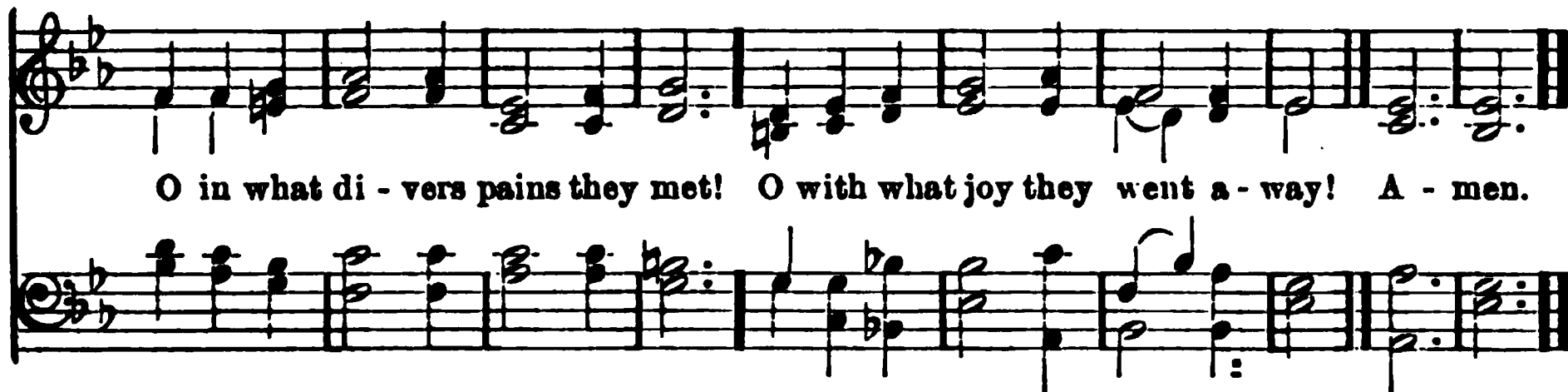
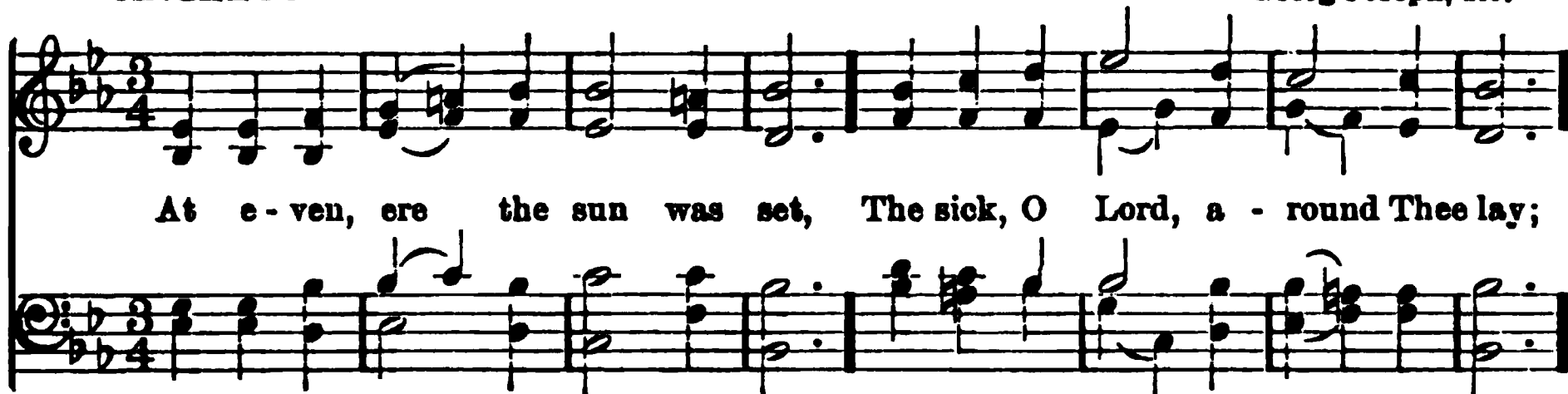
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no oth - er hope but Thee. A - men.

- 1 **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The sun of God's own paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1864

ANGELUS L. M.

Georg Joseph, 1657



- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!
- 2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 3 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells, 1863

Evening

CANONBURY L. M.

(or Morning)

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1890



My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;



And morn-ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.



1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!

Thy gifts are every evening new;

And morning mercies from above

Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,

Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;

Thy sovereign word restores the light,

And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,

To Thee I consecrate my days;

Perpetual blessings from Thy hand

Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709

HURSLEY L. M.

Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, c. 1774,
Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A - men.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1820

ABENDS L. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

A - gain, as eve - ning's shad - ow falls, We gath - er

in these hal - low'd walls; And ves - per hymn and ves - per

pray'r Rise ming - ling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

- 1 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, 1859

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861

A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bid: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me. A - men.

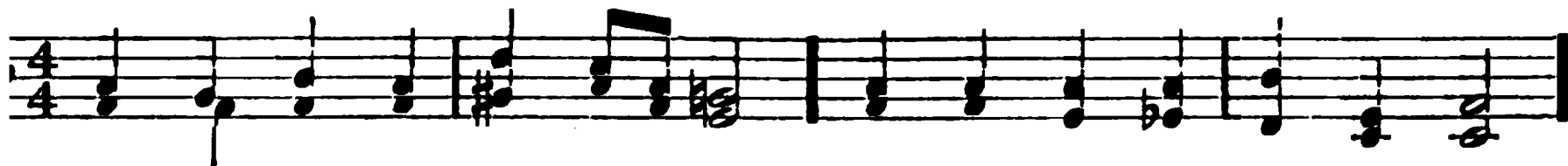
- 1 **A** BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud, and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

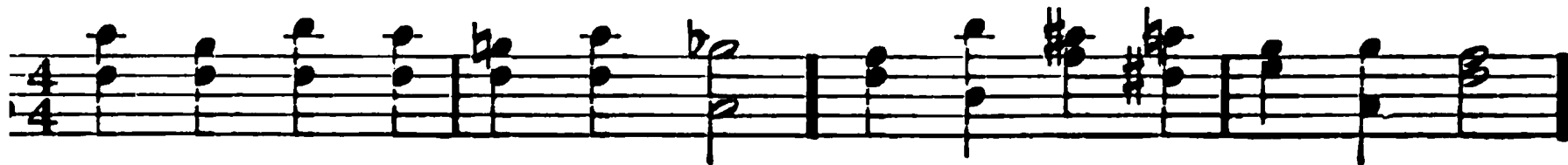
Evening

SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. Carl M. von Weber, 1826



Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-men.



1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

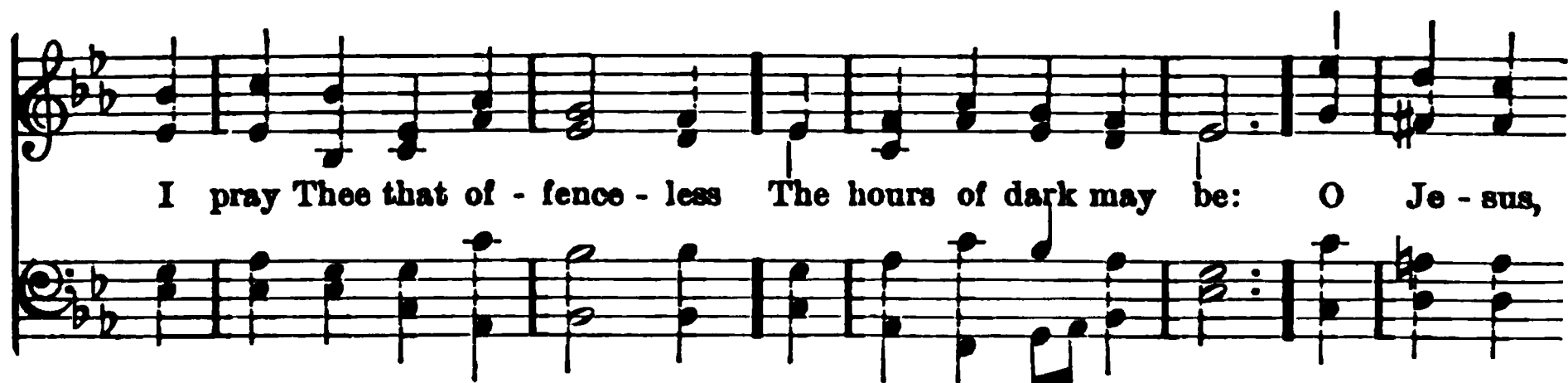
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane, 1824

ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur H. Brown, 1862



1 **T**HE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 I pray Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night.

2. The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of night may be:
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.

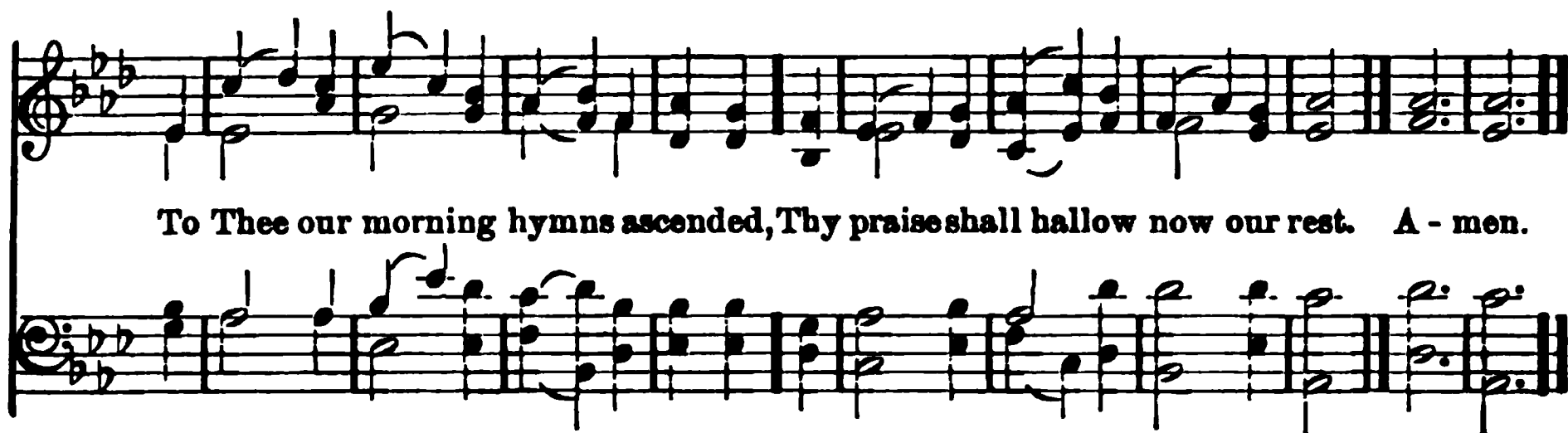
3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

From a Greek Service of the vi or vii Cent.
 Arr. and tr. John Mason Neale, 1853, 62

ST, CLEMENT 9. 8. 9. 8.

Clement O. Scholefield, 1874



- 1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand and rule and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1870

INNSBRUCK 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

Heinrich Isaac, c. 1488
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685-1700

The du - teous day now clos - eth, Each flow'r and tree re -

pos - eth, Shade creeps o'er wild and wood. Let

us, as night is fall - ing, On God, our Mak - er,

call - ing, Give thanks to Him, the Giv - er good. A - men.

1 **T**HE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeseth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood.
Let us, as night is falling.
On God, our Maker, calling,
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

2 Now all the heavenly splendor
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, Thy marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being
For joy of beauty not his own.

3 His care he drowneth yonder
Lost in th' abyss of wonder,
To heaven his soul doth steal.
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife;
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

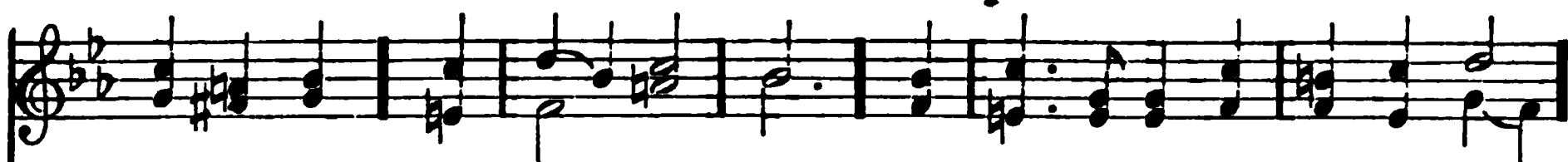
Paul Gerhardt, 1648,
tr. The Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

GLOAMING 8. 4. 8. 4. D.

John Stainer, 1898



The sun de-clines; o'er land and sea Creeps on the night; The twinkling stars come



one by one To shed their light; With Thee there is no dark-ness, Lord;



With us a - bide, And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure This e - ven - tide. A-men.



1 **T**HE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;
With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

2 Forgive the wrong this day we've done,
Or thought, or said;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We'll lift to Thee with grateful hearts
Our morning prayer.
Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide.

Robert Walmaley, 1898

THE BLESSED REST 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby, 1892

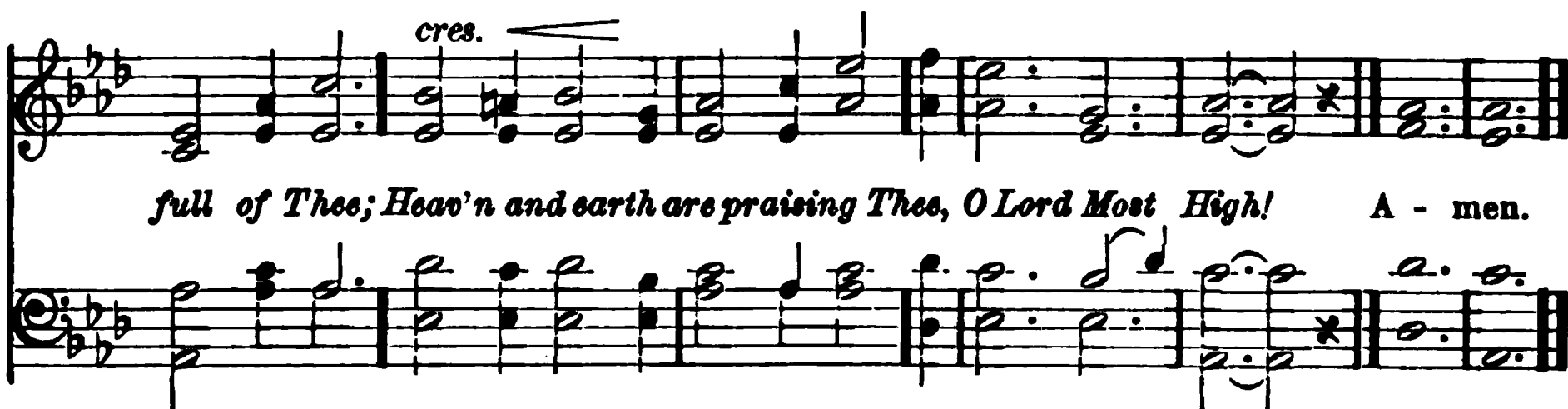
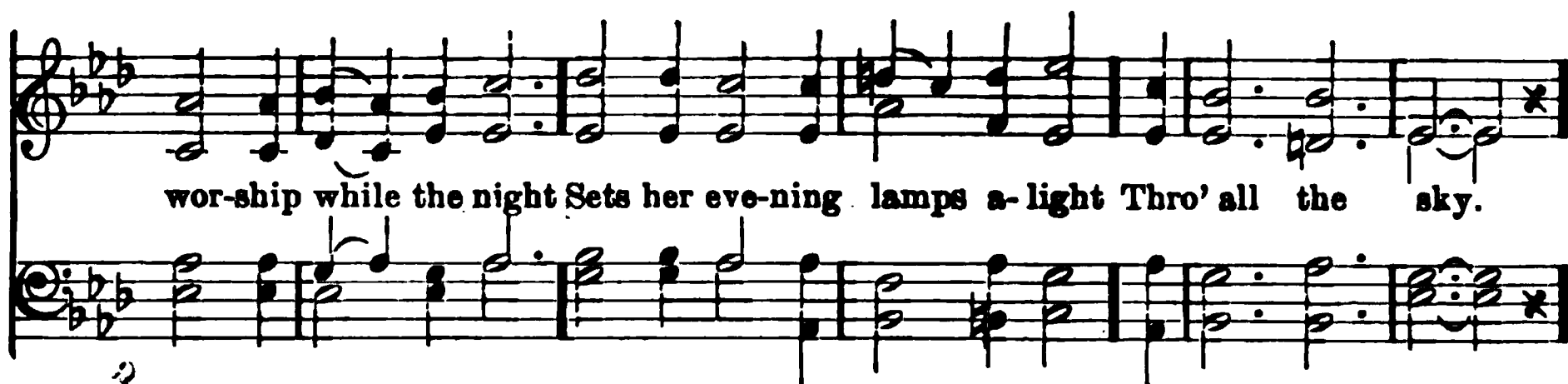
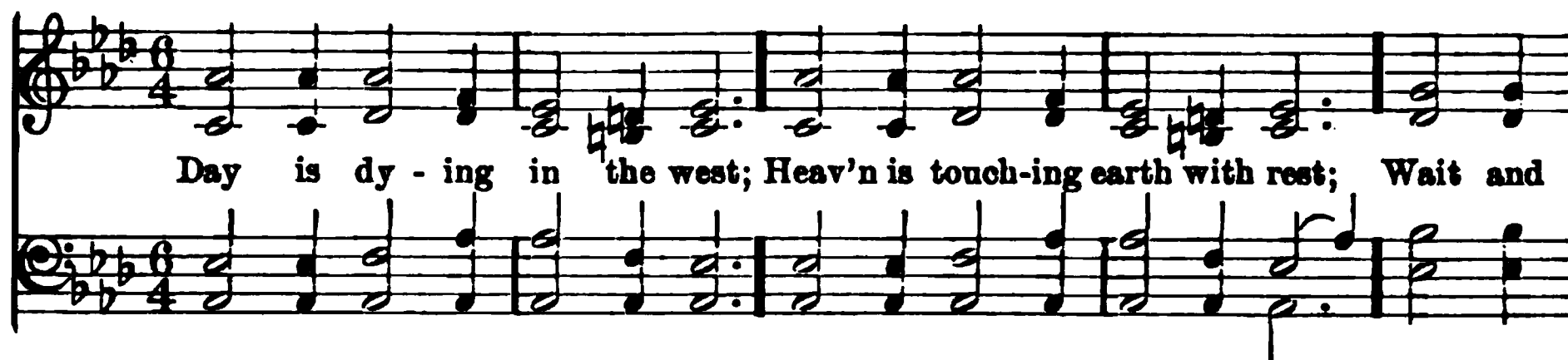
The night is come, wherein at last we rest, God order this and all things for the best!

Be - neath His bless - ing fear - less we may lie Since He is nigh. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE night is come, wherein at last we rest,
God order this and all things for the best!
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie
Since He is nigh.
- 2 Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away;
Master, watch o'er us till the dawning day,
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.
- 3 Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be;
Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee,
In all serve Thee, in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.
- 4 Give to the sick, as Thy belovèd, sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe.
- 5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

CHAUTAUQUA 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. With Refrain

William F. Sherwin, 1877



1 DAY is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee;
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord Most High!*

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face

To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hillea, 1897

The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark - 'ning sky;

Up - on the frag - rance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve - ning lie:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy child-ren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dew's of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862; v. 4, line 7, alt.

EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878

Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re -

pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con -

fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - men.

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

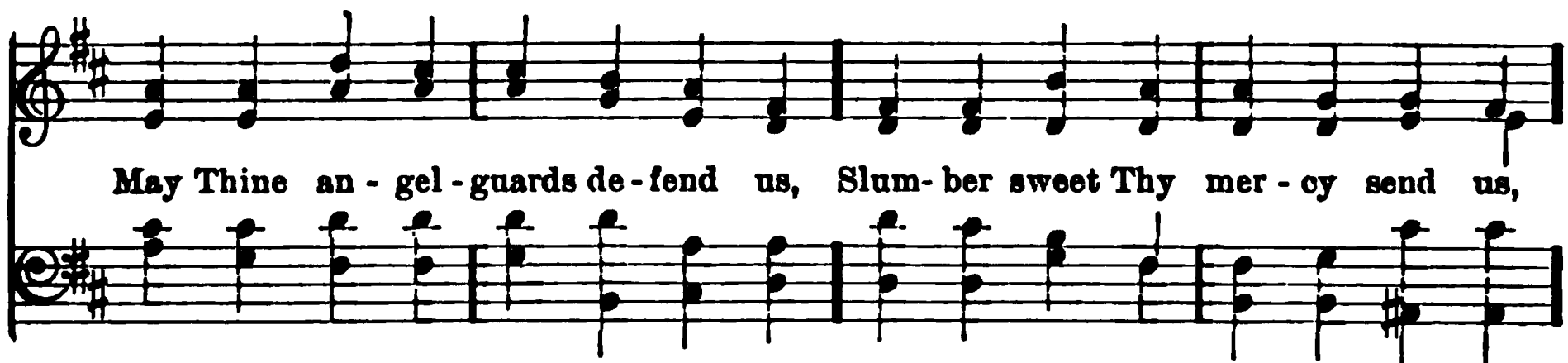
3 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

TEMPLE 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867



1 **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.

From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826; William Mercer, 1864;
Richard Whately, 1838

Evening

AR HYD Y NOS 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. (*Alternate Tune for 578*) Welsh Traditional Melody
E. Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, 1784

God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;

May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - men.

1 **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.

From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826; William Mercer, 1804;
Richard Whately, 1838

NIGHT WATCH 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

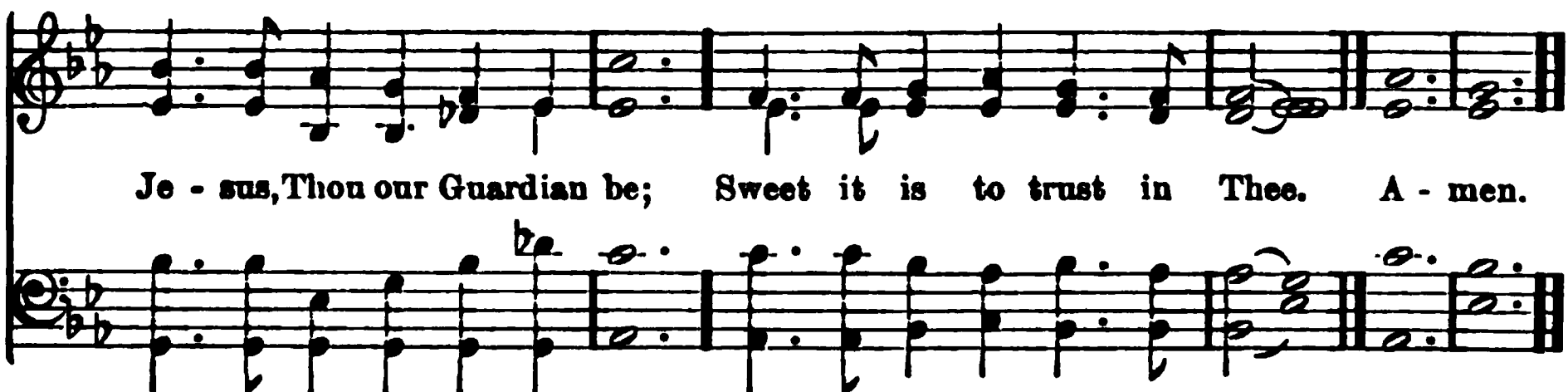
Joseph Barnby, 1872



Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;



Through the si-lent watches guard us; Let no foe our peace mo - lest;



Je - sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A - men.

1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us;
 Let no foe our peace molest;
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;
 In Thine arms may we repose;
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1808

SEELENBRÄUTIGAM 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Adam Dress, 1698

Round me falls the night; Sav - iour, be my Light:

Through the hours in dark-ness shrouded Let me see Thy face un-cloud - ed;

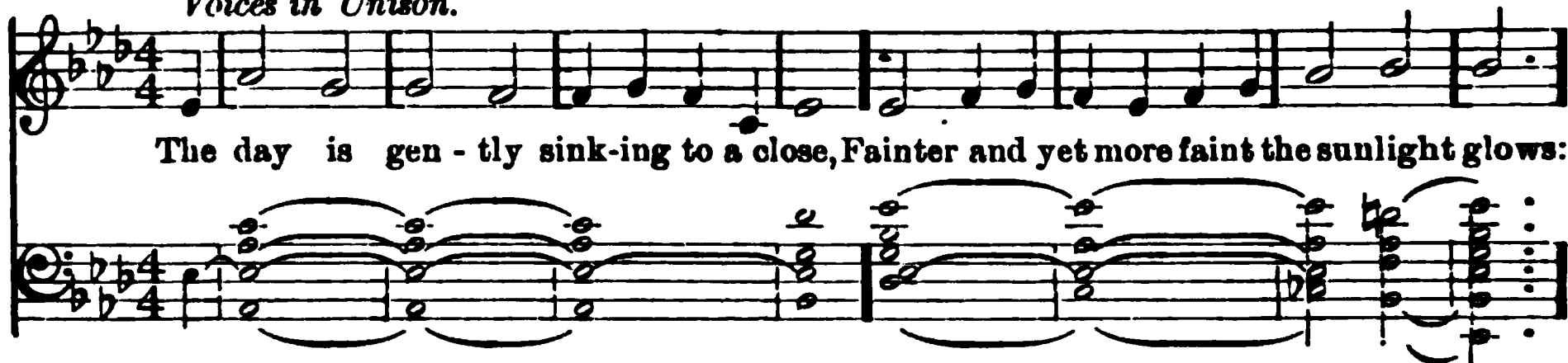
Let Thy glo - ry shine In this heart of mine. A - men.

- 1 **R**OUND me falls the night;
 Saviour, be my Light:
 Through the hours in darkness shrouded
 Let me see Thy face unclouded;
 Let Thy glory shine
 In this heart of mine.
- 2 Earthly work is done,
 Earthly sounds are none;
 Rest in sleep and silence seeking,
 Let me hear Thee softly speaking,
 In my spirit's ear
 Whisper, "I am near."
- 3 Blessèd, heavenly Light,
 Shining through earth's night;
 Voice, that oft of love hast told me;
 Arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;
 Thou Thy watch wilt keep,
 Saviour, o'er my sleep.

William Romanis, 1878

SUNDOWN Six 10s.

John H. Gower, 1890

Voices in Unison.


The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

Voices in Harmony.


O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou, Eternal Light of Light be with us now:

*Unison.**Harmony*


Where Thou art present darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. Amen.

Copyright by John H. Gower

1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I!"

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay:
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

NACHTLIED Six 10s.

Henry Smart, 1872

Hail, glad-dening Light, of His pure glo-ry poured, Who is the im-mor-
tal Fa-ther, heavenly blest, Ho-liest of ho-lies—Je-sus Christ, our Lord!
Now are we come to the sun's hour of rest; All times are or-dered
in Thy word a-lone, There-fore the day and night Thy glo-ries own. A-men.

1 **H**AIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured,
Who is the immortal Father, heavenly blest,
Holiest of holies—Jesus Christ, our Lord!
Now are we come to the sun's hour of rest;
All times are ordered in Thy word alone,
Therefore the day and night Thy glories own.

2 The lights of evening now around us shine;
We hymn Thy blest humanity divine:
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung,
By grateful hearts, with undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life, alone!
Therefore shall all the worlds Thy glories own.

MERRIAL 6. 5. 6. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1869

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

- 1 **N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1863

ST. COLUMBA 6. 4. 6. 6.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861



- 1 **T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The day-light dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

Anon. prob. xviii C. (Latin) Tr. Edward Caswall, 1833

The Lord's Day

MENDEBRAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German Melody Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright! }

On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,

Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" To the great God tri - une. A - men.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing, "Holy, holy, holy!"
 To the great God triune.

2 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of paradise;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

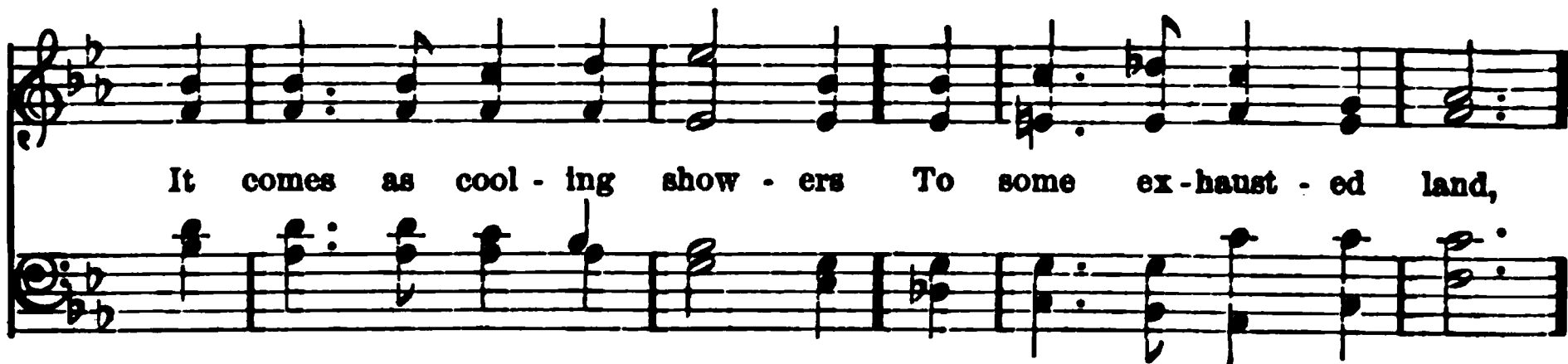
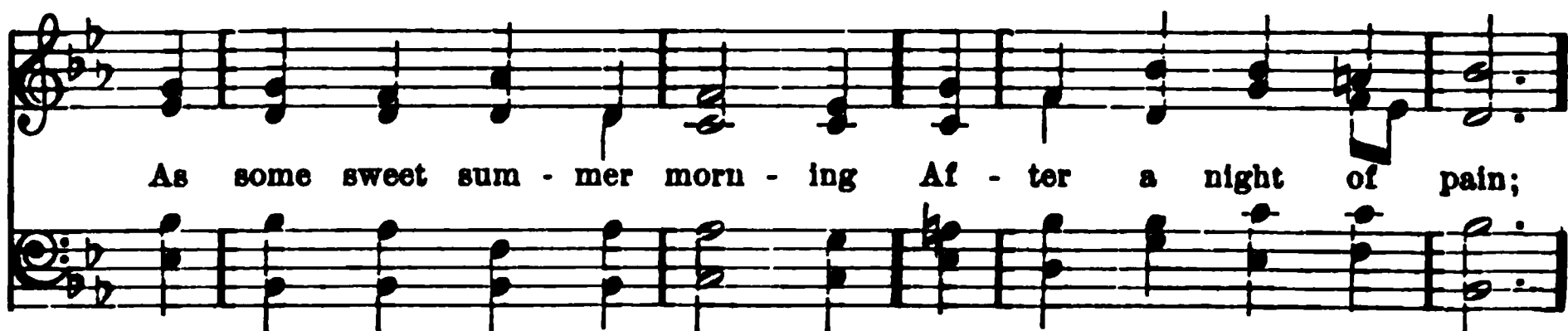
3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul refreshing streams.

4 A day of sweet refection
 Thou art,— a day of love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James Walch, 1875



1 **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

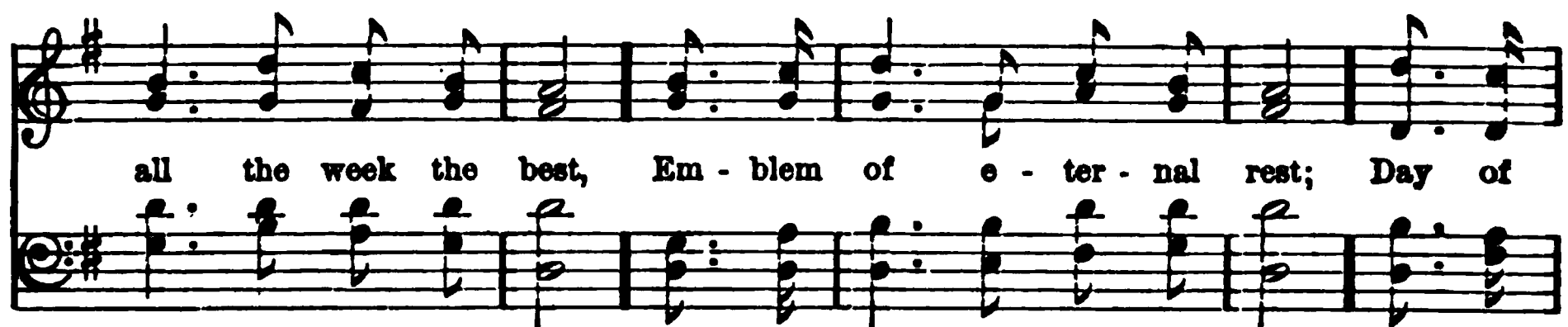
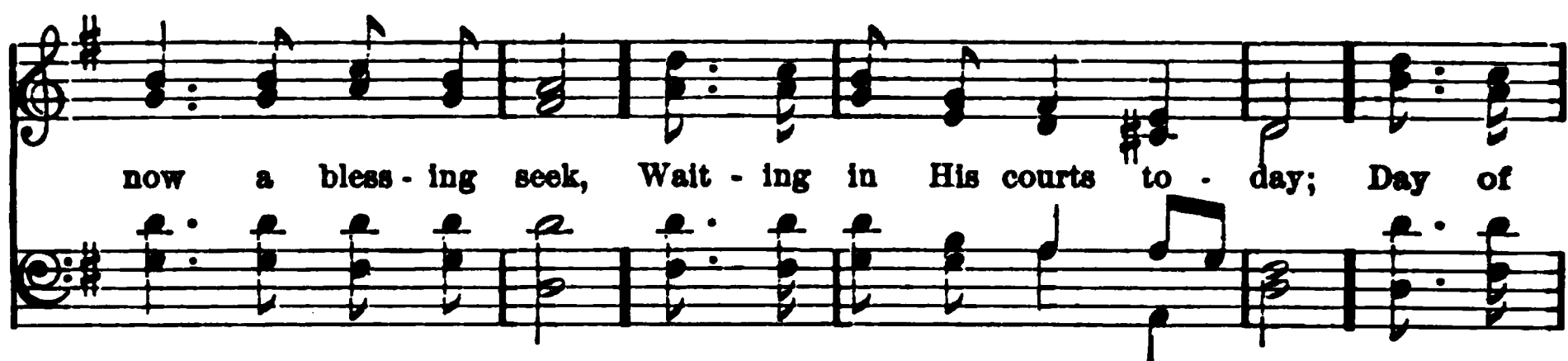
3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won.

4 O Lord, forgive and strengthen:
May we for evermore
Upon Thy peaceful Sabbath
Thy blessed name adore;
Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
Where life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past.

Ada Cambridge Cross, 1888, alt. and arr.

SABBATH Six 7s.

Lowell Mason, 1824



1 **S**AFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciled face;
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise,
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 May the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1774: alt.

HINCHMAN 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Uzziah O. Burnap, 1869

Light of Light, en - light - en me, Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;

Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee; Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing;

With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest. A - men.

1 **L**IGHT of Light, enlighten me,
 Now anew the day is dawning;
 Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
 Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning;
 With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
 Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
 To Thy living waters lead me;
 Thou from earth my soul release,
 And with grace and mercy feed me;
 Bless Thy word, that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying,
 Clear the shadows from my eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire may in me glow
 That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me, with my heart to-day,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee upspringing,
 Have a foretaste inly given
 How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Hence all care, all vanity!
 For the day to God is holy;
 Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly;
 Naught today my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in Thy love.

SWABIA S. M.

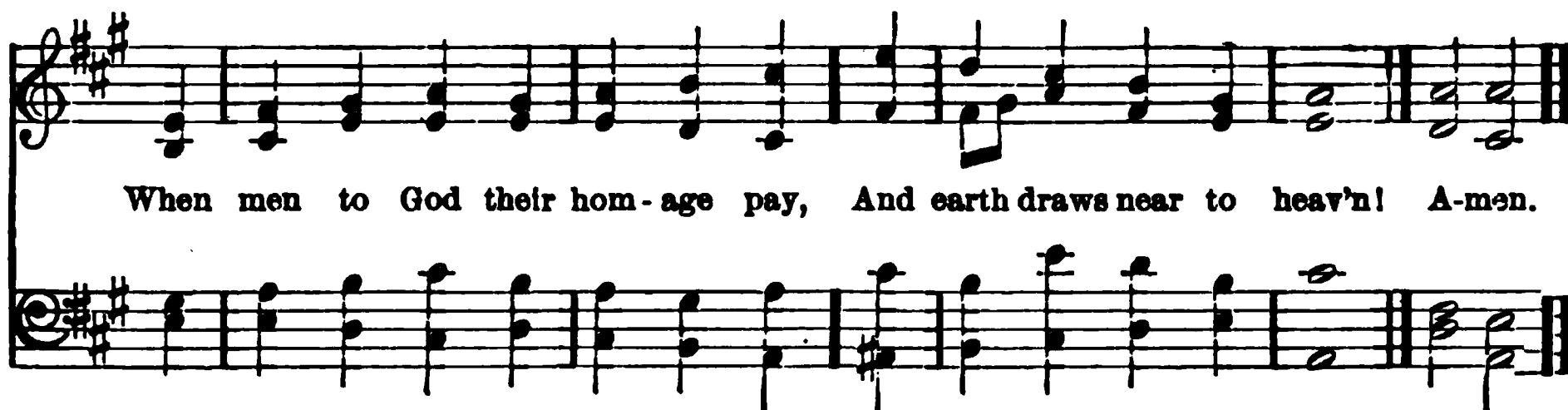
In J. M. Spless's *David's Harppfen-Spiel*, 1745
 Arr. by William H. Havergal, 1847



- 1 **T**HIS is the day of light:
 Let there be light to-day;
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest:
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace:
 Thy peace our spirits fill;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:
 Let earth to heaven draw near;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days:
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death!

DOMENICA S. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874



- 1 **H**AIL to the Sabbath day,
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven!
- 2 Lord, in Thy sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When crowds adore their God;
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.
- 5 Lord, may a holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And grant us in Thy courts to pray
Of pure unclouded light.

Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1882

WAINRIGHT L. M.

Robert Wainright, c. 1790

O God, Thou art my God a - lone; Ear - ly to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pil-grim in a land un - known, A thirst-y land whose springs are dry. A-men

- 1 **O** GOD, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 O that it were as it hath been
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.
- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?
- 6 Praise, with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

James Montgomery, 1822

GARDEN CITY S. M.

Horatio W. Parker, 1890

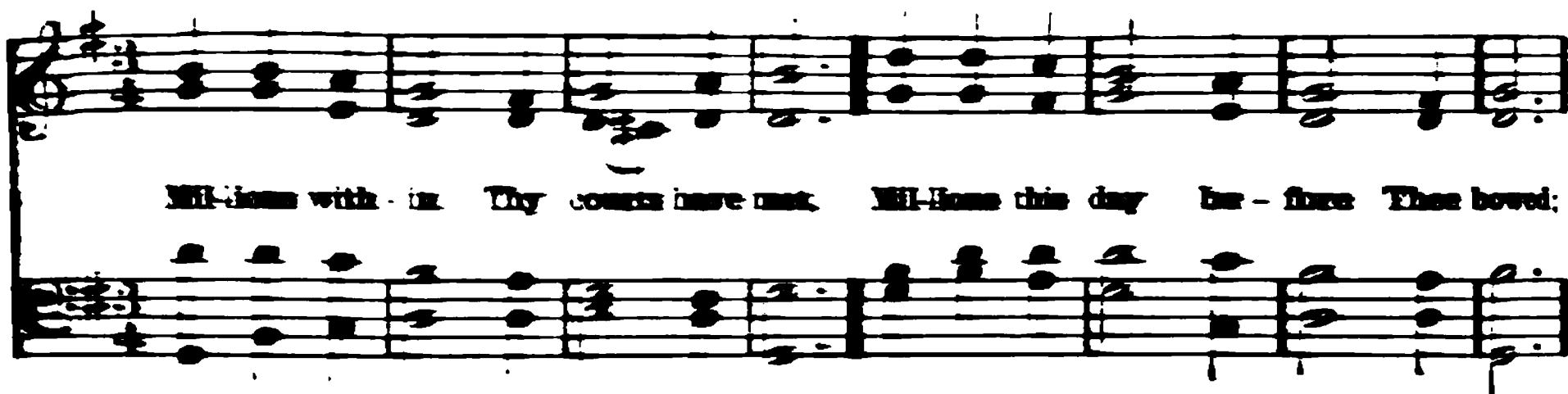
Our day of praise is done,.. The eve - ning shad - ows fall;....

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - men.

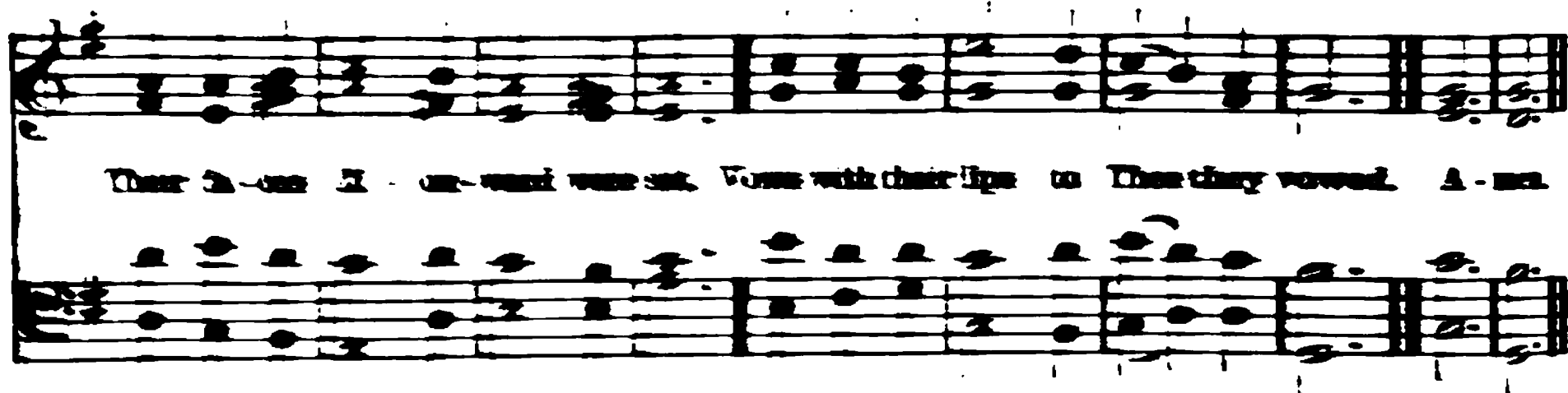
- 1 OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From Ignace J. Pleyel, 1815



Millions with - in Thy courts have met. Millions this day be - fore Thee bowed;



Their faces for - ward were set. Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed. A - men.

1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed:
Their faces forward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

2 Still as the dawn of morning breaks
Of sacred promises of peace,
Thy all-potent power reveals
Salvation all around the world to reach.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south shining beams
And still with evening stars and moon
The same power and love that shines.

4 And now I pray, O Lord, I pray,
That all Thy saints may see Thy face,
To know in truth Thy love and grace,
And all Thy power Thy love and grace.

5 For all Thy saints and all Thy love,
In every age and every land,
Thy love and grace to all Thy saints,
And all Thy power and love and grace.

Times, Services and Seasons

394

Midweek

HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Thou in whose name the two or three Are met to day to meet with Thee,

Ful - fil to us Thine own sure word, And be Thou here Thy - self, O Lord. A - men.

1 **T**HOU in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord.

2 To-day our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

3 Thou, by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our Counsel, Help, and Stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

4 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear;
And when life's working days are past,
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

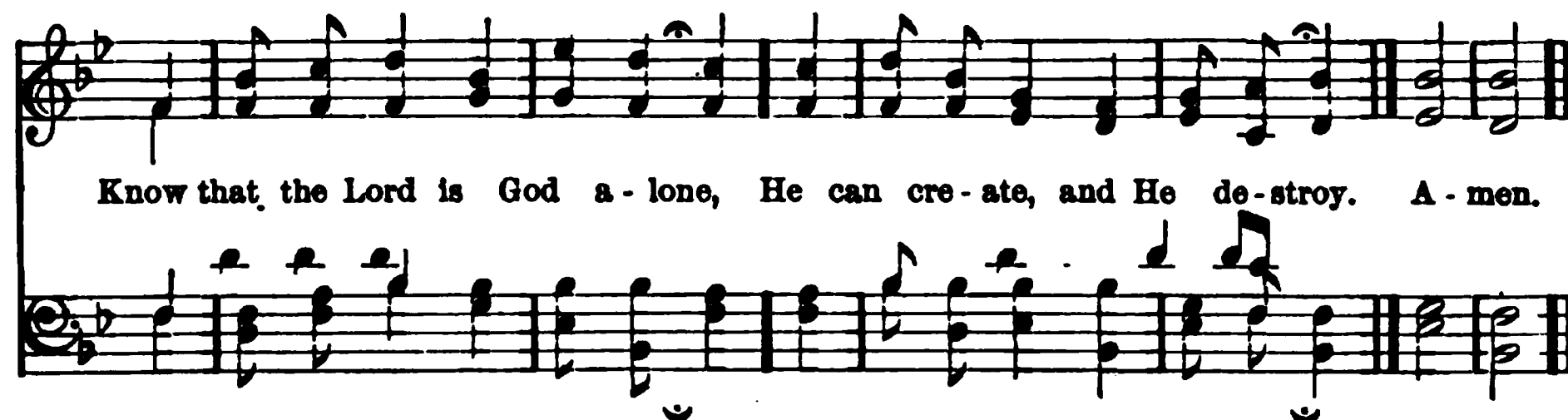
John Ellerton, 1871

395

The Opening of Worship

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

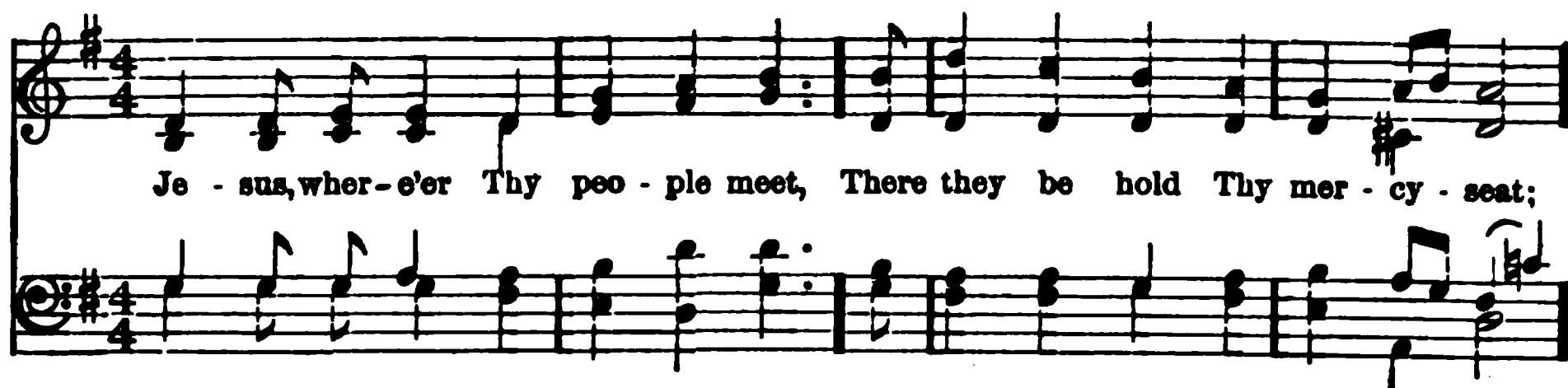
Psalmes octante trois, Geneva, 1551



- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

KEBLE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

MAIDSTONE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1862

Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;

Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.

O my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,

For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace. A - men.

1 **P**LEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast!
 Like the wandering dove, that found
 No repose on earth around,
*They can to their ark repair
 And enjoy it ever there.*

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies:
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length;
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;
 Give me at Thy side a place.
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
 Guide and guard my erring heart:
 Grace and glory flow from Thee;
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

The Opening of Worship

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - men.

- 1 **C**OME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

John Darwall, 1770

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The

dwell-ings of Thy love, Thine earth-ly tem - ples are: To Thine a - bode

my heart as - pires, With warm de - sires to see my God. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!
- 4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719: verses 4 arr.

ST. GREGORY 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Gregorian, arr. by Joseph Barnby, 1888

Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or

through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand, As - sist our

song, for else the theme Too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue. A - men.

1 **Y**E holy angels bright,
 Who wait at God's right hand,
 Or through the realms of light
 Fly at your Lord's command,
 Assist our song, for else the theme
 Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

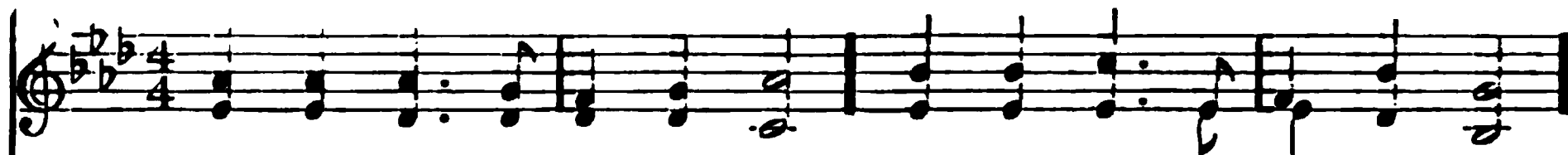
2 Ye blessed souls at rest,
 Who ran this earthly race,
 And now, from sin released,
 Behold your Saviour's face,
 God's praises sound, as in His light
 With sweet delight ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
 Adore your heavenly King,
 And onward as ye go
 Some joyful anthem sing;
 Take what He gives, and praise Him still,
 Through good and ill, who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
 Triumph in God above,
 And with a well-tuned heart
 Sing thou the songs of love:
 Let all thy days till life shall end,
 Whate'er He send, be filled with praise.

ST. BEES 7. 7. 7. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1892



Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;



O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.



1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

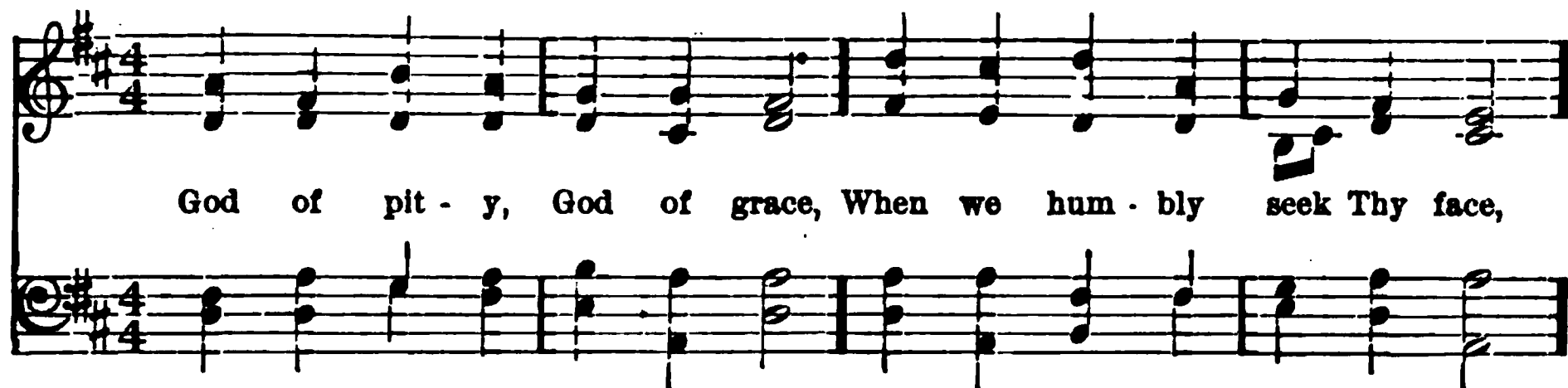
5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up
Strong in faith, in love and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

The Opening of Worship

CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5.

Friedrich Filitz, 1847



1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

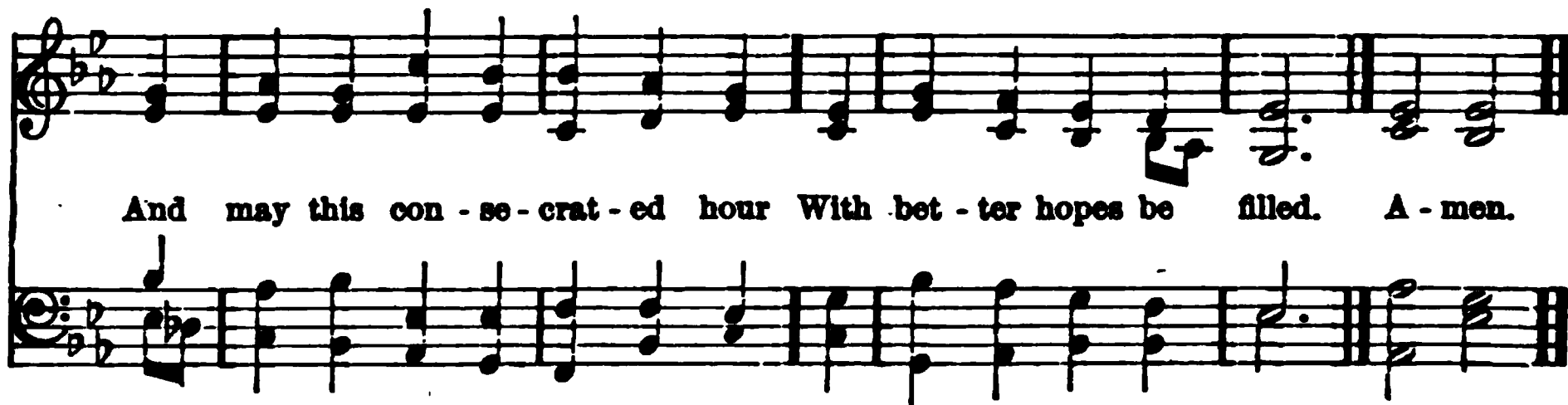
5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive and save.

Eliza F. Morris, 1857

ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1886

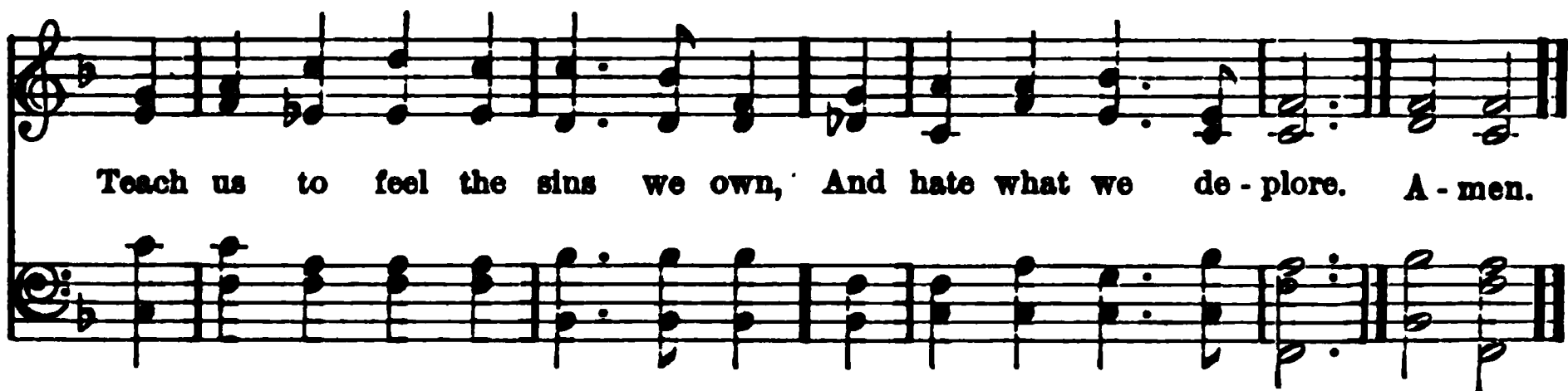
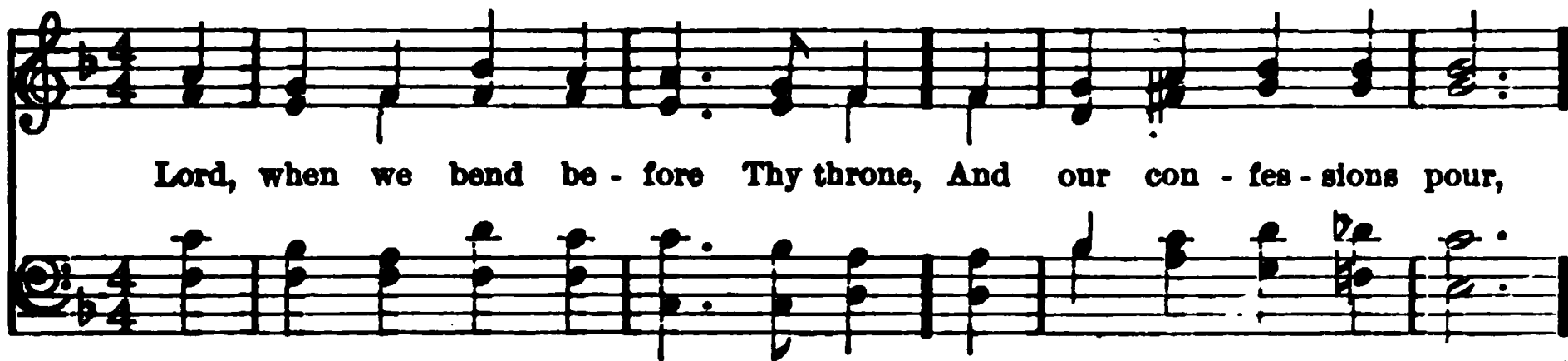


- 1 **W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1788

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874



1 **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle, 1892

WAS LEBET, WAS SCHWEBET 12. 10. 12. 10.

From the *Reinhardt MS.*,
Üttingen, 1754

Wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, Bow down be -

fore Him, His glo - ry pro - claim, Gold of o - be - dience and in - cense of

low - li - ness Bring, and a - dore Him; the Lord is His name! A - men.

- 1 **W**ORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim,
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name!
- 2 Low at His feet lay Thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

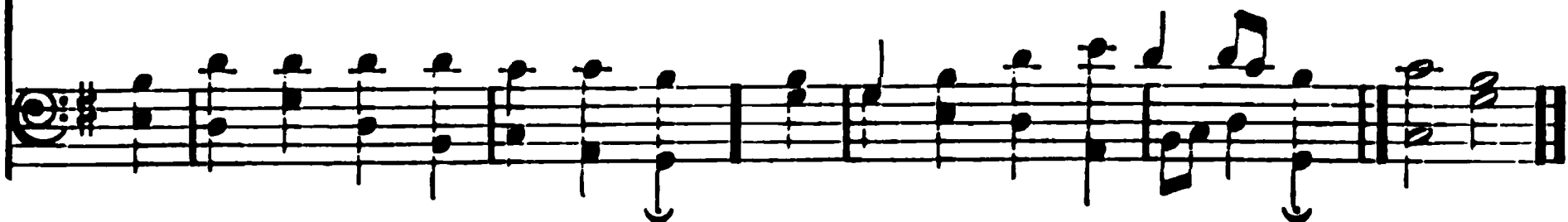
OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Psalmes octante trois, Geneva, 1551

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;



Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A - men.



1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WUNDERBARER KÖNIG 6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. 6.

Joachim Neander, 1650-80



God Him - self is with us: Let us now a - dore.... Him,
 God is here a - mong us: All dis - trac - tions end we,



And with rev-'rence come be - fore Him. } God to name, God to claim,
 And our - selves in hom - age bend we. }



Ren - ders us most low - ly, Makes our hearts His whol - ly. A-men.

1 **G**OD Himself is with us:
 Let us now adore Him,
 And with reverence come before Him.
 God is here among us:
 All distractions end we,
 And ourselves in homage bend we.
 God to name,
 God to claim,
 Renders us most lowly,
 Makes our hearts His wholly.

2 Thou pervadest all things:
 Let Thy radiant beauty
 Light mine eyes to see my duty;
 As the tender flowers
 Eagerly unfold them,
 To the sunlight calmly hold them,
 So let me
 Quietly
 In Thy rays imbue me,
 Let Thy light shine through me.

3 Most majestic Being!
 May I rightly praise Thee,
 And to Thy high service raise me;
 May I, as Thine angels,
 In Thy presence place me,
 That each moment I may face Thee,
 And in all,
 Great and small,
 Seek to do most nearly
 That Thou lovest dearly.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729;
 tr. Henry S. Cobb, 1909

ST. FLAVIAN C M.

Abr. from John Daye's *Psalms*, 1562

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
- 3 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

SAXBY L. M.

Timothy R. Matthews, (1826-

O Thou whose per - fect good - ness crowns With peace and joy this

sa - cred day, Our hearts are glad for all the years

Thy love has kept us in Thy way. A - men.

1 **O** THOU whose perfect goodness crowns
 With peace and joy this sacred day,
 Our hearts are glad for all the years
 Thy love has kept us in Thy way.

2 For common tasks of help and cheer,
 For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
 For moments when we seemed to feel
 The breath of a diviner air,

3 For mutual love and trust that keep
 Unchanged through all the changing time,
 For friends within the veil who thrill
 Our spirits with a hope sublime:—

4 For this, and more than words can say,
 We praise and bless Thy holy name.
 Come life or death, enough to know
 That Thou art evermore the same.

John W. Chadwick, 1869

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zi - on waits; Prayer shall be-siege Thy tem - ple gates:



All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, through Christ, sal-va - tion there. A - men.



1 **P**RAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;
 Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates:
 All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
 And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led,
 How surely kept, how richly fed!
 Saviour of all in earth and sea,
 How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
 Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
 Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
 And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
 Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
 Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
 And nature smiles, and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
 The moral waste within restore;
 O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
 And make us all bear fruit to Thee!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1873

Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be -

neath Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es raise,

To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open sweet mercy's gate and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1884

HOSANNA L. M. With refrain

John B. Dykes, 1885



1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer;
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Reginald Heber, 1811 (Text of 1887)

The Close of Worship

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1860

Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;

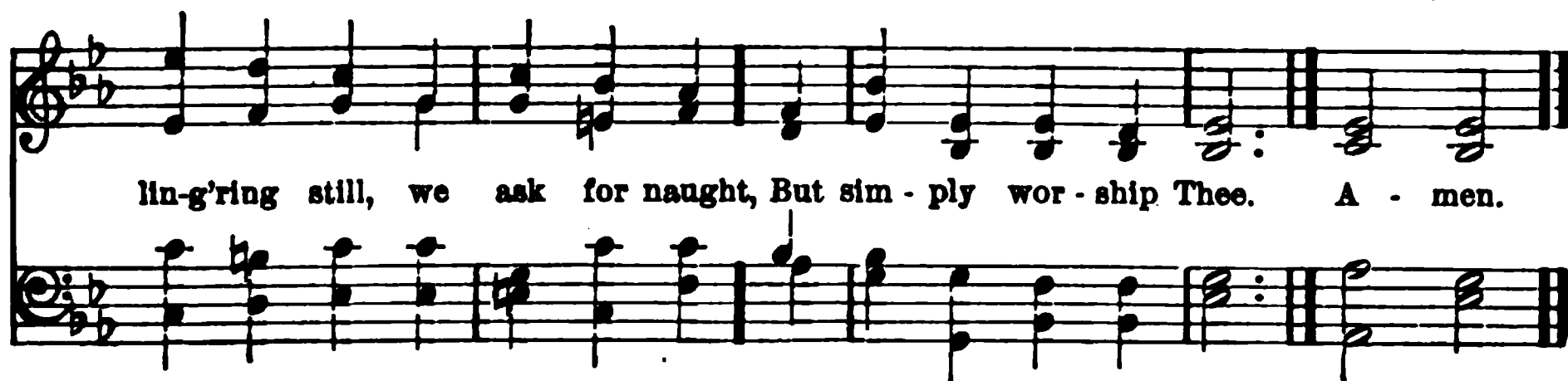
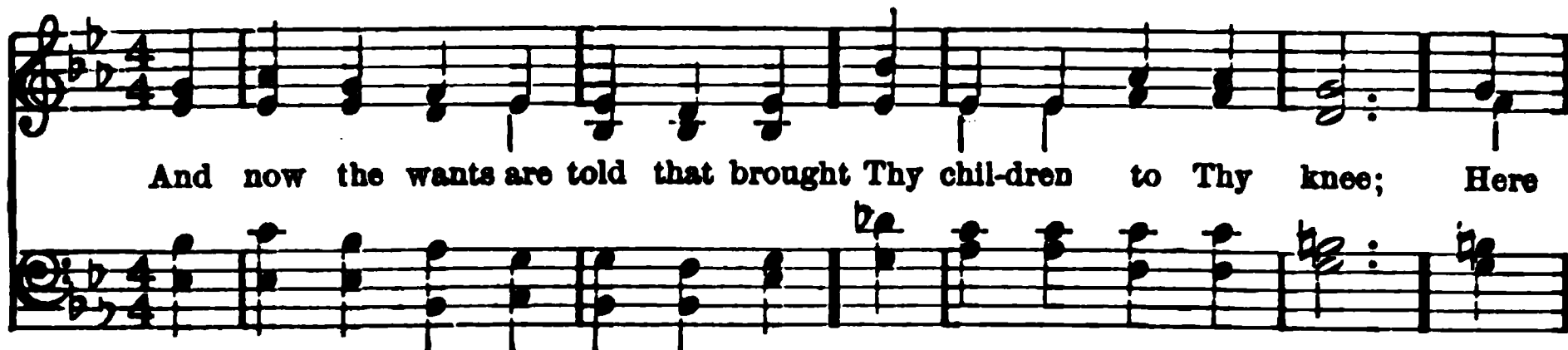
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1863 (Text of 1863)

FINGAL C. M.

James S. Anderson, 1885

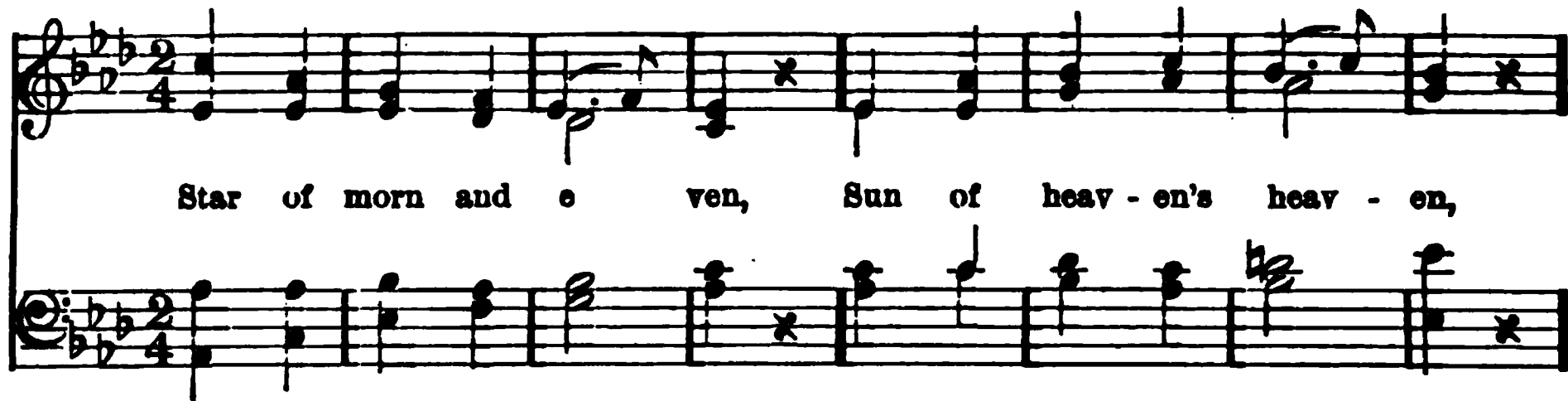


- 1 **A**ND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for naught.
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine,
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

William Bright, 1885

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN 6. 6. 5. 5. 5. 5.

James Tilliard, 1897



1 **S**TAR of morn and even,
 Sun of heaven's heaven,
 Saviour high and dear,
 Toward us turn Thine ear;
 Through whate'er may come,
 Thou canst lead us home.

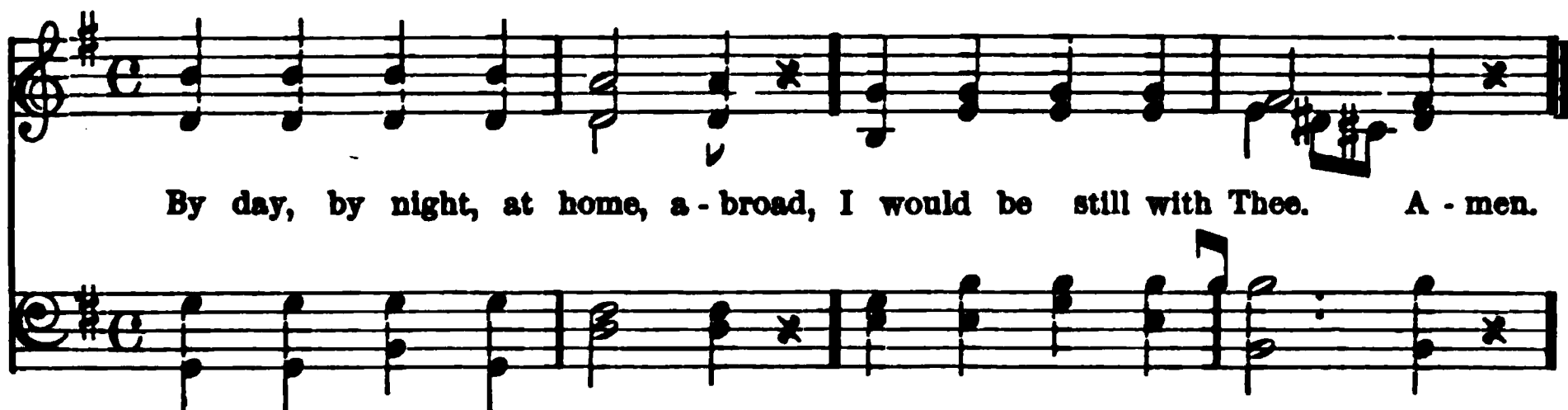
3 Saviour pure and holy,
 Lover of the lowly,
 Sign us with Thy sign,
 Take our hands in Thine,
 Take our hands and come,
 Lead Thy children home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
 Those we leant on leave us,
 Though the coward heart
 Quit its proper part,
 Though the tempter come,
 Thou wilt lead us home.

4 Star of morn and even,
 Shine on us from heaven;
 From Thy glory-throne
 Hear Thy very own:
 Lord and Saviour, come,
 Lead us to our home.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1898

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. B. König's *Harmonischer Liederschatz*, 1788

- 1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

ST. MATTHIAS . Six 8s.

William H. Monk, 1861



Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;

And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - men.

- 1 **S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.*
- 2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

DORNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848



May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa - ther's boundless love,



With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A - men.

1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

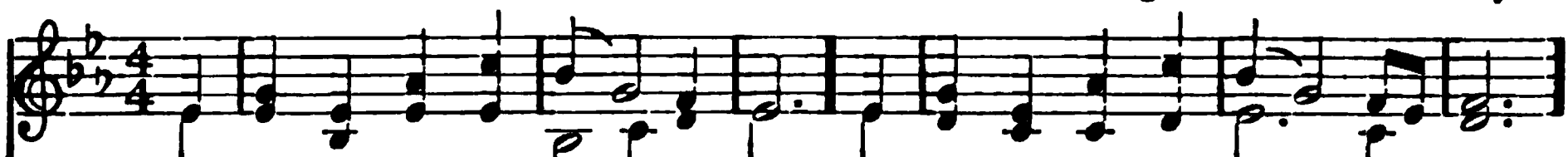
2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779

(Alternate tune for 417)

LODSWORTH Six 8s.

English Traditional Melody



Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;



And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - men.

BELMONT C. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812

The Lord be with us as ... we bend His bless - ing
to.... re - ceive;.... His gift of peace up - on us
send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

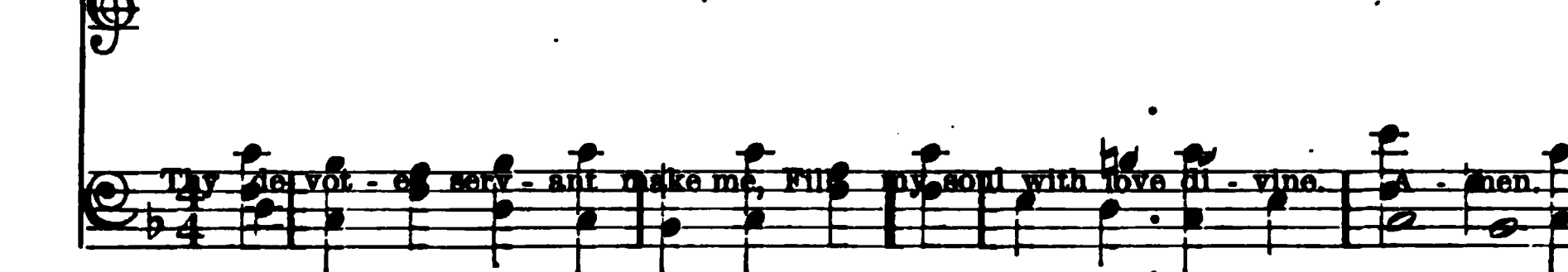
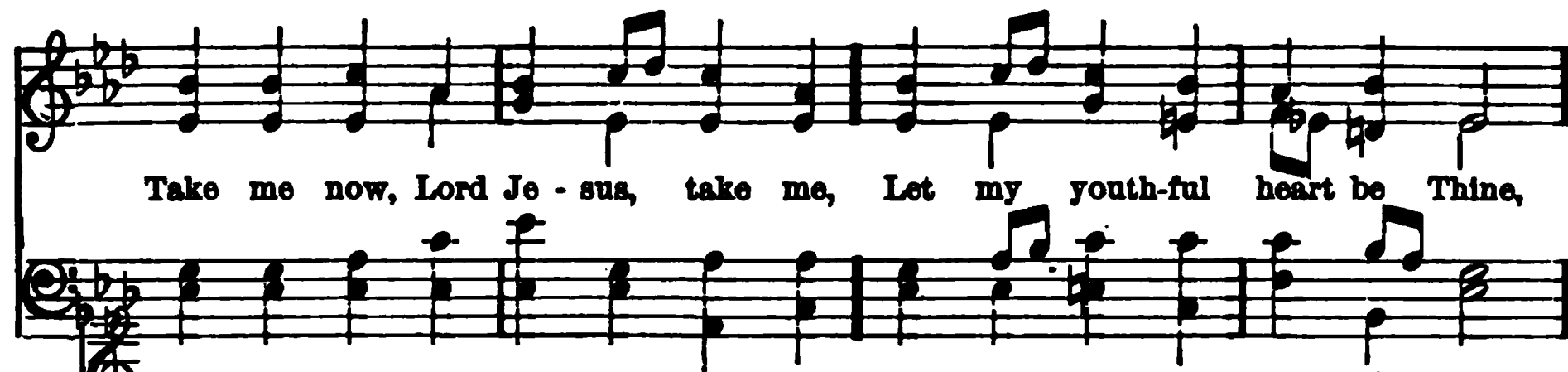
- 1 **T**HE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

John Ellerton, 1870

Confession of Faith

THE HYMN TO JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1824



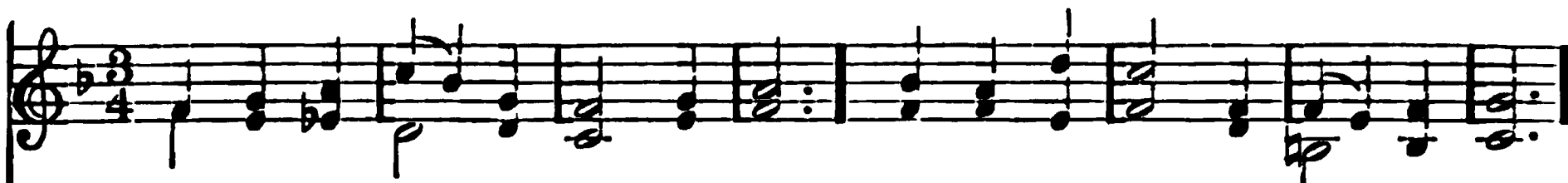
1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine and only Thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine,
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Should'st Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

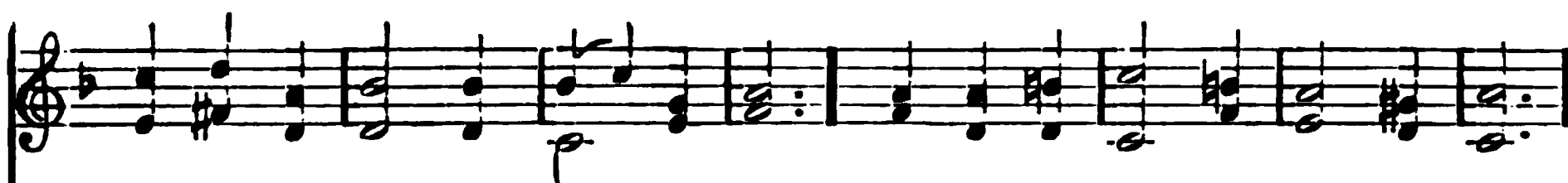
3 May this solemn consecration
Never once forgotten be;
Let it know no revocation—
Registered, confirmed by Thee.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never,
Set Thine image on my heart.

PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

Henry J. E. Holmes, 1875



We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wis-dom, grace, and power;



The things of earth have filled our thought, And tri-fles of the pass-ing hour.



Lord, give us light Thy truth to see, And make us wise in know-ing Thee. A-men.



1 **W**E have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
*Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.*

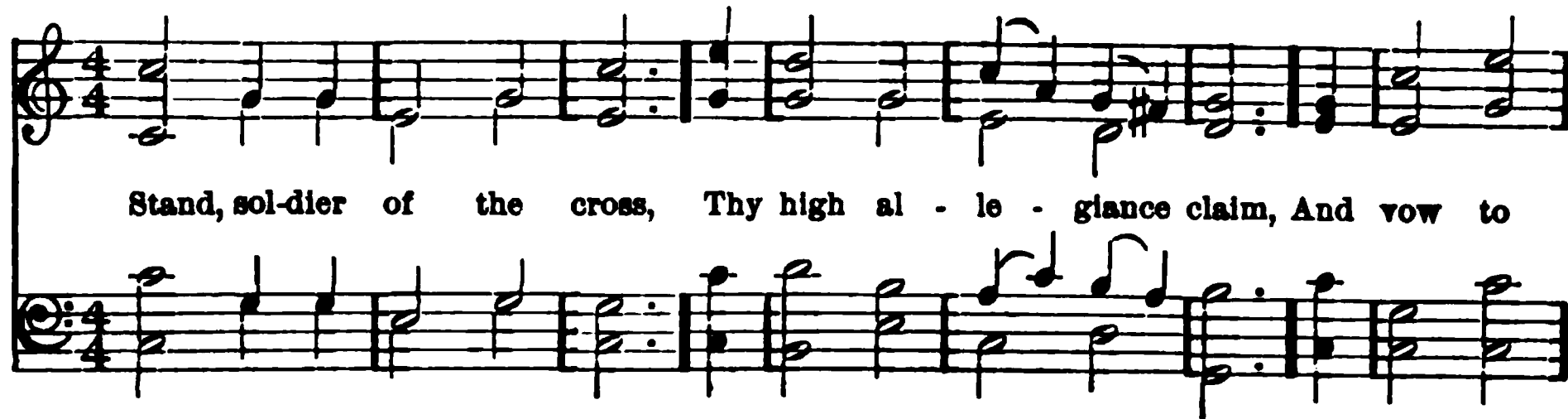
3 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

4 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1899

SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



1 **S**TAND, soldier of the cross,
 Thy high allegiance claim,
 And vow to hold the world but loss
 For Thy Redeemer's name!

2 Arise and be baptized,
 And wash thy sins away;
 Thy league with God be solemnized,
 Thy faith avouched to-day!

3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
 With all the saints of old,
 Apostles, seers, evangelists,
 And martyr throngs enrolled,—

4 In God's whole armor strong,
 Front hell's embattled powers!
 The warfare may be sharp and long,
 The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
 The song of triumph sweet,
 When faith casts every trophy down
 At our great Captain's feet!

POSEN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Georg O. Strattner, by J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705



Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;



Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - men.



1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James W. Elliott, 1874

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Now I re - solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to
serve the Lord; Nor from His pre - cepts e'er de - part
Whose serv - ice is a rich re - ward. A - men.

1 **N**OW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

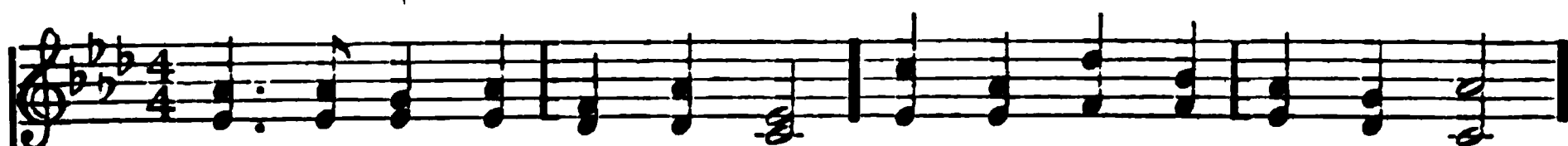
4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760: v. 1, line 1, alt.

Confession of Faith

SPANISH HYMN Six 7s.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1898



When Thy sol - diers take their swords, When they speak the sol - emn words,



When they kneel be - fore Thee here, Feel - ing Thee, their Fa - ther, near;



These Thy chil - dren, Lord, de - fend; To their help Thy Spir - it send. A-men.

1 **W**HEN Thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before Thee here,
Feeling Thee, their Father, near;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help Thy Spirit send.

2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

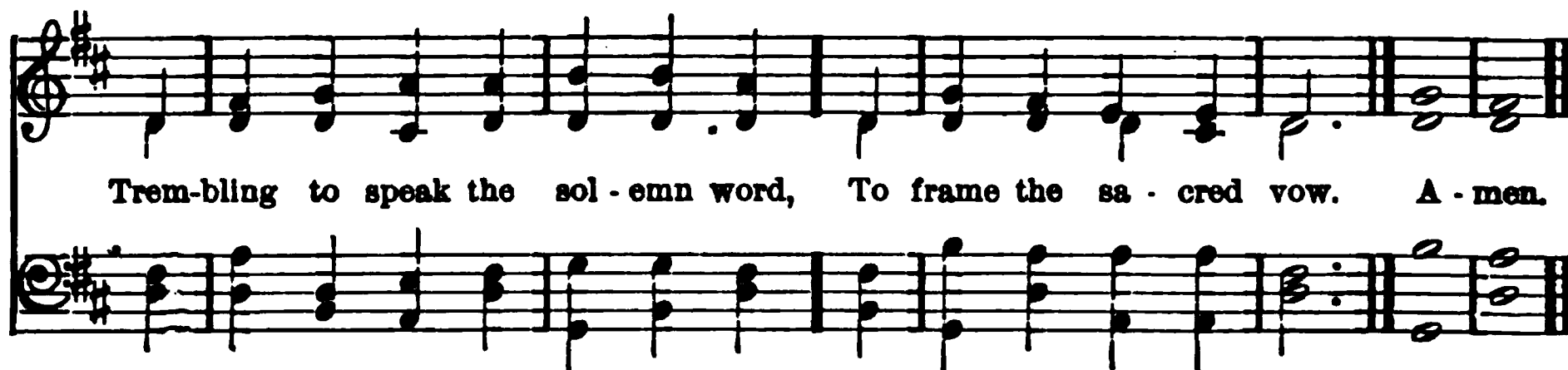
3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
And in death Thy comfort lend.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1567



1 **B**EFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
 Thy sinful servants bow,
 Trembling to speak the solemn word,
 To frame the sacred vow.

2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
 The vain things loved before,
 The wanton deed and word and thought,
 Lord, we renounce once more.

3 Once more we vow the holy faith
 To keep unstained and true;
 Once more we promise unto death
 Thy holy will to do.

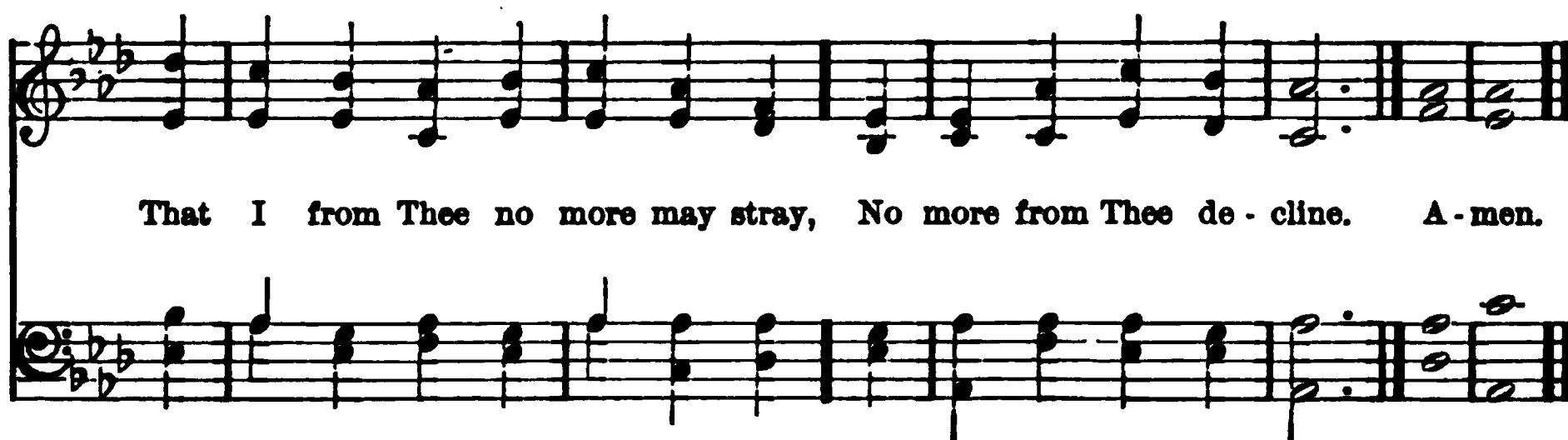
4 Again we gird us to the fight,
 Again we face the foe,
 Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
 Where Thou shalt lead to go.

5 O Father, pardon all the past;
 Give back Thy wasted grace;
 And strengthen us, while life shall last,
 To run the heavenward race.

6 Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
 Our strength and comfort be;
 Then, though we sometime be afraid,
 We still will trust in Thee.

EVAN C. M.

William H. Havergal, 1846



1 **M**Y God, accept my heart this day,
 And make it always Thine,
 That I from Thee no more may stray,
 No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
 Behold, I prostrate fall;
 Let every sin be crucified,
 Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
 To Thee be ever given.
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848

MORLEY 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Thomas Morley, 1867

In life's earn - est morn - ing, When our hope was high, Came Thy voice in

sum - mons Not to be put by: Nor in toil nor sor - row,

Weak-ness nor dis-may, Need we ev - er fal - ter— Art not Thou our stay? A-men.

- 1 **I**N life's earnest morning,
When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in summons
Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
Art not Thou our stay?
- 2 Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled
As we know Thee more;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.
- 3 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,

Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

- 4 Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
In the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.

- 5 Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals;
May our lifelong passion
Be the love of souls;
Let us live and labor,
Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.

Ebenezer S. Oakley, 1885

Confession of Faith

DEVONSHIRE C. M.

Johann G. Frech, 1825



God's trum-pet wakes the slum-b'ring world; Now, each man to his post!



The red-cross ban - ner is unfurled; Who joins the glo - rious host? A - men.



1 **G**OD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world;
Now, each man to his post!

The red-cross banner is unfurled;
Who joins the glorious host?

2 He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host.

3 He who, no anger on his tongue
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host.

4 He who with calm undaunted will
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

5 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

The Lord's Supper

MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1825

Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1886

Be known to us in break-ing bread, But do not then de-part,

Sav-lour, a-bide with us, and spread Thy ta-ble in our heart. A-men.

1 **B**E known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

James Montgomery, 1886

433

LEICESTER C. M.

William Hurst, 1875

I am not wor-thy, ho-ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word, one gra-cious word Can set the sin-ner free. A-men.

1 **I** AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;

3 O come, in this sweet morning* hour,
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

* Or evening

Henry W. Baker, 1875

HESPERUS L. M.

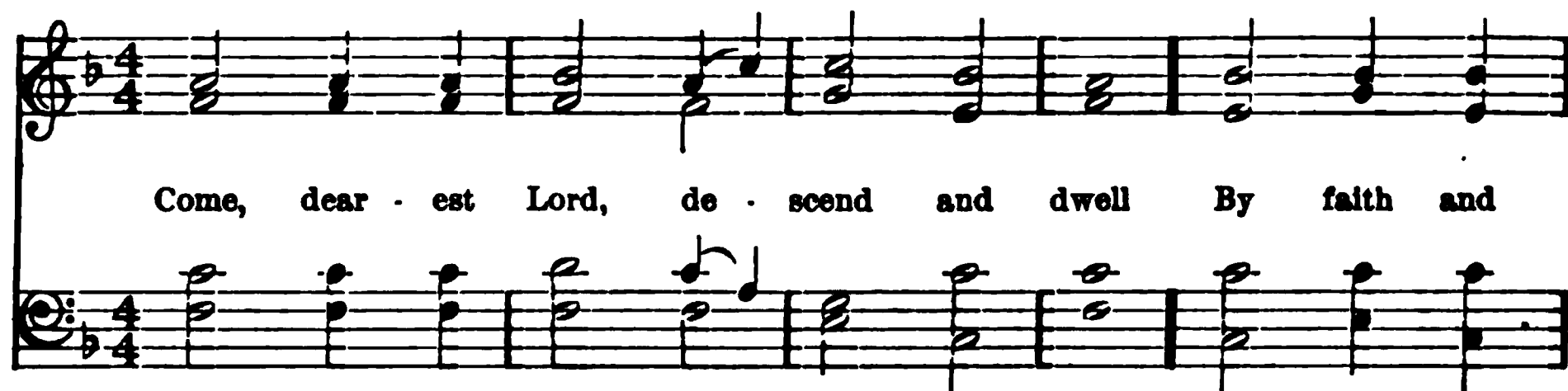
Henry Baker, 1806



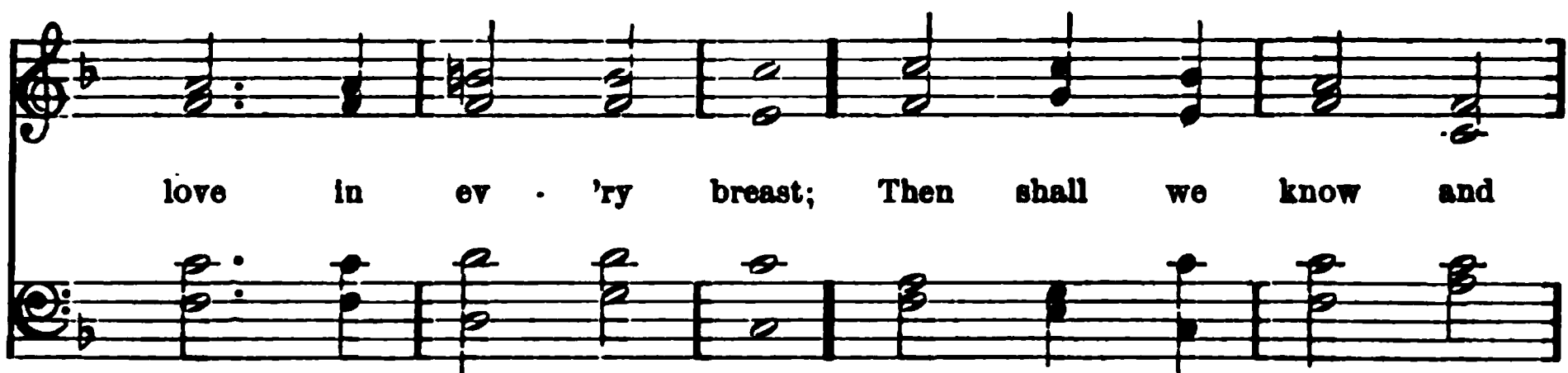
- 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee all in all.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832



Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and



love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we know and



taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed. A - men.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargèd souls possess
And learn the height, the breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

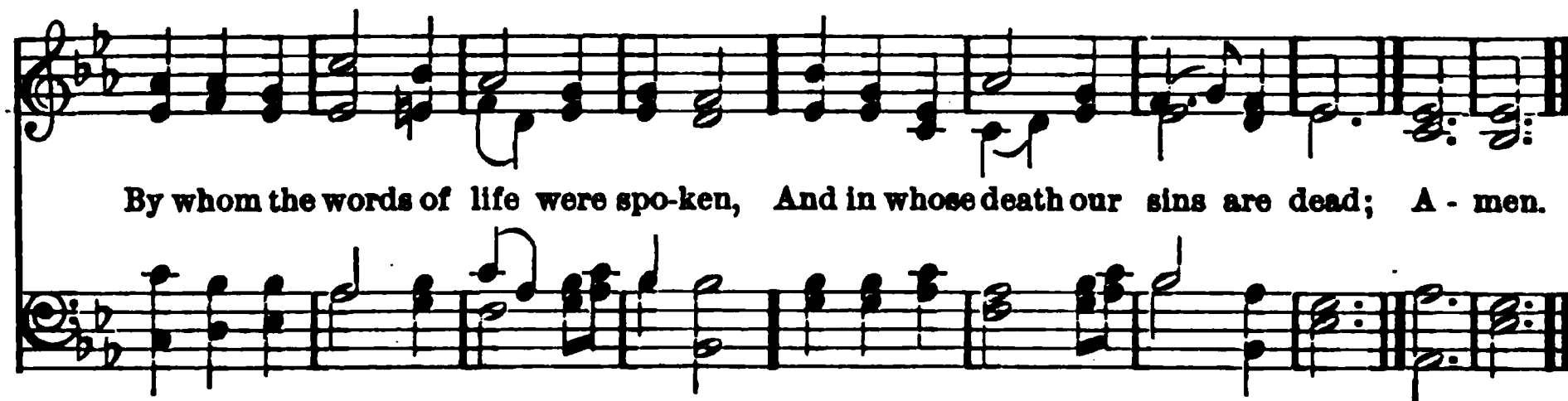
Isaac Watts, 1709

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN 9. 8. 9. 8.

John S. B. Hodges, 1898



Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,



By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

1 **B**READ of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1833

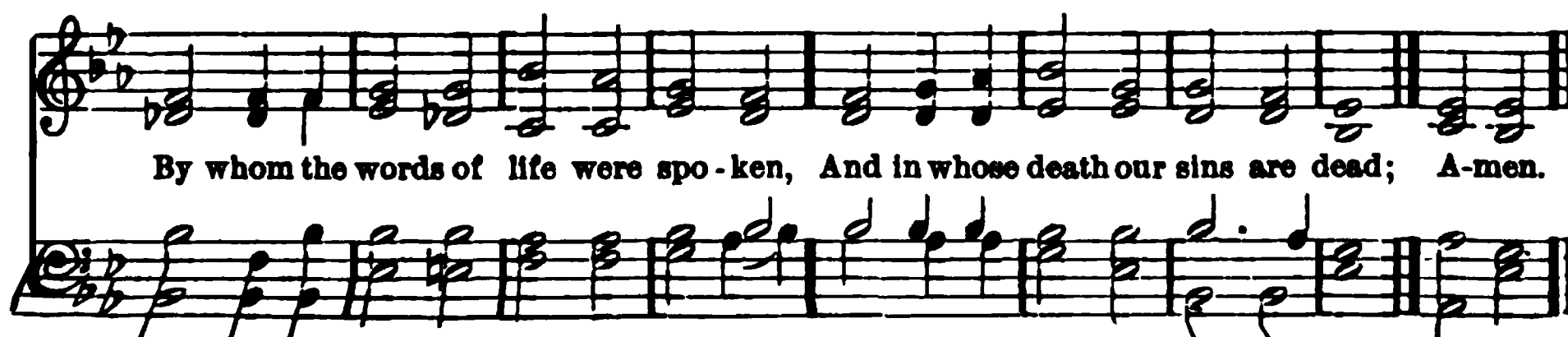
(Alternate Tune)

ELLIS 9. 8. 9. 8.

H. M. W. Moore, 1898



Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,



By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

UNDE ET MEMORES Six 10s.

William H. Monk, 1875

Our God and Fa - ther, mind - ful of the love That bought us, once for

all, on Cal - vary's tree, We join our wills with His, who reigns a - bove,

And, for His king - dom, here pre - sent to Thee That on - ly of - fring

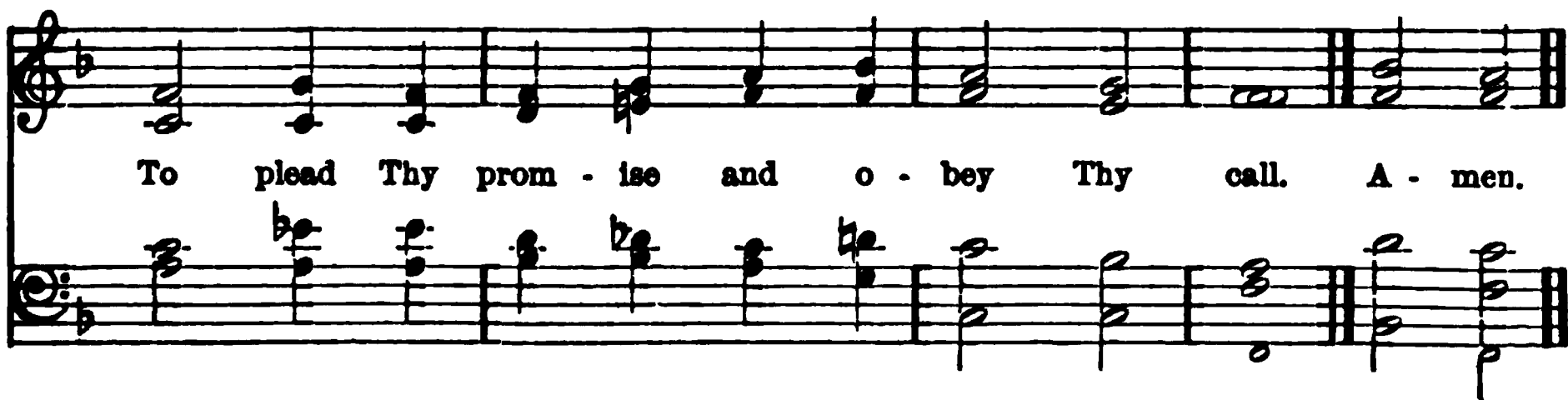
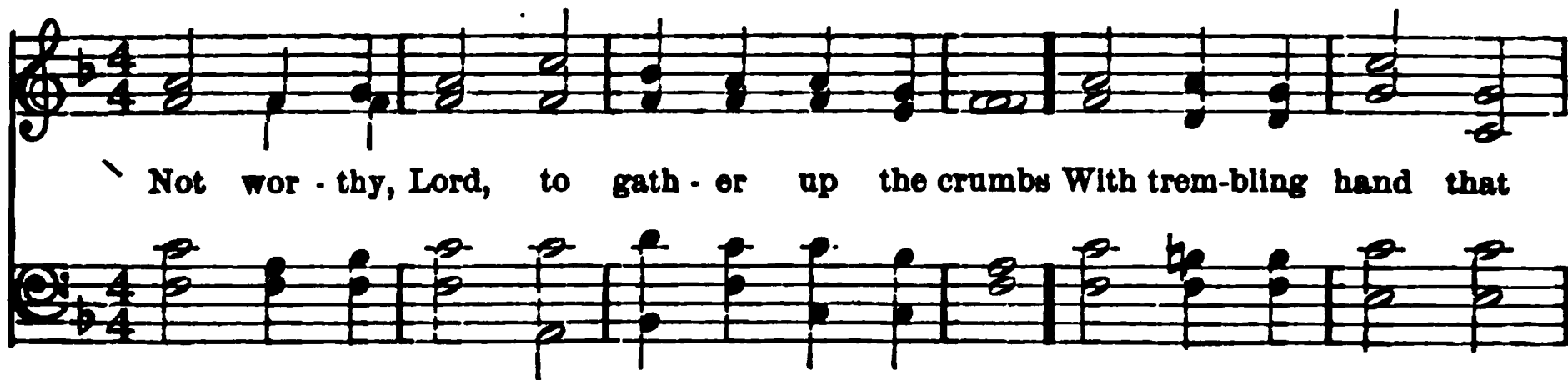
wel - come in Thine eyes, Our - selves, — perforce a will - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 1 **O**UR God and Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Cal - vary's tree,
We join our wills with His, who reigns above,
And, for His kingdom, here present to Thee
That only offering welcome in Thine eyes,
Ourselves, — perforce a willing sacrifice.
- 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And look on us as dedicate to Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo, between our sins and their reward
We set Thy love revealed in Christ, our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By these, Thy heartening tokens, we ap -
peal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear.
And crown Thy gifts with grace to persevere.
- 4 And not for them alone, O Lord, we plead,
But for the world Thou gav'st Thyself to win;
Prepare us by this feast to meet its need,
To succor weakness and to conquer sin;
In this Thy service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

William Bright, 1874
Rewritten by the Editors, 1909

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1851



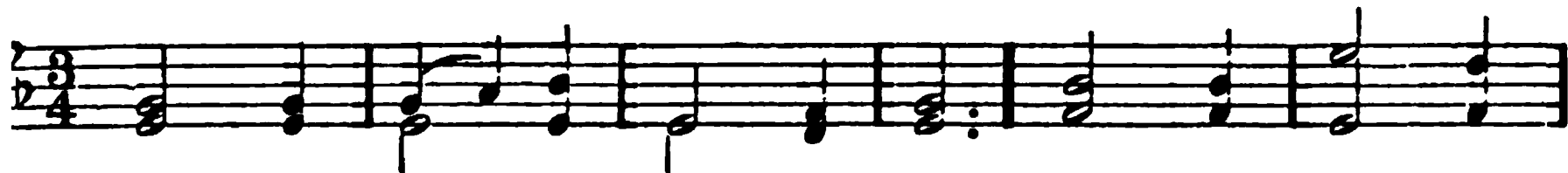
- 1 **N**OT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 I hear Thy voice: Thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee, sup Thou with me.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

The Lord's Supper

LACRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

Arthur Sullivan, 1873



Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry



heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.



- 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

Robert H. Baynes, 1884

MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870



1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
 This is the heavenly table spread for me:
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1855

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1899

Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis-ap-pear; The feast, though not the
love, is past and gone. The bread and wine re-move, but Thou art here,—
Near-er than ev-er,—still my Shield and Sun. A-men.

- 1 **T**OO soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever,—still my Shield and Sun.
- 2 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon.
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy might—Thy might alone.
- 3 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.
- 4 I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,—
Thou, O my Christ, art Buckler, Sword and Spear.
- 5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1770-1837



- 1 **A** PARTING hymn we sing
Around Thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

BATTY 8. 7. 8. 7.

J. Thommen's *Christenschatz*, 1745

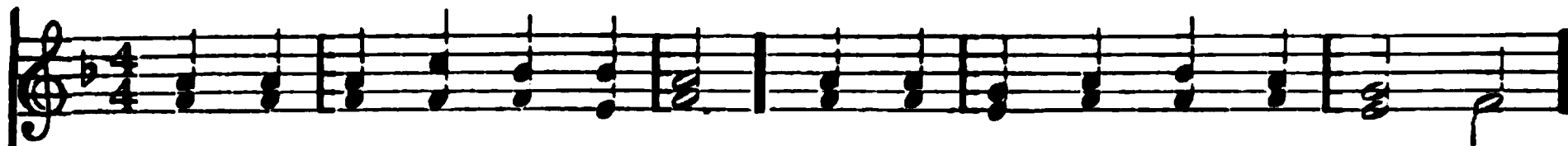
1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread;
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like their Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

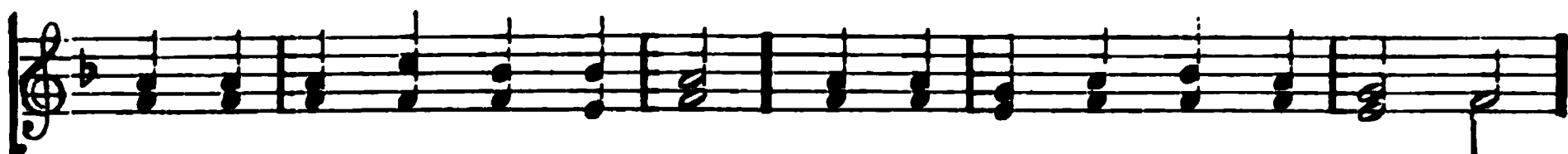
3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

MEINHOLD 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

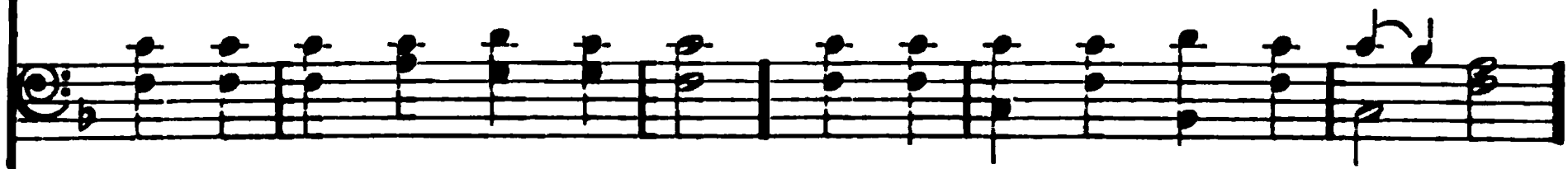
Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch, 1686



Let Thy blood in mer - cy poured, Let Thy gra - cious bod - y bro - ken,



Be to me, O gra - cious Lord, Of Thy bound - less love the to - ken:



Thou didst give Thy - self for me, Now I give my - self to Thee. A - men.



1 **L**ET Thy blood in mercy poured,
Let Thy gracious body broken,
Be to me, O gracious Lord,
Of Thy boundless love the token:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

2 Thou didst die that I might live;
Blessed Lord Thou cam'st to save me;
All that love of God could give
Jesus by His sorrows gave me:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

3 By the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
By the spear wound and the nailing,
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, Thy love unfailing:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

4 Wilt Thou own the gift I bring?
All my penitence I give Thee;
Thou art my exalted King,
Of Thy matchless love forgive me:
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

John Brownlie, 1907: based on the Greek

By Christ re-deemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,

And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come. A - men.

1 **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until He come.

2 His body, broken-in our stead
 Is here, in this memorial bread,
 And so our feeble love is fed
 Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
 His life-blood shed for us, we see;
 The wine shall tell the mystery
 Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
 With the last advent we unite,
 By one blest chain of loving rite,
 Until He come.

5 O blessèd hope! with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait
 Until He come.

Times, Services and Seasons

446

Marriage

O PERFECT LOVE 11. 10. 11. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1889



1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

Times, Services and Seasons

447

Burial of the Dead

REQUIESCAT 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

John B. Dykes 1875

Now the la-b'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past:

Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther,

In Thy gra-cious keep-ing Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep-ing. A-men.

1 **N**OW the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace:
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton 1871

REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none
 ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re -
 pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

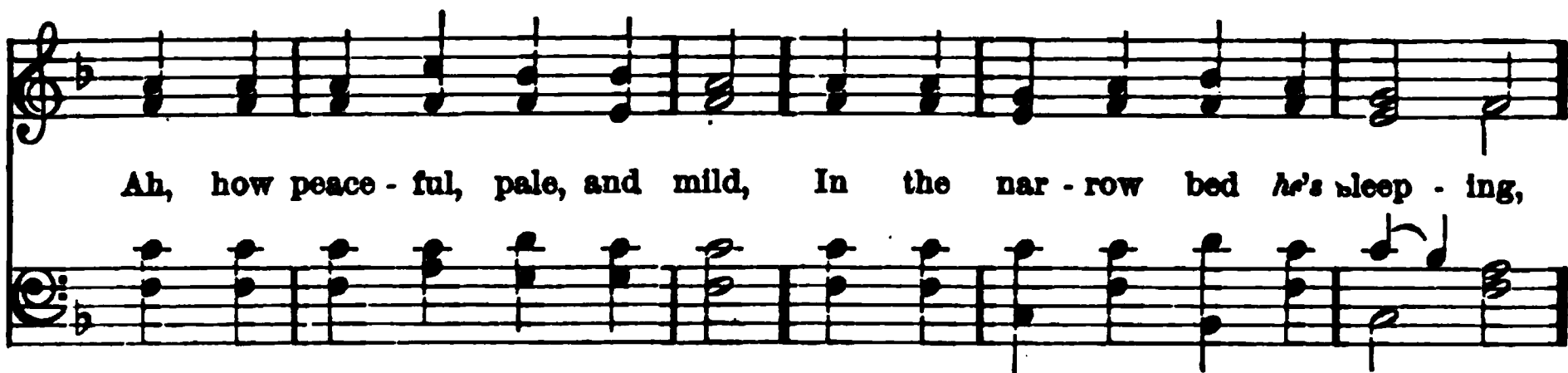
2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death hath lost the venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832

MEINHOLD 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch, 1686

- 1 **G**ENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild,
 In the narrow bed *he's* sleeping,
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave *him*;
 To the sunny, heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive *him*;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now *he* dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where *he* lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That *his* heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

Joseph Barnby, 1893

Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there

be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and

foam, When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain

home. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark!

home. Twi - . . . light and evening bell,

Burial of the Dead

And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well, When I em - bark;

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *rit.*

For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,

f

I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

The Old and New Year

ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,

As dawns the sol - emn bright - ness of An - oth - er glad New Year. A - men.

1 **F**ROM glory unto glory!
Be this our joyous song;
As on the King's own highway,
We bravely march along.
From glory unto glory!
O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of
Another glad New Year.

2 The fullness of His blessing
Encompasseth our way;
The fullness of His promises
Crowns every bright'ning day;
The fullness of His glory,
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
The fullness of His love.

3 And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

4 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1798)

Great God, we sing that might - y hand By which sup - port - ed
still we stand; The op - 'ning year Thy mer - cy shows;
That mer - cy crowns it till it close. A - men.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe, 1782

While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year,
 Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
 We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle none can know. A-men.

1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hast-ed through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below.
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind—

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton, 1774

ST. ALBAN 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1782-1809, by J. B. Dykes

Stand-ing at the por-tal Of the op-ning year, Words of com-fort meet us,
Hush-ing ev-ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Fa-ther's voice,
Ten-der, strong and faith-ful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward, then, and fear not,
Chil-dren of the day; For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way. A men.

REFRAIN.

1 **S**TANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

*Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.*

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;

Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

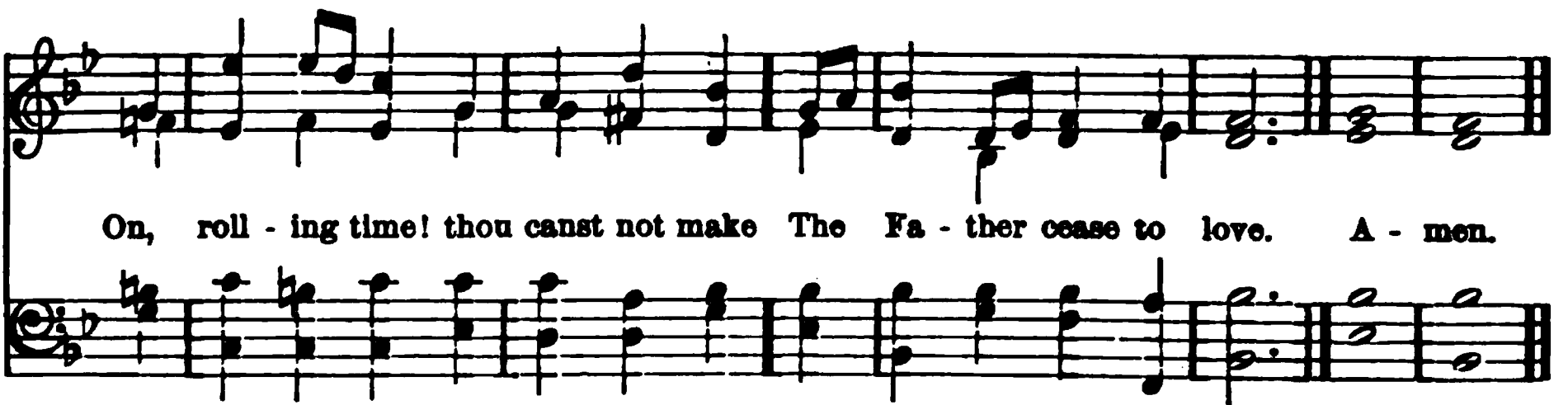
3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

Frances R. Havergal, 1878

MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874



- 1 **B**REAK, newborn year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.
- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight:
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright.
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 6 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

ES IST DAS HEIL

German melody in *Ellich Cristliche Lyeder*, 1524,
harmonized by C. L. Safford, 1909

A - cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet - ing; We seek Thee,
ev - er - last - ing Light, In sol - emn wor - ship meet - ing; And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our ear - nest cry, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing. A - men.

1 **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We seek Thee, everlasting Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

4 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us,
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

James Hamilton, 1862, v. 1, line 8 alt.

Spring

SOHO C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1881

The glo - ry of the spring how sweet! The new - born life how glad!

What joy the hap - py earth to greet In new, bright raiment clad! A - men.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad!
- 2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless,
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewéd earth.
- 3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine,
- 4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancý of prayer!
- 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine,
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.
- 6 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

Summer

RUTH 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Samuel Smith, 1865



1 **S**UMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea;
 Happy light is flowing,
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays;
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth,
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious,
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour;
 For Thy loving-kindness
 Make us love Thee more.
 And when clouds are drifting,
 Dark across our sky,
 Then, the veil uplifting,
 Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light;
 Life is dark without Thee,
 Death with Thee is bright.
 Light of light, shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way;
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

Wm. Walsham How, 1872

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

George J. Elvey, 1858



Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home!



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home! A-men.

1 **C**OME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:—
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

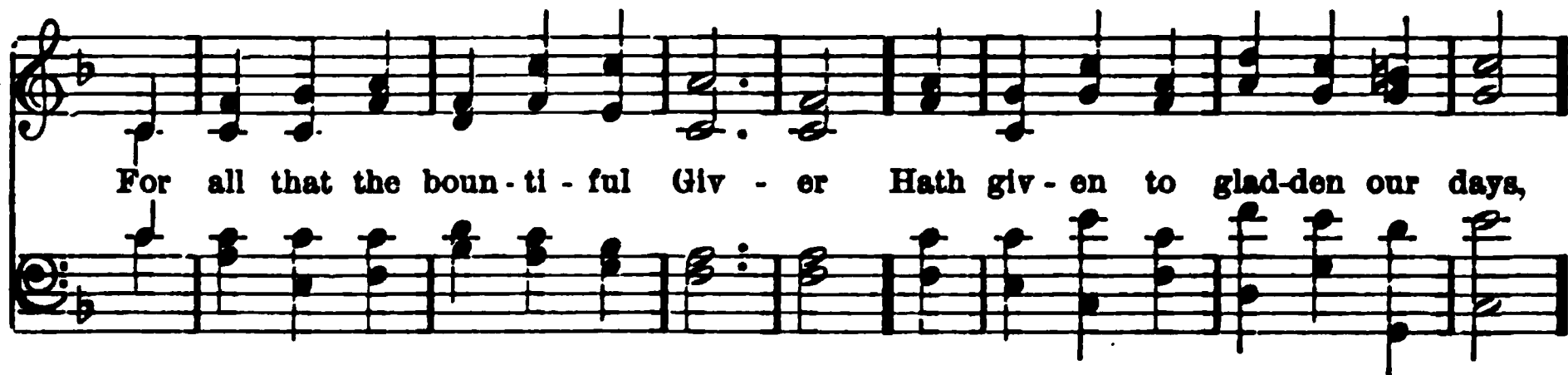
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

Henry Alford, 1844 (text of 1857)

DIE TUGEND 9. 8. 9. 8. D.

Melody in *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, Freylinghausen, 1704
Arr. by Chas. L. Safford, 1909

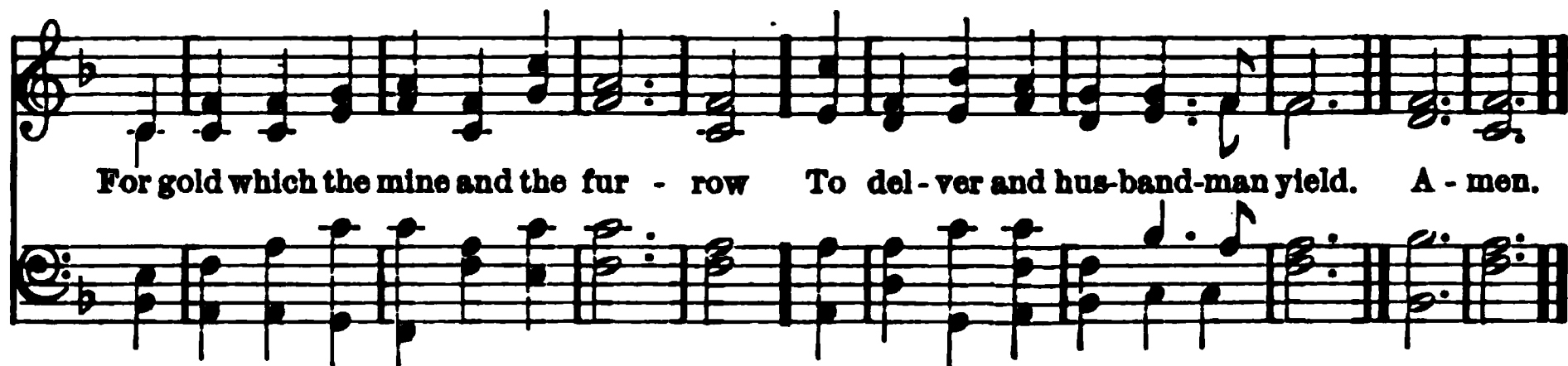

Now sing we a song for the har - vest: Thanks-giv - ing and hon - or and praise



For all that the boun - ti - ful Giv - er Hath giv - en to glad - den our days,



For grass - es of up - land and low - land, For fruits of the gar - den and field,



For gold which the mine and the fur - row To del - ver and hus - band - man yield. A - men.

1 **N**OW sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honor and praise
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days,
For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To deliver and husbandman yield.

2 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,—
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

3 But the song it goes deeper and higher;
There are harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.
O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

John W. Chadwick, 1871

ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

Sing to the Lord of har - vest, Sing songs of love and praise;

With joy - ful hearts and voi - ces Your al - le - lu - ias raise:

By Him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move;

Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love. A - men.

1 **S**ING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise:
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:

He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

Times, Services and Seasons

462

Autumn

LLANGLOFFAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Welsh Melody,
in D. Evans' *Hymnau a Thonau*, 1865

The year is swift - ly wan - ing; The sum - mer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speed - ing; The end is near - ing fast.
The ev - er - chang - ing sea - sons In si - lence come and go;
But Thou, e - ter - nal Fa - ther, No time or change canst know. A-men.

1 **T**HE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.
The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

2 O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

3 O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain, —
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

Wm. Walsham How, 1871

463

Dedication of a Church

DUNDEE C. M.

The old Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee. A - men.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, 1885

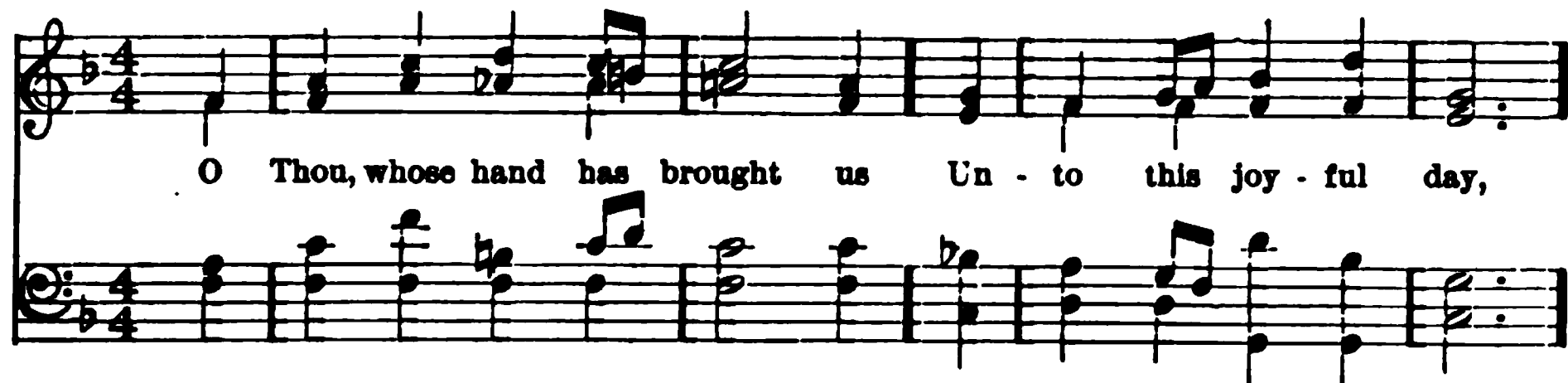
Times, Services and Seasons

464


Dedication or Anniversary

DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James W. Elliott, 1874



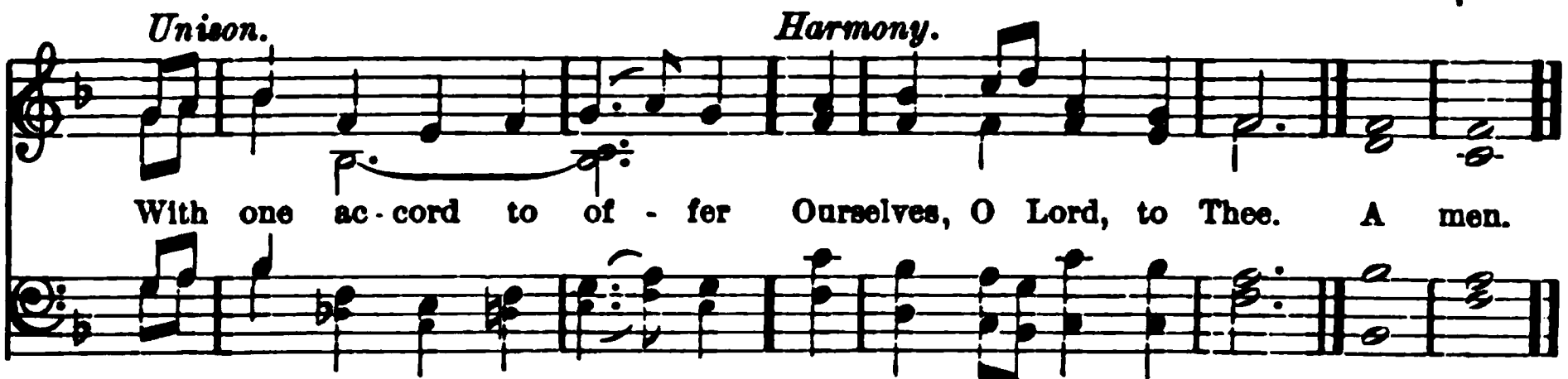
O Thou, whose hand has brought us Un - to this joy - ful day,



Ac - cept our glad thanks-giv - ing, And list - en as we pray;



And may our prep - a - ra - tion For this day's serv - ice be



With one ac - cord to of - fer Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee. A men.

1 **O** THOU, whose hand has brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray;
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

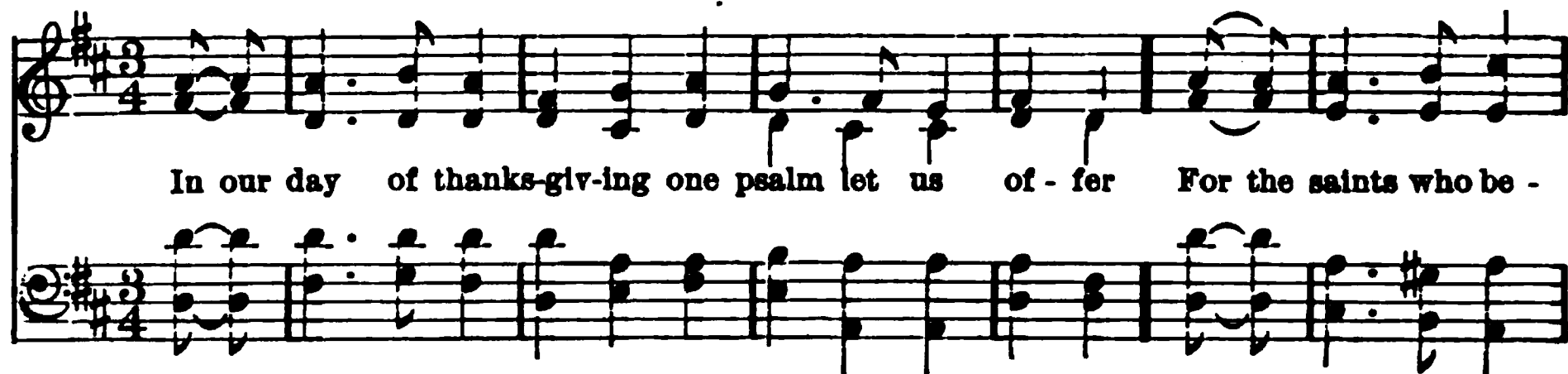
2 For this Thy house we praise Thee,
Reared by Thine own command,
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see,
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above,
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love,

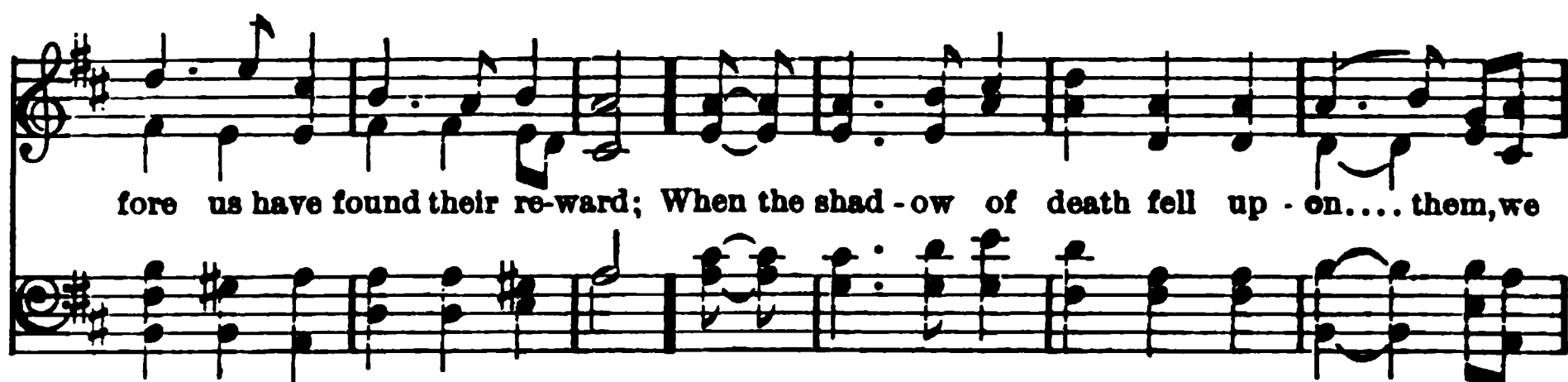
4 And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this its chief distinction,
Its glory, ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee,

Frederic W. Goadby, 1879, v. 2, line 1, alt.

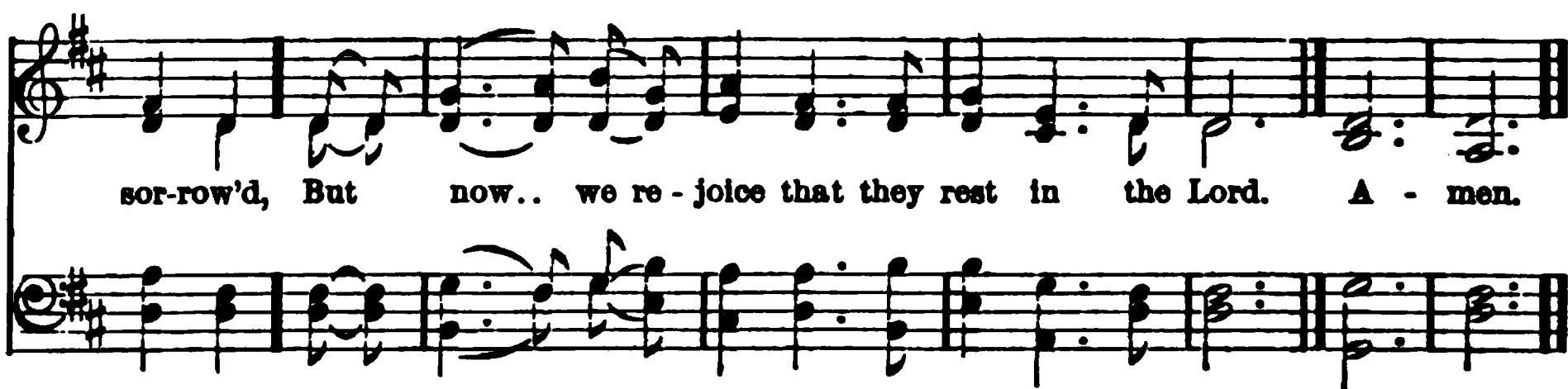
NETHERLANDS 13. 12. 13. 12.

Old Dutch melody in the *Collection*
by Adrianus Valerius, 1625


In our day of thanks-giv-ing one psalm let us of - fer For the saints who be -



fore us have found their re-ward; When the shad - ow of death fell up - on.... them, we



sor-row'd, But now.. we re - joice that they rest in the Lord. A - men.

1 **I**N our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us offer
For the saints who before us have found their reward;
When the shadow of death fell upon them, we sorrowed,
But now we rejoice that they rest in the Lord.

2 In the morning of life, and at noon, and at even,
He called them away from our worship below;
But not till His mercy and tender compassion
Had girt them with grace for the way they should go.

3 These stones that have echoed their praises are holy,
And dear is the ground where their feet have once trod;
Yet here they confessed they were strangers and pilgrims,
And still they were seeking the city of God.

4 Sing praise, then, for all who here sought and here found Him,
Whose journey is ended, whose perils are past;
They believed in the Light; and its glory is round them,
Where the clouds of earth's sorrow are lifted at last.

William H. Draper, 1894, 1910

Farewell Service

GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. With refrain

William G. Tomer, 1882

God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A - men.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

1 **G**OD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.
*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you, —
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1892

For Those at Sea

MELITA Six 8s.

John B. Dykes, 1881

E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,

Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A - men.

1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860 (text of 1869)

Children's Hymns

STILLE NACHT Irregular

Franz Gruber, 1818

Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der
 where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
 Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace. A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY night! peaceful night!
 All is dark, save the light
 Yonder where they sweet vigils keep
 O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
 Rests in heavenly peace,
 Rests in heavenly peace.
- 2 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Only for shepherds' sight
 Came blest visions of angel throngs,
 With their loud alleluia songs,
 Saying, Christ is come,
 Saying, Christ is come.
- 3 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Child of heaven, O how bright
 Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born!
 Blest indeed was that happy morn;
 Full of heavenly joy,
 Full of heavenly joy.

Joseph Mohr, 1818, tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1893

MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

Let fol - ly praise that fan - cy loves, I praise and love that Child

Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word, Whose hand no deed de - filed.

I praise Him most, I love Him best, All praise and love is His;.....

While Him I love, in Him I live, And can - not live a - miss. A - men.

1 **L**ET folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no
word,
Whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

2 Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
Man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
All times will try Him true.

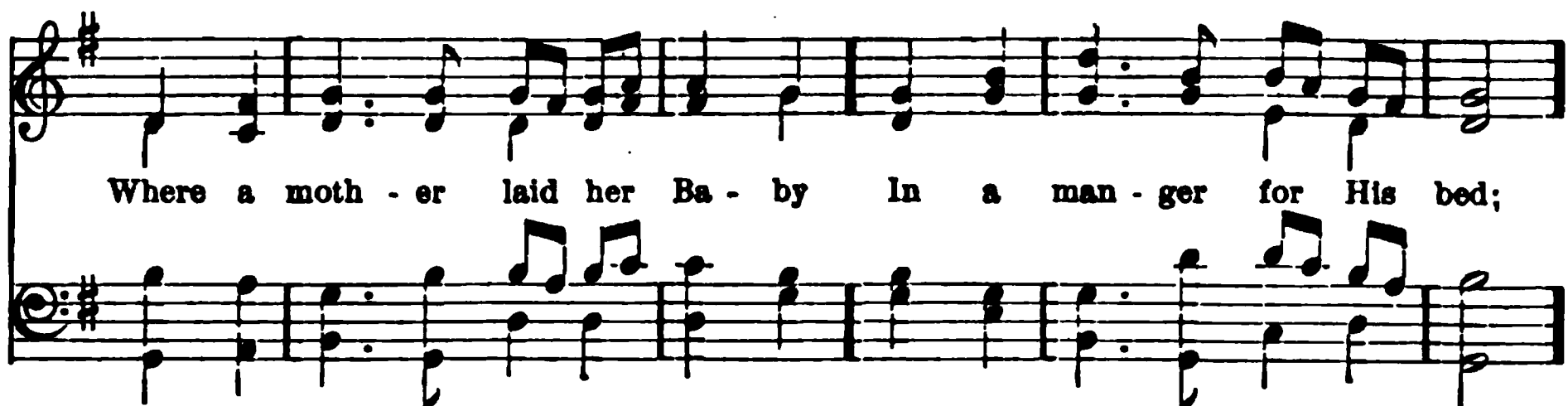
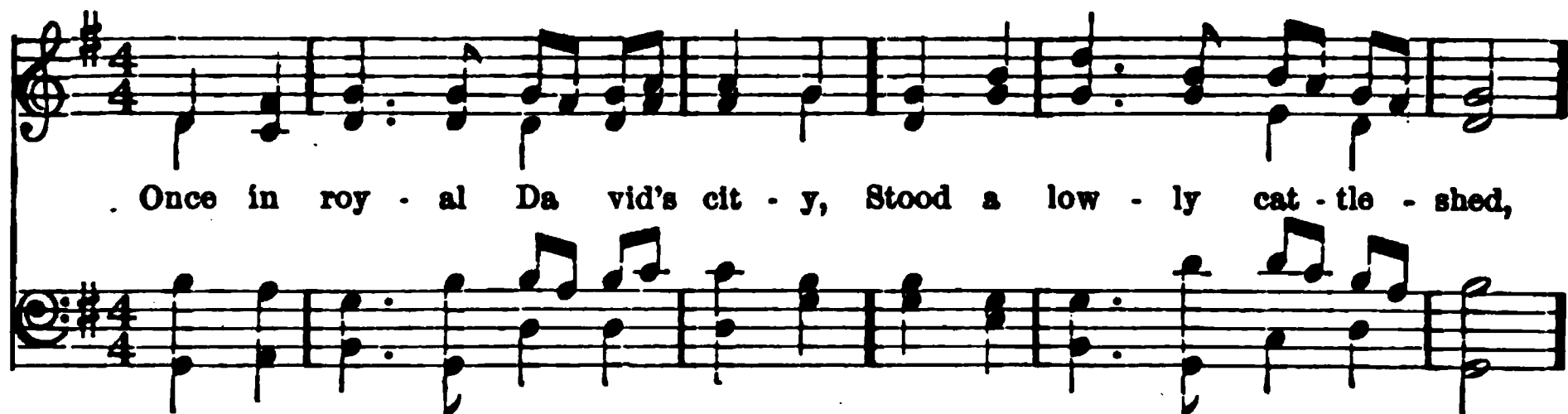
3 Though young yet wise, though small yet
strong,
Though man yet God He is;
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
As God He loves to bless:
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

4 Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants!
Yet do His angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.

Robert Southwell, 1500-1535

IRBY 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858



1 **O**NCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall:
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above,
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
 When like stars His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander. 1848

TOURS 7. 6. 7. 7. D.

Berthold Tours, 1872

When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A - men.

1 **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,

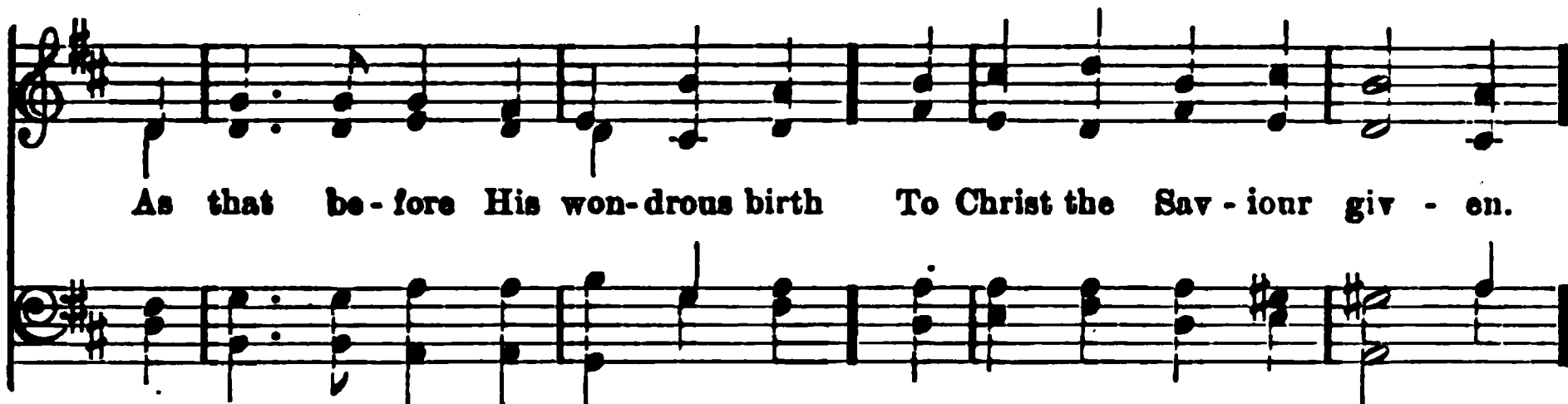
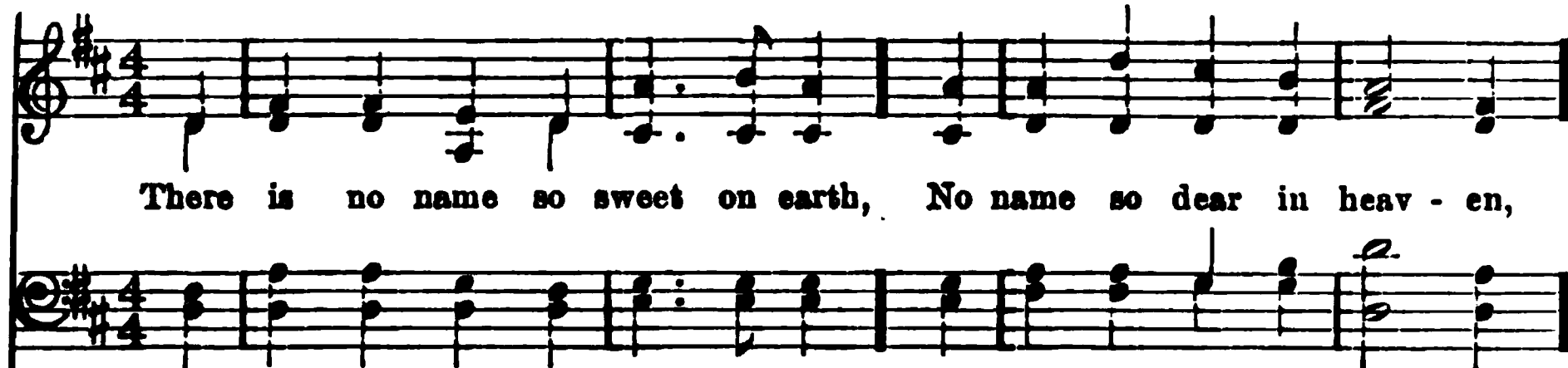
We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

John King, 1880

BLESSED NAME 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896



REFRAIN



1 **T**HERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so dear in heaven,
 As that before His wondrous birth
 To Christ the Saviour given.
*We love to sing around our King,
 And hail Him blessed Jesus;
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.*

2 And when He hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above Him,

That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.

3 So now, upon His Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pain, He ever reigns
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

4 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 Today as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever.

ABENDS L. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874



1 **O** HOLY Lord, content to fill
 In lowly home the lowliest place,
 Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
 Obedience meek Thy brightest grace;

2 Lead every child that bears Thy name
 To walk in Thine own guileless way,
 To dread the touch of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

3 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
 And gently in Thy bosom bear;
 Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
 And bid them rest for ever there.

4 So shall they, waiting here below,
 Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
 In wisdom and in stature grow,
 And favor with both God and man.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL 7. 6. 7. 6.

William H. Monk, 1887

To be sung in unison.

1 *ALL* things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

5 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

MARION S. M. With refrain

Arthur H. Messiter, 1888



1 **R**EJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King:
*Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!*

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak:

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
*Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth:*

4 Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe:

5 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest:

6 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Edward H. Plumptre, 1885

SAMUEL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The

lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den -

ly a voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James D. Burns, 1857

SWEET STORY Irregular

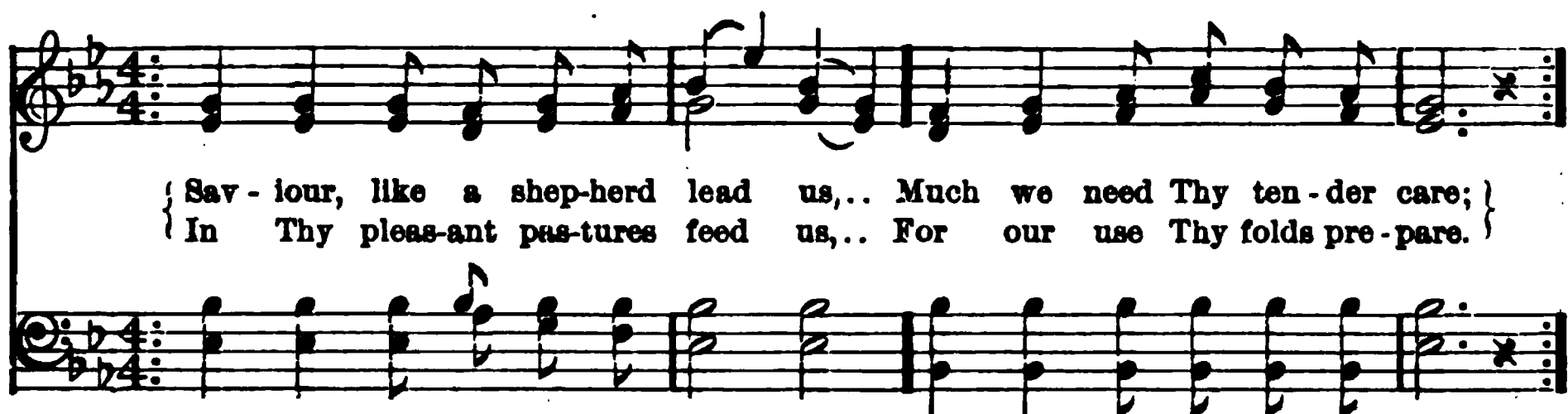
Traditional English Melody

I..... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 lambs to His fold, I should like.. to have been with them then. A - men.

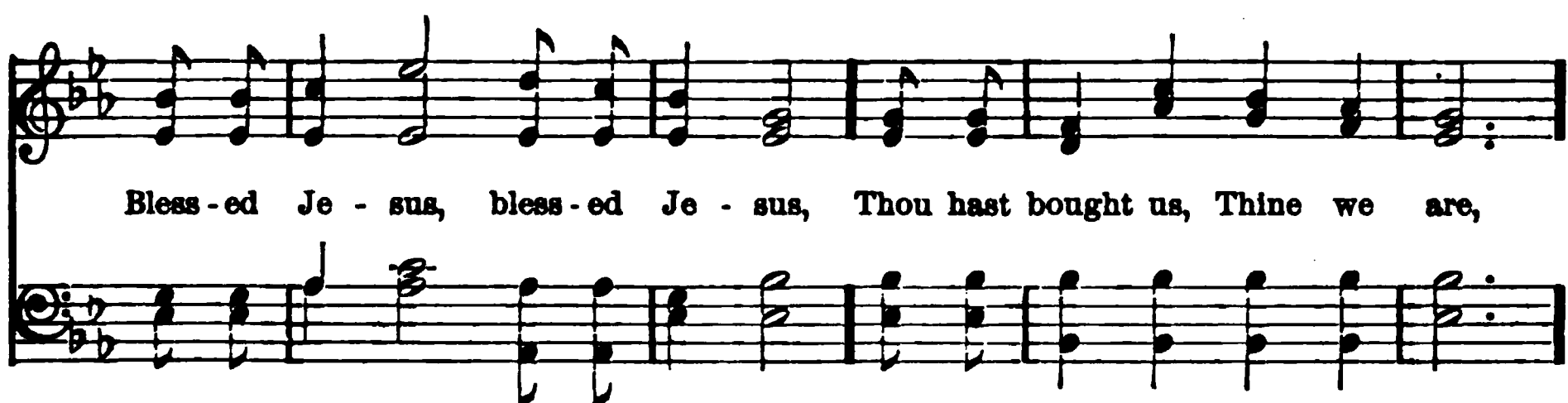
- 1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
- 6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest and brightest and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

PLEASANT PASTURES 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1893



{ Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us,.. Much we need Thy ten - der care;
In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us,.. For our use Thy folds pre - pare. }



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

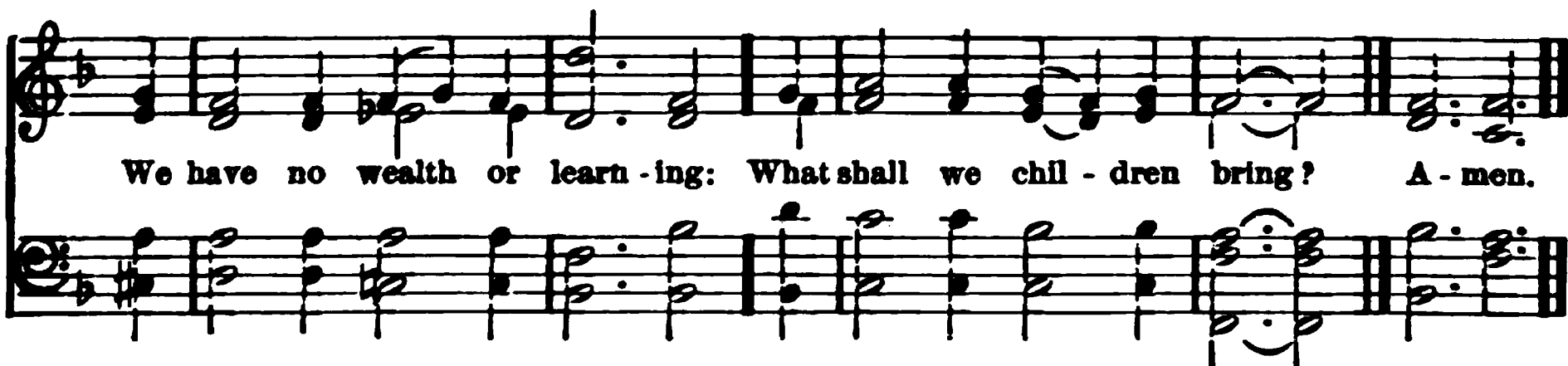
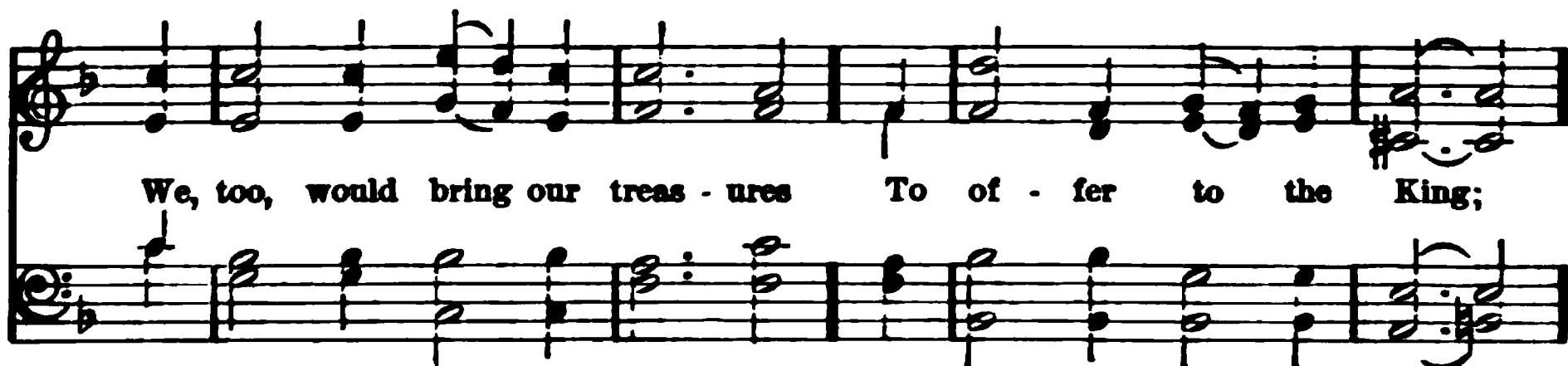
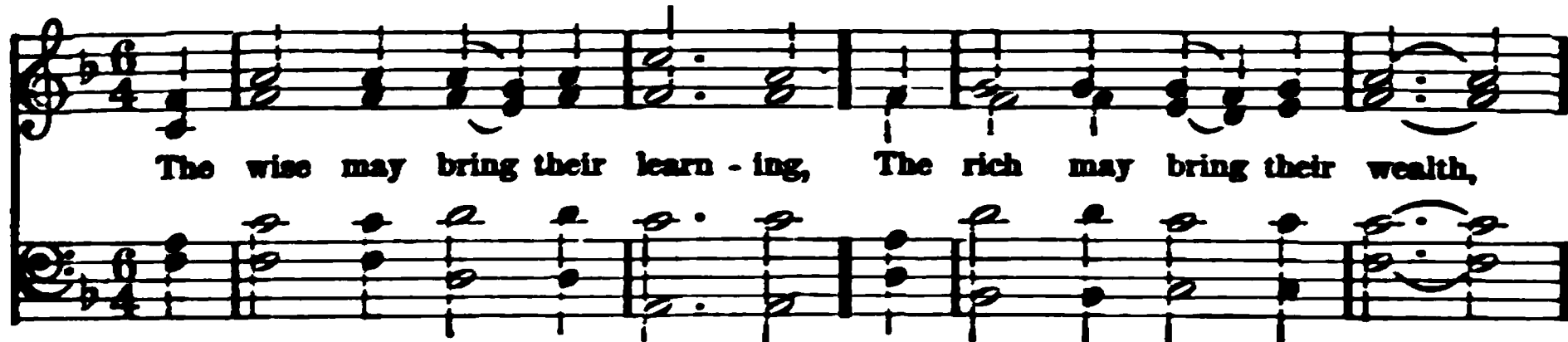
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still!

CHRISTMAS MORN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1881



1 **T**HE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health;
 We, too, would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King;
 We have no wealth or learning:
 What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:

And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
 We'll have to do each day;
 We'll try our best to please Him,
 At home, at school, at play:
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them;
 Yet these a child may bring.

Anon., 1887

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With refrain

William G. Fischer, 1899

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of a main melody and a refrain. The lyrics are: 'I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As noth - ing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.'

1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.
*I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.*

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;

And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

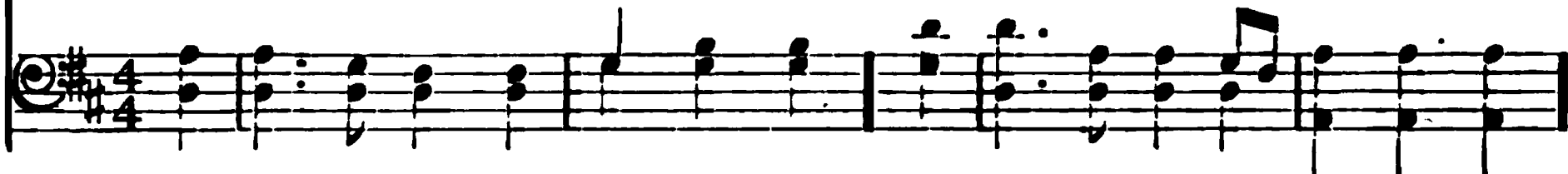
Katherine Hankey, 1893: refrain added

HE LEADETH ME L. M. with Refrain.

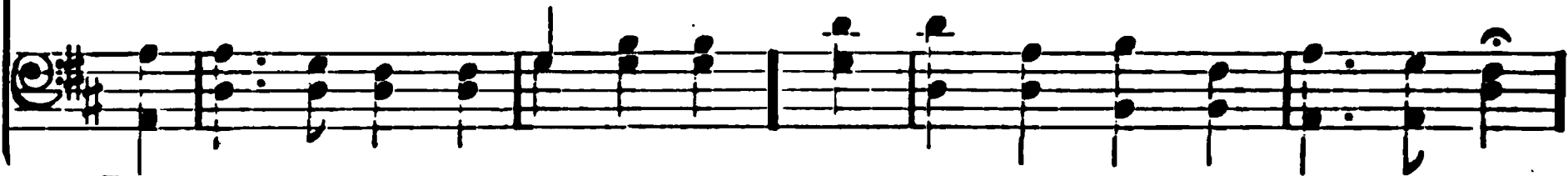
William B. Bradbury, 1864



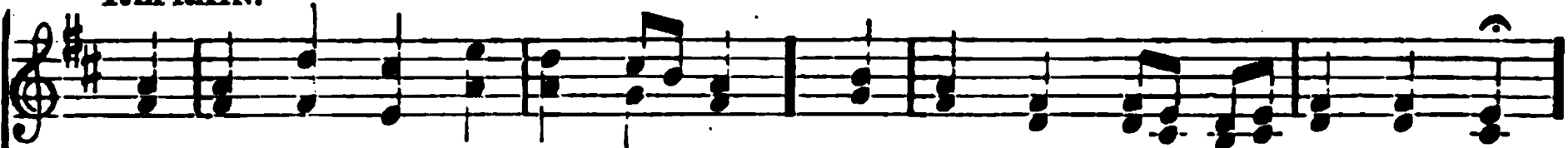
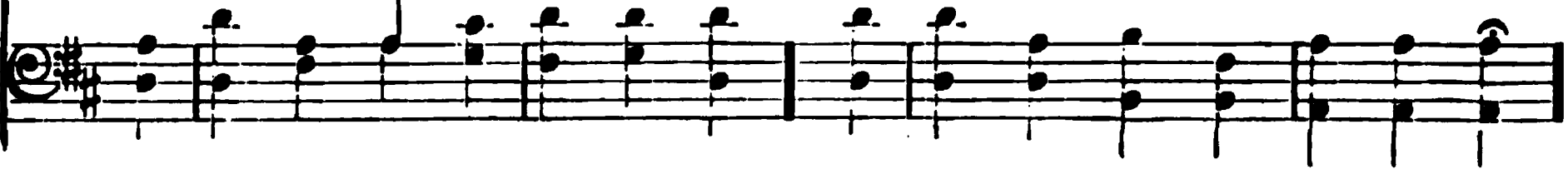
He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fort fraught!



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.



REFRAIN.

*He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me;**His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-men.*

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1 **H**E leadeth me: O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

2 *Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,*

By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

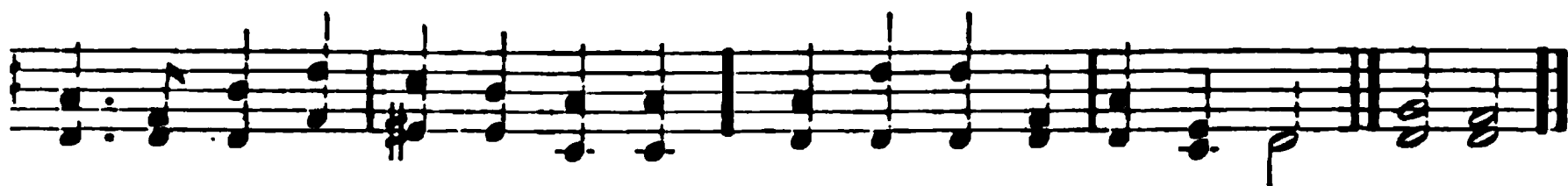
Joseph H. Gilmore, 1861; lines 3, 4, of refrain added.

ST. OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1861



Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep - herd's kind - est care,



All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share; A - men.



1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

THEODORA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1749



1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity;
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
 Give me Thy obedient heart;
 Thou art pitiful and kind,
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
 God, my heavenly Father's, will,
 Never His good Spirit grieve,
 Only to His glory live.

4 Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek Thine own,
 Thou Thyself didst never please,
 God was all Thy happiness.

5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In Thy gracious hands I am;
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
 Live Thyself within my heart.

6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days;
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy Child, in me.

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1868

Fa - ther in heav'n, who lov - est all, O help Thy

chil - dren when they call; That they may build from age to

age An un - de - fil - ed her - it - age. A - men.

1 **F**ATHER in heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Rudyard Kipling, 19

BETHLEHEM C. M. D.

G. W. Fink, 1842, arr. by Arthur Sullivan



A lit - tle king-dom I pos - sess, Where thoughts and feel - ings dwell;
 And ver - y hard I find the task Of gov - ern - ing it well;
 For pas - sion tempts and trou - bles me, A way - ward will mis - leads,
 And self-ish - ness its shad - ow casts On all my will and deeds. A - men.

1 **A** LITTLE kingdom I possess,
 Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
 And very hard I find the task
 Of governing it well;
 For passion tempts and troubles me,
 A wayward will misleads,
 And selfishness its shadow casts
 On all my will and deeds.

2 How can I learn to rule myself,
 To be the child I should,
 Honest and brave, nor ever tire
 Of trying to be good?
*How can I keep a sunny soul
 To shine along life's way?
 How can I tune my little heart
 To sweetly sing all day?*

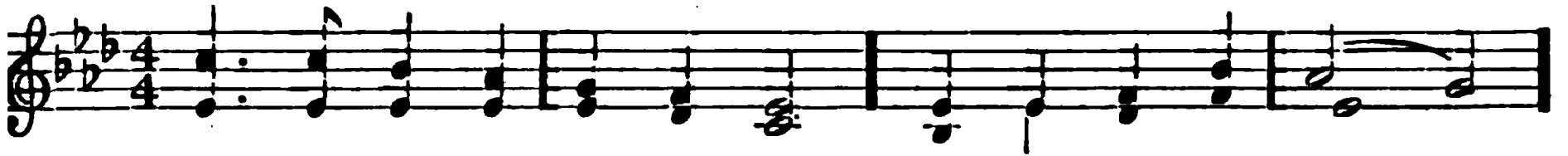
3 Dear Father, help me with the love
 That casteth out my fear;
 Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
 That Thou art very near,
 That no temptation is unseen,
 No childish grief too small,
 Since Thou, with patience infinite,
 Dost soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown
 But that which all may win;
 Nor try to conquer any world
 Except the one within.
 Be Thou my Guide until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
 Thy happy kingdom in myself,
 And dare to take command.

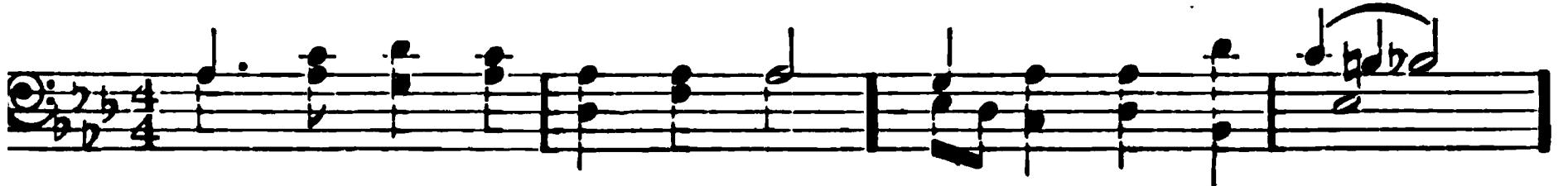
Louisa M. Alcott, 1848

ETERNITY 7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 7.

L. J. Hutton



Ev - 'ry morn - ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright;



But the eve - ning com - eth on, And the dark, cold night:



There's a bright land far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er - end - ing day. A - men.



1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

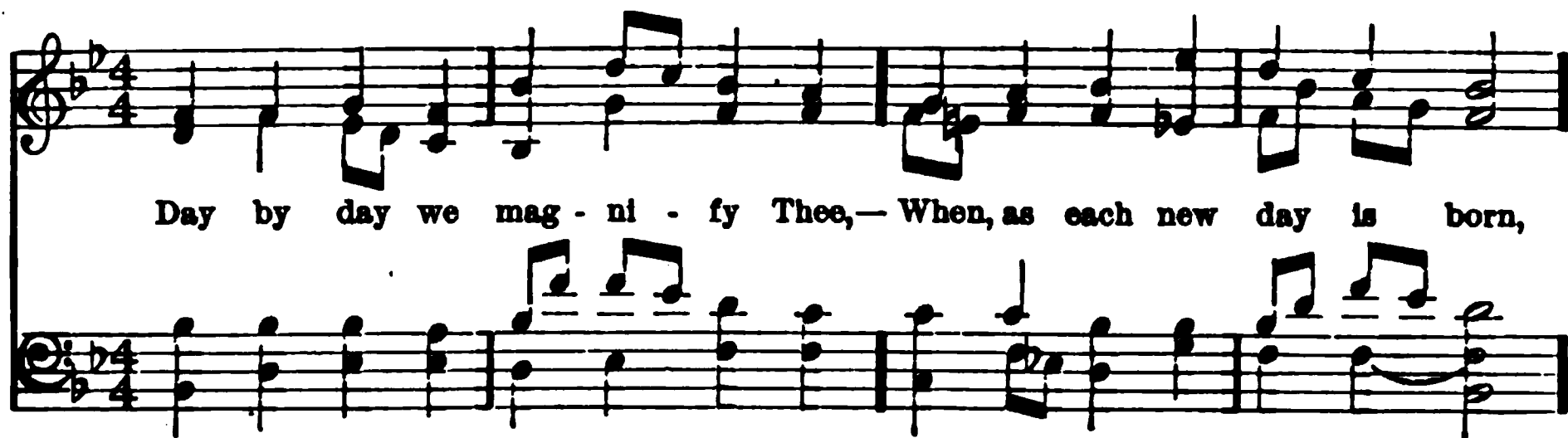
2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

TRUST 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840



1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
 When, as each new day is born,
 On our knees at home we bless Thee
 For the mercies of the morn.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Not in words of praise alone;
 Truthful lips and meek obedience
 Show Thy glory in Thine own.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 When for Jesus' sake we try
 Every wrong to bear with patience,
 Every sin to mortify.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Till our days on earth shall cease,
 Till we rest from these our labors,
 Waiting for Thy day in peace.

5 Then on that eternal morning,
 With Thy great redeemed host,
 May we fully magnify Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

BROCKLESBY 8. 7. 8. 7.

C. A. Barnard, c. 1868

Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle

lamb to - night, Through the dark - ness be Thou near me,

Watch my sleep till morn - ing light. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer:—
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

489 Canticles and Ancient Hymns

BENEDICTUS

The Earl of Mornington, 1760



Joseph Barnby, 1833-96



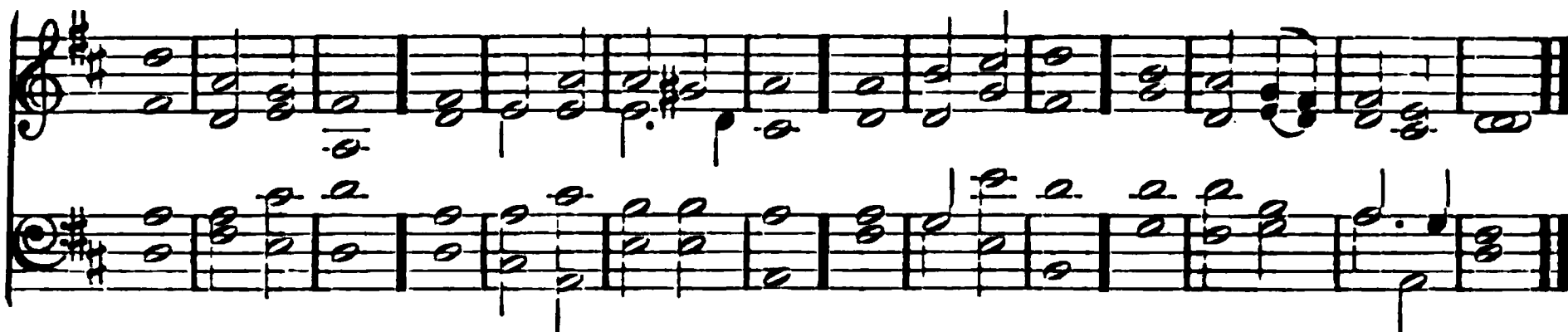
- 1 Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deem-ed · His |
people:
- 2 And hath raised up a *might-y* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-vant
David;
- 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the | world
be- | gan ;
- 4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate —
| us;
- 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember His | ho-ly |
Cov-e- | nant;
- 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He would
| give — | us;
- 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- |
out— | fear;
- 8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our— | life.
- 9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before
the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways;
- 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto · His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,
- 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath |
visit- · ed | us;
- 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow · of | death || and to guide
our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Fa*-ther | and · to the—Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end.— |
A- — | men.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

William Boyce, 1740



- 1 O come let us *sing* | unto ' the | Lord || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal-
vation.
- 2 Let us come before His *presence* | with thanks- | giving || and show ourselves | glad in |
Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the *Lord* is a | great— | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is | His —
| also.
- 5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared ' the | dry — | land.
- 6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His *pasture* and the | sheep of
| His — | hand.
- 8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty ' of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe
of | Him.
- 9 *For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the
world and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end.— |
A- — | men.

*Last half of Double Chant

491

JUBILATE DEO

Thomas Norris, 1770



- 1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before
His | pres-ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves,
we are His *people* and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His *gates* with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise || be
thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth from
gener- | ation ' to | gen-er- | ation.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end.— |
A- — | men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Henry Lawes, 1596-1662



- 1 We *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknowledge* | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
- 4 To Thee Cherubim and | Ser-a- | phim || con- | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 *Holy* | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
- 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || of | Thy — | glo- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious *company* | of the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The noble | army of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
- 11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || of an | in- · finite | Maj-es- | ty;
- 12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able | true || and | on- — | ly — | Son;
- 13 *Also the | Holy | Ghost || the | Com- — | fort- — | er.
- 14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son || of | — the | Fa- — | ther.

*Last half of Chant

Robert Cooke, 1800



- 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble Thy-self to
be | born — | of a | Virgin.
 - 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death || Thou didst open the *King-*
dom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
 - 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || in the glo ry | of the | Father.
 - 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || to | be — | our — | Judge.
 - 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast *redeemed* | with Thy
| pre-cious | blood.
 - 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy | Saints || in | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
 - 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || and | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
 - 23 Gov- | — ern them || and | lift them | up for- | ever.
- Return to chant in Eb at the top of page.
- 24 *Day* | by — | day || we | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
 - 25 And we | worship Thy | Name || ever | world with- | out — | end.
 - 26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep us this | day with- | out — | sin.
 - 27 O *Lord* · have | mercy · up- | on us || have | mercy · up- | on — | us.
 - 28 O Lord, Let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us || as our | trust — | is in | Thee.
 - 29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || let me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Old Chant



1 Glory be to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will · towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give *thanks*
to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord *God* | heaven- · ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son
— | of the | Father,



5 That takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.

7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.



9 For Thou *only* | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory · of |
God the | Father. A-men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI

Samuel Matthews, (— 1881)



1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy
name | O — | Most — | Highest.

2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the |
night- — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instrument | and
up- | on the | harp.

4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving
praise for the oper- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

495

MAGNIFICAT

Henry Smart, 1813-79



1 My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced · in | God my
| Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || the *lowli-* | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth || all *gener-* | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 *For* He that is *mighty* hath | magni- · fied | me || *and* | ho-ly | is His | name.

5 And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him | *through-* | out all | gen-er- | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the imag-
in- | a-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat || and *hath* ex- | alted · the | humble
· and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hungry* | with good | things || and the *rich* He hath | sent — | emp-
ty · a- | way.

9 *He remembering His mercy hath holpen His *servant* | Is-ra- | el || as He promised to
our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

*Last half of Double Chant

CANTATE DOMINO

John Robinson, 1632-1702



Henry Aldrich, 1674-1710



Richard Woodward, 1771



- 1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-velous | things.
- 2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten · Him- | self
the | victory.
- 3 The Lord declared | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the
| sight — | of the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel || and all the
ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
- 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing*, re- | joice and | give — |
thanks.
- 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — |
giving.
- 7 With *trumpets* | also · and | shawms || O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord
the | King.
- 8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that
| dwell there- | in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord
|| *for* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
- 10 With righteousness *shall* He | judge the | world || and the | peo-ple | with — | equity.
Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end. —
A- — / men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

Isaac Barrow, 1712-89



John Randall, 1715-99



- 1 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.
 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *and* for- | get not | all His | benefits;
 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and *healeth* | all — | thine in- | firmities;
 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov-
 ing- | kindness;
 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His
 commandment, and *hearken* unto the | voice — | of His | word.
 6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye *servants* of | His that | do His | pleasure.
 7* O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *places* of | His do- | minion ||
 praise *them* the | Lord — | O my | soul.
 Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
 A- — | men.

*Last half of double Chant

498

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Thomas Tallis, 1520



Our Father, who art in *heaven*, hallowèd | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will
 be *done* in | earth · as it | is in | heaven.
 Give us this *day* our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our *debts*, as | we for- | give our |
 debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom,
and' the power, and the glory, for | ever · and | ever. A- \ men.

DEUS MISEREATUR

Arranged from Beethoven, 1770-1827



Lewis T. Downes, 1827-1907



- 1 God be merciful *unto* | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance,
and be | merci-ful | un-to | us;
- 2 That Thy *way* may be known up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all |
nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and *govern* the | nations · up- | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God* shall
| give — | us His | blessing.
- 7* *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

*Last half of Double Chant.

500

NUNC DIMITTIS

Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896



- 1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
- 2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | — sal- | va- — | tion,
- 3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all — | people;
- 4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles || and to the *glory* of Thy | peo-ple | Is-
ra- | el.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

THE EASTER CHANT

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96



Richard Woodward, 1744-77



- 1 Christ our Passover is *sacri-* | ficed · for | us || *therefore* | let us | keep the | feast,
 2 Not with old leaven neither with the *leaven* of | malice · and | wickedness || but with
 the unleavened *bread* of sin- | cer-i- | ty and | truth,
 3 Christ being raised from the *dead* | dieth no | more || death hath no *more* do- | min-ion
 | ov-er | him.
 4 For in that he died, he *died* unto | sin — | once || but in that he *liveth*, he | liv-eth |
 unto | God.
 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead *indeed* | un-to | sin || but alive unto *God*
 through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.
 6 Now is Christ *risen* | from · the | dead || and become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.
 7 For *since* by | man came | death || by man came also the *resur-* | rec-tion | of the | dead.
 8 For as in Adam | all — | die || even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a- | live
 Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
 A- — | men.

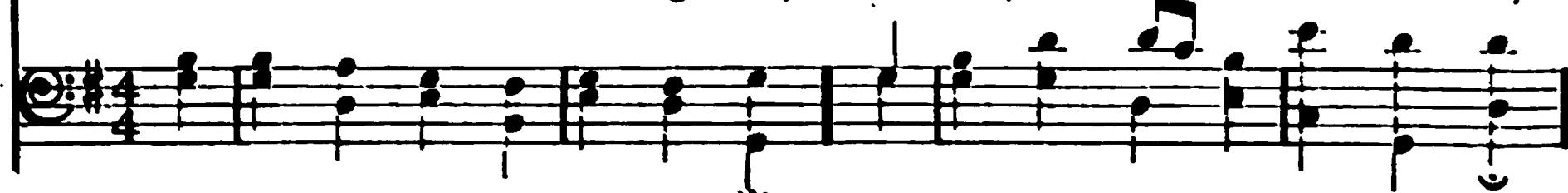
502

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Psaumes octantis trois, Geneva, 1551



Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;



Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A-men.



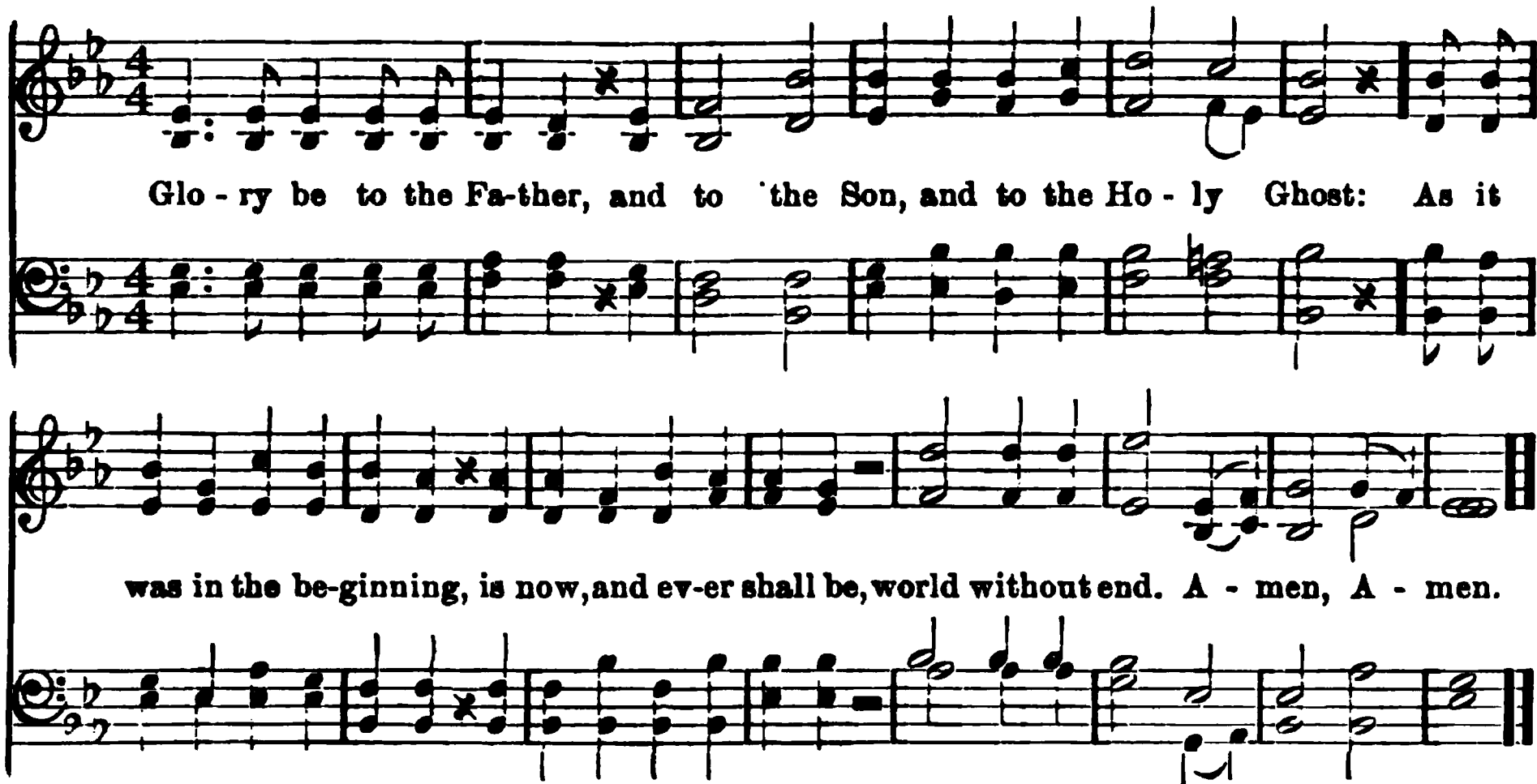
Thomas Ken, 1697

503

Canticles and Ancient Hymns

GLORIA PATRI

Henry W. Greatorex, 1851



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it

was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

504

AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE OFFERING

Ludwig von Beethoven, 1770-1827



All things *come* of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine *own* have we giv - en Thee. A - men.

505

THE BLESSING

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872



pp The Lord bless you, and keep you; The Lord make His face to shine up-on you, and be

mf gra - cious un-to you; The Lord lift up His coun - te - nance up-on you, and give you peace. A - men.

Dresden Amen

pp *cres.*
A - - men, A - - - - - men.

Threefold Amen

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men.

Fourfold Amen

John Stainer

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.*
A - - men, A - . men, A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - - - men,

Sevenfold Amen

J. Stainer

Slow and sustained. *pp* *cres.* *f*
A - men, A - men, A - - men, A - - - - men, A -
A - - - - men, A - - - - men, *ppp* *Slower.*
men A - - - - men, A - - men.
f A - - - men.

The Psalter
Scripture Selections
Prayers and Collects

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
HERBERT B. TURNER, D.D.

NEW YORK
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY
1916

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Preface

IN the selection and arrangement of these Responsive Readings the Revised Version has been used with the exception that in a few psalms, where the new rendering changes familiar passages, certain words and expressions, that have become endeared by years of use, are retained unchanged.

The psalms have been arranged in parallelism and with a view to unity of thought.

Long selections have been avoided and the last response of each reading has been given to the congregation.

Imprecatory psalms and passages have been omitted and there has been the constant endeavor to make selections that can be appropriated and heartily used in public worship as expressions of personal praise and prayer and thanksgiving.

Index of Scripture Passages

Scripture	Selection	Scripture	Selection
Deuteronomy		Psalms	
28.....	51	130.....	32
Psalms		135.....	11
1.....	4	136.....	18
8.....	6	137.....	24
15.....	4	138.....	18
19.....	3	139.....	33
20.....	25	145.....	48
23.....	20, 33	146.....	11
24.....	1, 33	147.....	10
25.....	31	148.....	7
27.....	2	150.....	7
32.....	32	Isaiah	
33.....	15	9.....	40
34.....	13	11.....	41
36.....	6	35.....	42
40.....	28	40.....	43
41.....	39	42.....	40
42.....	26	53.....	46
43.....	39	55.....	44
46.....	20	60.....	49
48.....	12	61.....	50
51.....	30	Matthew	
61.....	29	1.....	45
62.....	29	28.....	47
63.....	26	Luke	
65.....	12	1.....	45
66.....	14	John	
67.....	48, 51	1, 3.....	45
72.....	36	11.....	47
73.....	20	14, 16.....	53
84.....	1	Romans	
86.....	34	13.....	52
89.....	19	I Corinthians	
90.....	21	13.....	52
91.....	22	15.....	47
92.....	9	Galatians	
95.....	5	5, 6.....	53
96.....	5	Colossians	
97.....	8	3.....	47
98.....	8	I Peter	
99.....	37	1.....	47
100.....	6	Revelation	
103.....	23	21, 22.....	54
104.....	38	SPECIAL OCCASIONS	
105.....	37	Christmas.....	40, 45
106.....	37	Lent.....	2, 22, 26, 30, 46
107.....	16	Easter.....	47
111.....	9	Pentecost.....	52, 53
112.....	4	Lord's Supper.....	2, 43, 44, 46, 52
113.....	27	Thanksgiving Day.....	9, 10, 12, 48
115.....	27	Missionary.....	42, 49
116.....	35	National.....	51
117.....	35		
118.....	17		
119.....	39		
121.....	25		
122.....	2		
123.....	25		
125.....	24		
126.....	24		

The Beatitudes

(Matt. 5, 3-12)

Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Commandments

(The Minister)

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

(The Minister and Congregation)

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the Name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

(The Minister)

HEAR also the words of our Lord Jesus, how He saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Psalter.

SELECTION 1

PSALMS 84, 24

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;

3 My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

4 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

5 Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

6 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

7 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the high ways to Zion.

8 Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

9 Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

10 They go from strength to strength, every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

11 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

12 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

13 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

14 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

15 For the Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

16 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

17 The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

18 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

19 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?

20 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not sworn deceitfully.

21 He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

THE PSALTER

22 This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

23 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

24 And the King of glory shall come in.

25 Who is the King of glory?

26 The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

27 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

28 And the King of glory shall come in.

29 Who is this King of glory?

30 The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 2

PSALMS 122, 27

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together:

4 Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord,

5 For a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

6 For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

7 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

8 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

9 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

10 For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

11 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

12 The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

13 When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh, even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

14 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

15 Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

16 One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.

17 To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

18 For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion: in the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me.

19 He shall lift me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round

about me; and I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;

20 I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

21 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

22 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

23 Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger.

24 Thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

25 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

26 Teach me thy way, O Lord; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

27 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

28 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

29 Wait for the Lord: be strong, and let thine heart take courage.

30 Yea, wait thou for the Lord.

SELECTION 3

PSALM 19

1 The heavens declare the glory of God;

2 And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

3 Day unto day uttereth speech,

4 And night unto night showeth knowledge.

5 There is no speech nor language;

6 Their voice cannot be heard.

7 Their line is gone out through all the earth;

8 And their words to the end of the world.

9 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

10 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

11 His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it;

12 And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

13 The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:

14 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

15 The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

16 The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

17 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever:

18 The ordinances of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

19 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

20 Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

21 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

22 In keeping them there is great reward.

23 Who can discern his errors?

24 Clear thou me from hidden faults.

25 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

26 Then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

27 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,

28 Oh Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 4

PSALMS I, 15, 112

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,

2 Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;

3 But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

4 And on his law doth he meditate day and night.

5 And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

6 That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

7 Whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

8 The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

9 Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,

10 Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

11 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

12 But the way of the wicked shall perish.

13 Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

14 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart;

15 He that slandereth not with his tongue,

16 Nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

17 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised, but who honoreth them that fear the Lord;

18 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;

19 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

20 He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

21 Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,

22 That delighteth greatly in his commandments.

23 His seed shall be mighty upon earth:

24 The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

25 Wealth and riches are in his house; and his righteousness endureth for ever.

26 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

27 Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously and lendeth; he shall maintain his cause in judgment.

28 For he shall never be moved; the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

29 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

30 His heart is established, he shall not be afraid.

SELECTION 5

PSALMS 95, 1-7, 96

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

2 Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

3 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;

4 Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

5 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

6 In his hand are the deep places of the earth;

7 The heights of the mountains are his also.

8 The sea is his and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

9 O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

10 For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

11 O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

12 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

13 Declare his glory among the nations, his marvelous works among all the peoples.

14 For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

15 For all the gods of the peoples are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.

16 Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

17 Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

THE PSALTER

18 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

19 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

20 Say among the nations, the Lord reigneth:

21 The world also is stablished that it cannot be moved: he shall judge the peoples with equity.

22 Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;

23 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

24 Let the field exult, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy before the Lord.

25 For he cometh; for he cometh to judge the earth:

26 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 6

PSALMS 100, 36, 5-9, 8

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his;

4 We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

5 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:

6 Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

7 For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth forever; and his faithfulness unto all generations.

8 Thy lovingkindness, O Lord, is in the heavens; thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

9 Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;

10 Thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

11 How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God!

12 And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings.

13 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;

14 And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

15 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

16 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.

17 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries,

18 That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

19 When I consider thy heavens,
the work of thy fingers, the moon
and the stars, which thou hast or-
dained;

20 What is man, that thou art
mindful of him? And the son of
man, that thou visitest him?

21 For thou hast made him but
little lower than God, and crownest
him with glory and honour.

22 Thou madest him to have do-
minion over the works of thy hands;
thou hast put all things under his
feet:

23 All sheep and oxen, yea, and
the beasts of the field;

24 The fowl of the air, and the
fish of the sea,

25 Whatsoever passeth through
the paths of the seas.

26 O Lord, our Lord, how excel-
lent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 7

PSALMS 148, 150

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye
the Lord from the heavens.

2 Praise him in the heights.

3 Praise ye him, all his angels:

4 Praise ye him, all his host.

5 Praise ye him, sun and moon:

6 Praise him, all ye stars of light.

7 Praise him, ye heavens of
heavens, and ye waters that be above
the heavens.

8 Let them praise the name of

the Lord; for he commanded, and
they were created.

9 He hath also established them
for ever and ever:

10 He hath made a decree which
shall not pass away.

11 Praise the Lord from the
earth, ye dragons, and all deeps;

12 Fire and hail, snow and vapor;
stormy wind, fulfilling his word;

13 Mountains and all hills; fruit-
ful trees and all cedars;

14 Beasts and all cattle; creeping
things and flying fowl;

15 Kings of the earth and all peo-
ples; princes and all judges of the
earth;

16 Both young men and maidens;
old men and children:

17 Let them praise the name of
the Lord;

18 For his name alone is exalted;
his glory is above the earth and
heaven.

19 And he hath lifted up the
horn of his people, the praise of all
his saints;

20 Even of the children of Israel,
a people near unto him. Praise ye
the Lord.

21 Praise ye the Lord. Praise
God in his sanctuary:

22 Praise him in the firmament
of his power.

23 Praise him for his mighty
acts: praise him according to his ex-
cellent greatness.

24 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 8

PSALMS 97, 98

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;

2 Let the multitude of isles be glad.

3 Clouds and darkness are round about him:

4 Righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne.

5 The heavens declare his righteousness,

6 And all the peoples have seen his glory.

7 Ashamed be all they that serve graven images,

8 That boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

9 Zion heard and was glad, and the daughters of Judah rejoiced, because of thy judgments, O Lord.

10 For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

11 O ye that love the Lord, hate evil:

12 He preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

13 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

14 Be glad in the Lord, ye right-

eous; and give thanks to his holy name.

15 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

16 His right hand, and his holy arm hath wrought salvation for him.

17 The Lord hath made known his salvation:

18 His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

19 He hath remembered his mercy and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:

20 All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

21 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:

22 Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

23 Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp: with the harp and the voice of melody.

24 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

25 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

26 The world, and they that dwell therein;

27 Let the floods clap their hands;

28 Let the hills sing for joy together before the Lord.

29 For he cometh to judge the earth;

30 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with equity.

SELECTION 9

PSALMS 92, 111

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,

2 And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

3 To show forth thy lovingkindness in the morning,

4 And thy faithfulness every night;

5 With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery;

6 With a solemn sound upon the harp.

7 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work:

8 I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

9 How great are thy works, O Lord! Thy thoughts are very deep.

10 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

11 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;

12 It is that they shall be destroyed for ever.

13 The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree:

14 He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

15 They that are planted in the house of the Lord;

16 Shall flourish in the courts of our God.

17 Praise ye the Lord. I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,

18 In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.

19 The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

20 His work is honour and majesty: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

21 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:

22 The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

23 He hath given food unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

24 He hath showed his people the power of his works, in giving them the heritage of the nations.

25 The works of his hands are truth and judgment; all his precepts are sure.

26 They are established for ever and ever, they are done in truth and uprightness.

27 He hath sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant for ever:

28 Holy and reverend is his name.

29 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;

30 A good understanding have all they that do his commandments; his praise endureth for ever.

SELECTION 10

PSALM 147

1 Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;

2 For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

3 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

4 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

5 He telleth the number of the stars; he giveth them all their names.

6 Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; his understanding is infinite.

7 The Lord upholdeth the meek; he bringeth the wicked down to the ground.

8 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praises upon the harp unto our God,

9 Who covereth the heavens with clouds,

10 Who prepareth rain for the earth,

11 Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

12 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

13 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; Praise thy God, O Zion.

14 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;

15 He hath blessed thy children within thee.

16 He maketh peace in thy borders;

17 He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

18 He sendeth out his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

19 He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

20 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

21 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

22 He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

23 He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

24 He hath not dealt so with any nation; and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 11

PSALMS 135, 146

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord;

2 Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord:

3 Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God.

4 Praise ye the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

5 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his own possession.

6 For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

7 The idols of the nations are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

8 They have mouths, but they speak not;

9 Eyes have they, but they see not;

10 They have ears, but they hear not;

11 Neither is there any breath in their mouths.

12 They that make them shall be like unto them;

13 Yea, every one that trusteth in them.

14 O house of Israel, bless ye the Lord:

15 O house of Aaron, bless ye the Lord:

16 O house of Levi, bless ye the Lord:

17 Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the Lord.

18 Blessed be the Lord out of

Zion, who dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

19 Praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

20 While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

21 Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

22 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

23 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

24 Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is;

25 Who keepeth truth for ever; who executeth justice for the oppressed; who giveth food to the hungry.

26 The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;

27 The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous;

28 The Lord preserveth the strangers; he upholdeth the fatherless and widow;

29 But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

30 The Lord will reign for ever, thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 12

PSALMS 65, 48

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:

5 We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, the holy place of thy temple.

6 By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness, O God of our salvation;

7 Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

8 Who by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded about with might:

9 Who stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves, and the tumult of the peoples.

10 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:

11 Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

12 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it;

13 The river of God is full of

water; thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

14 Thou waterest its furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof:

15 Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

16 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

17 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the hills are girded with joy.

18 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

19 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

20 In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.

21 Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,

22 The city of the great King.

23 God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.

24 We have thought on thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

25 As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:

26 Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

27 Let Mount Zion be glad, let

the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of thy judgments.

28 Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof;

29 Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces: that ye may tell it to the generation following.

30 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 13

PSALM 34

1 I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he answered me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened; and their faces shall never be confounded.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is

good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 The righteous cried, and the Lord heard, and delivered them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

SELECTION 14

PSALM 66

1 Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:

2 Sing forth the glory of his name: make his praise glorious.

3 Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!

4 Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

5 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; and they shall sing to thy name.

6 Come and see the works of God; he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

7 He turned the sea into dry land; they went through the river on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

8 He ruleth by his might for ever; his eyes observe the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

9 O bless our God, ye peoples, and make the voice of his praise to *be heard*;

10 Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

11 For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

12 Thou broughtest us into the net; thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.

13 Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water;

14 But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

15 I will come into thy house with burnt-offerings; I will pay thee my vows,

16 Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in distress.

17 I will offer unto thee burnt-offerings of fatlings, with the incense of rams; I will offer bullocks with goats.

18 Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

19 I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

20 If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear:

21 But verily God hath heard; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

22 Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

SELECTION 15

PSALM 33

1 Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: praise is comely for the upright.

2 Give thanks unto the Lord with harp: sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.

3 Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

4 For the word of the Lord is right; and all his work is done in faithfulness.

5 He loveth righteousness and justice:

6 The earth is full of the lovingkindness of the Lord.

7 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made;

8 And all of the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

9 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

10 Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

11 For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

12 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught:

13 He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.

14 The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever,

15 The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

16 Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

17 The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men;

18 From the place of his habitation he looketh forth upon all the inhabitants of the earth;

19 He that fashioneth the hearts of them all, that considereth all their works.

20 There is no king saved by the multitude of an host: a mighty man is not delivered by great strength.

21 An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great power.

22 Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his lovingkindness;

23 To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

24 Our soul hath waited for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

25 For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

26 Let thy lovingkindness, O Lord, be upon us, according as we have hoped in thee.

SELECTION 16

PSALM 107, 1-22

**1 O give thanks unto the Lord;
for he is good; for his mercy en-
dureth for ever.**

**2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
say so, whom he hath redeemed
from the hand of the adversary,**

**3 And gathered out of the lands,
from the east and from the west,
from the north and from the south.**

**4 They wandered in the wilder-
ness in a desert way; they found no
city of habitation.**

**5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul
fainted in them.**

**6 Then they cried unto the Lord
in their trouble, and he delivered
them out of their distresses.**

**7 He led them also by a straight
way, that they might go to a city of
habitation.**

**8 Oh that men would praise the
Lord for his goodness, and for his
wonderful works to the children of
men!**

**9 For he satisfieth the longing
soul, and the hungry soul he filleth
with good.**

**10 Such as sat in darkness and
in the shadow of death, being bound
in affliction and iron,**

**11 Because they rebelled against
the words of God, and contemned
the counsel of the Most High:**

**12 Therefore he brought down
their heart with labor; they fell
down, and there was none to help.**

**13 Then they cried unto the Lord
in their trouble, and he saved them
out of their distresses.**

**14 He brought them out of dark-
ness and the shadow of death, and
brake their bands in sunder.**

**15 Oh that men would praise the
Lord for his goodness, and for his
wonderful works to the children of
men!**

**16 For he hath broken the gates
of brass, and cut the bars of iron in
sunder.**

**17 Fools because of their trans-
gression, and because of their iniqui-
ties, are afflicted.**

**18 Their soul abhorreth all man-
ner of food; and they draw near
unto the gates of death.**

**19 Then they cry unto the Lord
in their trouble, and he saveth them
out of their distresses.**

**20 He sendeth his word, and
healeth them, and delivereth them
from their destructions.**

**21 Oh that men would praise the
Lord for his goodness, and for his
wonderful works to the children of
men!**

**22 And let them offer the sacri-
fices of thanksgiving, and declare
his works with singing.**

SELECTION 17

PSALM 118, 1-9, 14-29

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth forever.

3 Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

4 Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

5 Out of my distress I called upon the Lord:

6 The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

7 The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

8 It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

9 It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

10 The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

11 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:

12 The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

13 The right hand of the Lord is exalted: The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

14 I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

15 The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

16 Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

17 This is the gate of the Lord; the righteous shall enter into it.

18 I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation.

19 The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

20 This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

21 This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

22 Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

23 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

24 We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

25 The Lord is God, and he hath given us light:

26 Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

27 Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

28 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 18

PSALMS 136, 1-9, 23-26, 138

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

3 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

4 To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

5 To him that by understanding made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

6 To him that spread forth the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

7 To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

8 The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

9 The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

10 Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

11 And hath delivered us from our adversaries: for his mercy endureth for ever.

12 He giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

13 O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

14 I will give thee thanks with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.

15 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and give thanks unto thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth:

16 For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

17 In the day that I called thou answerest me, thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.

18 All the kings of the earth shall give thee thanks, O Lord, for they have heard the words of thy mouth.

19 Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.

20 For though the Lord be high yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the haughty he knoweth from afar.

21 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;

22 Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

23 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:

24 Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 19

PSALM 89, 1-18

1 I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever:

2 With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

3 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever;

4 Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

5 I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant;

6 Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

7 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord;

8 Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.

9 For who in the skies can be compared unto the Lord?

10 Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord?

11 A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,

12 And to be feared above all them that are round about him.

13 O Lord God of hosts, who is a mighty one, like unto thee, O Jehovah?

14 And thy faithfulness is round about thee.

15 Thou rulest the pride of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

16 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;

17 Thou hast scattered thine enemies with the arm of thy strength.

18 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:

19 The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

20 The north and the south, thou hast created them:

21 Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.

22 Thou hast a mighty arm; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

23 Righteousness and justice are the foundation of thy throne:

24 Lovingkindness and truth go before thy face.

25 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

26 In thy name do they rejoice all the day; and in thy righteousness are they exalted.

27 For thou art the glory of their strength; and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

28 For our shield belongeth unto the Lord; and our king to the Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 20

PSALMS 46, 23, 73: 27-28

1 God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear,
though the earth do change,

3 And though the mountains be
moved in the heart of the seas;

4 Though the waters thereof roar
and be troubled,

5 Though the mountains tremble
with the swelling thereof.

6 There is a river, the streams
whereof make glad the city of God,

7 The holy place of the taber-
nacles of the Most High.

8 God is in the midst of her; she
shall not be moved:

9 God will help her, and that
right early.

10 The nations raged, the king-
doms were moved: he uttered his
voice, the earth melted.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us;
the God of Jacob is our refuge.

12 Come, behold the works of the
Lord, what desolations he hath
made in the earth.

13 He maketh wars to cease unto
the end of the earth;

14 He breaketh the bow, and cut-
teth the spear in sunder; he burneth
the chariots in the fire.

15 Be still, and know that I am
God: I will be exalted among the

nations, I will be exalted in the
earth.

16 The Lord of hosts is with us;
the God of Jacob is our refuge.

17 The Lord is my Shepherd: I
shall not want.

18 He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures:

19 He leadeth me beside the still
waters. He restoreth my soul:

20 He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.

21 Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil:

22 For thou art with me: thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me.

23 Thou preparest a table before
me in the presence of mine enemies:

24 Thou anointest my head with
oil; my cup runneth over.

25 Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my
life:

26 And I will dwell in the house
of the Lord for ever.

27 For lo, they that are far from
thee shall perish.

28 But it is good for me to draw
near unto God: I have made the
Lord Jehovah my refuge.

SELECTION 21

PSALM 90

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwell-
ing place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

3 Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

4 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

5 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

6 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:

7 In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

8 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;

9 In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

10 For we are consumed in thine anger, and in thy wrath are we troubled.

11 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,

12 Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

13 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:

14 We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.

15 The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

16 Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

17 Who knoweth the power of

thine anger, and thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

18 So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.

19 Return, O Lord; how long?

20 And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

21 Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness;

22 That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

23 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

24 And the years wherein we have seen evil.

25 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children.

26 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:

27 And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

28 Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 22

PSALM 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,

2 Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

3 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;

4 My God, in whom I trust.

THE PSALTER

5 For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,

6 And from the noisome pestilence.

7 He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:

8 His truth is a shield and a buckler.

9 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;

10 Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

11 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness;

12 Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

13 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;

14 But it shall not come nigh thee.

15 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

16 For thou, O Lord, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

17 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

18 For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

19 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

20 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:

21 The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.

22 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

23 I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

24 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;

25 I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.

26 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 23

PSALM 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

5 Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

6 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

7 The Lord executeth righteousness,

8 And judgments for all that are oppressed.

9 He made known his ways unto Moses,

10 His doings unto the children of Israel.

11 The Lord is merciful and gracious,

12 Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

13 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

14 He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

15 For as the heaven is high above the earth,

16 So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

17 As far as the east is from the west,

18 So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

19 Like as a father pitieth his children,

20 So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

21 For he knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

22 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

23 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;

24 And the place thereof shall know it no more.

25 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

26 And his righteousness unto children's children;

27 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

28 The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

29 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength.

30 That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

31 Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

32 Bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 24

PSALMS 125, 137: 1-4, 126

1 They that trust in the Lord are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from this time forth and for evermore.

3 For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;

4 That the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.

5 Do good, O Lord, unto those that are good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

**6 But as for such as turn aside
unto their crooked ways,**

**7 The Lord shall lead them forth
with the workers of iniquity. Peace
be upon Israel.**

**8 By the rivers of Babylon, there
we sat down, yea, we wept, when
we remembered Zion.**

**9 Upon the willows in the midst
thereof we hanged up our harps.**

**10 For there they that led us cap-
tive required of us songs;**

**11 And they that wasted us re-
quired of us mirth, saying, sing us
one of the songs of Zion.**

**12 How shall we sing the Lord's
song in a strange land?**

**13 When the Lord brought back
those that returned to Zion, we were
like unto them that dream.**

**14 Then was our mouth filled
with laughter, and our tongue with
singing:**

**15 Then said they among the na-
tions, the Lord hath done great
things for them.**

**16 The Lord hath done great
things for us, whereof we are glad.**

**17 Turn again our captivity, O
Lord, as the streams in the South.**

**18 They that sow in tears shall
reap in joy.**

**19 He that goeth forth and weep-
eth, bearing seed for sowing,**

**20 Shall doubtless come again
with joy, bringing his sheaves with
him.**

SELECTION 25

PSALMS 121, 123, 20

**1 I will lift up mine eyes unto
the hills; from whence shall my
help come?**

**2 My help cometh from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth.**

**3 He will not suffer thy foot to
be moved; he that keepeth thee
will not slumber.**

**4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.**

**5 The Lord is thy keeper: the
Lord is thy shade upon thy right
hand.**

**6 The sun shall not smite thee by
day, nor the moon by night.**

**7 The Lord shall keep thee from
all evil; he shall keep thy soul.**

**8 The Lord shall keep thy going
out and thy coming in, from this
time forth and for evermore.**

**9 Unto thee do I lift up mine
eyes, O thou that sittest in the
heavens.**

**10 Behold, as the eyes of ser-
vants look unto the hand of their
master, as the eyes of a maiden unto
the hand of her mistress;**

**11 So our eyes look unto the
Lord our God, until he have mercy
upon us.**

**12 Have mercy upon us, O Lord,
have mercy upon us.**

**13 The Lord answer thee in the
day of trouble; the name of the God
of Jacob set thee up on high;**

14 Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

15 Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

16 Grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfil all thy counsel.

17 We will triumph in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

18 Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;

19 He will answer him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

20 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: But we will make mention of the name of the Lord our God.

21 They are bowed down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

22 Save, Lord: let the King answer us when we call.

SELECTION 26

PSALMS 42, 63: 1-8

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:

3 When shall I come and appear before God?

4 My tears have been my food

day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

5 These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me;

6 How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

7 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

8 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

9 O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

10 Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

11 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls:

12 All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

13 Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-time,

14 And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

15 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

16 As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me; while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

17 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

18 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

19 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:

20 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is.

21 So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory.

22 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

23 So will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

24 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

25 And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;

26 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night-watches.

27 For thou hast been my help, and in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

28 My soul followeth hard after thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me.

SELECTION 27

PSALMS 113: 1-6, 115

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

3 From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

4 The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his seat on high,

6 That humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?

7 Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,

8 For thy lovingkindness, and for thy truth's sake.

9 Wherefore should the nations say, Where is now their God?

10 But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he pleased.

11 Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

12 They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

13 They have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not;

14 They have hands, but they

handle not; teet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat.

15 They that make them shall be like unto them; yea, every one that trusteth in them.

16 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

17 O house of Aaron, trust ye in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

18 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

19 The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us:

20 He will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

21 He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

22 The Lord increase you more and more, you and your children.

23 Blessed are ye of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

24 The heavens are the heavens of the Lord; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

25 The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence;

26 But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 28

PSALM 40

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay;

3 And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

4 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:

5 Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

6 Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,

7 And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

8 Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward:

9 They cannot be set in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

10 Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in;

11 Mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

12 Then said I, Lo, I am come; in the roll of the book it is written of me:

13 I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.

14 I have published righteousness in the great congregation;

15 Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

16 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;

17 I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:

18 I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

19 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:

20 Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

21 For innumerable evils have compassed me about, mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;

22 They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart hath failed me.

23 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord.

24 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

25 Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

26 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION 29

PSALMS 61, 62

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

3 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

4 For thou hast been a refuge for me, a strong tower from the enemy.

5 I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever: I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

6 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

7 Thou wilt prolong the king's life; his years shall be as many generations.

8 He shall abide before God for ever:

9 O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.

10 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

11 My soul waiteth in silence for God only: from him cometh my salvation.

12 He only is my rock and my salvation:

13 He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.

14 My soul, wait thou in silence

for God only; for my expectation is from him.

15 He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my high tower; I shall not be moved.

16 With God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

17 Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

18 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

19 In the balances they will go up; they are together lighter than vanity.

20 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

21 If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

22 God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God.

23 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth lovingkindness;

24 For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

SELECTION 30

PSALM 51

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

2 According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

3 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

4 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

5 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight:

6 That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

7 Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

8 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

9 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

10 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

11 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

12 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

13 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

14 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

15 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation: and uphold me with a willing spirit.

16 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

17 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;

18 And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

19 O Lord, open thou my lips;

20 And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

21 For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:

22 Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

23 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

24 A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 31

PSALM 25

1 Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, in thee have I trusted, let me not be ashamed;

3 Let not mine enemies triumph over me.

4 Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:

5 They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.

6 Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

7 Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;

8 For thou art the God of my

salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

9 Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

10 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

11 According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

12 Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

13 The meek will he guide in justice; and the meek will he teach his way.

14 All the paths of the Lord are lovingkindness and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

15 For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

16 What man is he that feareth the Lord?

17 Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

18 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the land.

19 The friendship of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

20 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

21 Turn thee unto me, and have

mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

22 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: Oh bring thou me out of my distresses.

23 Consider mine affliction and my travail; and forgive all my sins.

24 Consider mine enemies, for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

25 O keep my soul, and deliver me:

26 Let me not be put to shame, for I put my trust in thee.

27 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait on thee.

28 Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

SELECTION 32

PSALMS 32, 130

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my groaning all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid:

6 I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

7 For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

8 Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.

9 Thou art my hiding-place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;

10 Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

11 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

12 I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.

13 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

14 Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.

15 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked;

16 But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

17 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous;

18 And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

19 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

20 Lord, hear my voice: Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

21 If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand?

22 But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

23 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

24 My soul looketh for the Lord more than watchmen look for the morning.

25 Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

26 O Israel, hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy,

27 And with him is plenteous redemption.

28 And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

SELECTION 33

PSALM 139: 1-18, 23, 24

1 O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

3 Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

4 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

6 Such knowledge is too wonder-

ful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

7 Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

9 If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

10 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

11 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

12 If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

13 Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day:

14 The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

15 I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:

16 Wonderful are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

19 Search me, O God, and know

my heart: try me, and know my thoughts;

20 And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 34

PSALM 86

1 Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and answer me; for I am poor and needy.

2 Preserve my soul; for I am godly: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord; for unto thee do I cry all the day long.

4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant; for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;

6 And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

7 Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and hearken unto the voice of my supplications.

8 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee; for thou wilt answer me.

9 There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;

10 Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

11 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;

12 And they shall glorify thy name. For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

13 Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

14 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart; and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

15 For great is thy lovingkindness toward me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit.

16 O God, the proud are risen up against me, and the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul.

17 And have not set thee before them.

18 But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

19 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;

20 Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thy handmaid.

21 Show me a token for good, that they who hate me may see it, and be put to shame,

22 Because thou, Lord, hast helped me, and comforted me.

SELECTION 35

PSALMS 116, 117

1 I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 The cords of death compassed me, and the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he saved me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

10 I believe, for I will speak: I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, all men are liars.

12 What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

14 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people.

15 Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

16 O Lord, truly I am thy servant: I am thy servant, the son of thy handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds.

17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

18 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people;

19 In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

20 O praise the Lord, all ye nations; laud him, all ye peoples.

21 For his mercy is great toward us;

22 And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 36

PSALM 72

1 Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with justice.

3 The mountains shall bring

peace to the people, and the hills, in righteousness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people,

5 He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

6 They shall fear thee while the sun endureth, and so long as the moon, throughout all generations.

7 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.

8 In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

9 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the River unto the ends of the earth.

10 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

11 The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall render tribute:

12 The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

13 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him;

14 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth, and the poor, that hath no helper.

15 He shall have pity on the poor and needy, and the souls of the needy he shall save.

16 He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence; and

precious shall their blood be in his sight:

17 And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

18 And men shall pray for him continually; they shall bless him all the day long.

19 There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

20 The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

21 His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

22 And men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him happy.

23 Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things:

24 And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

SELECTION 37

PSALMS 99, 105: 1-8, 106: 1-5

1 The Lord reigneth; let the peoples tremble:

2 He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

3 The Lord is great in Zion; and he is high above all the peoples.

THE PSALTER

4 Let them praise thy great and terrible name: holy is he.

5 The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity, thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

6 Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool: holy is he.

7 Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name;

8 They called upon the Lord, and he answered them.

9 He spake unto them in the pillar of cloud:

10 They kept his testimonies, and the statute that he gave them.

11 Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God:

12 Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their doings.

13 Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy.

14 O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name; make known his doings among the peoples.

15 Sing unto him, sing praises unto him; talk ye of all his marvellous works.

16 Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

17 Seek ye the Lord and his strength; seek his face evermore.

18 Remember his marvellous

works that he hath done, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth,

19 He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth.

20 He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

21 Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

22 For his mercy endureth for ever.

23 Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord or show forth all his praise?

24 Blessed are they that keep judgment and he that doeth righteousness at all times.

25 Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people;

26 O visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the prosperity of thy chosen,

27 That I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation,

28 That I may glory with thine inheritance.

SELECTION 38

PSALM 104

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great:

thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

2 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot;

4 Who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh winds his messengers; flames of fire his ministers;

5 Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be moved for ever.

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture; the waters stood above the mountains.

7 At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

8 They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys, unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

10 He sendeth forth springs into the valleys; they run among the mountains;

11 They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst.

12 By them the fowl of the heavens have their habitation; they sing among the branches.

13 He watereth the mountains from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man;

15 That he may bring forth food out of the earth, and bread that strengtheneth man's heart.

16 He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

17 Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.

18 The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their food from God.

19 The sun ariseth, they get them away, and lay them down in their dens.

20 Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

21 O Lord, how manifold are thy works!

22 In wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.

SELECTION 39

PSALM 119: 1-8, 33-36, 41, 43

1 Blessed are they that are perfect in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

THE PSALTER

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

3 Yea, they do no unrighteousness; they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us thy precepts, that we should observe them diligently.

5 O that my ways were established to observe thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will give thanks unto thee with uprightness of heart, when I learn thy righteous judgments.

8 I will observe thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

10 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

11 Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.

12 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

13 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

14 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

15 I will meditate on thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

16 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

17 Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live; so will I observe thy word.

18 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

19 Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

20 Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

21 Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

22 Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

23 Let thy mercies also come unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

24 So shall I observe thy law continually for ever and ever.

SELECTION 40

ISAIAH 9, 2-8, 42, 1-10

1 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

2 They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3 Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy:

4 They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

5 For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

6 And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

7 Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end,

8 Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom,

9 To establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever.

10 The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.

11 Behold my servant, whom I uphold; my chosen, in whom my soul delighteth:

12 I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles:

13 He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

14 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:

15 He shall bring forth judgment in truth.

16 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth;

17 And the isles shall wait for his law.

18 Thus saith God the Lord, he

that created the heavens, and stretched them forth;

19 He that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it;

20 He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

21 I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,

22 And give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

23 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon,

24 And them that sitteth in darkness out of the prison house.

25 I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images.

26 Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth.

SELECTION 41

ISAIAH 11: 1-9

1 And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse,

2 And a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit:

3 And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

4 The spirit of wisdom and understanding,

5 The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

6 And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord:

7 And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,

8 Neither decide after the hearing of his ears:

9 But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth.

10 And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

11 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

12 And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

13 And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

14 The cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

15 And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,

16 And the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den.

17 They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

18 For the earth shall be full of

the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

SELECTION 42

ISAIAH 35

1 The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;

2 And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

3 It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing;

4 The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon:

5 They shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God.

6 Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

7 Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

8 Behold, your God will come with vengeance, with the recompense of God; he will come and save you.

9 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,

10 And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

11 Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

12 For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

13 And the glowing sand shall

become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water:

14 In the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

15 And an highway shall be there, and a way,

16 And it shall be called The way of holiness;

17 The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for the redeemed.

18 The wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

19 No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there;

20 But the redeemed shall walk there;

21 And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:

22 They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 43

ISAIAH 40, 1-11

1 Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

2 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,

3 That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned;

4 That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

5 The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord,

6 Make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

7 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low:

8 And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

9 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

10 The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry?

11 All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

12 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

13 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

14 O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain;

15 O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

16 Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

17 Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him;

18 Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompence before him.

19 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom,

20 And shall gently lead those that have their young.

SELECTION 44

ISAIAH 55

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money;

2 Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

3 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

4 And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

5 Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

6 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live:

7 And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

8 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples.

9 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,

10 And a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

11 Because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

12 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

13 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:

14 And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

15 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

16 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

17 For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

18 And maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

19 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

20 It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,

21 And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

22 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace:

23 The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

24 And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

25 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:

26 And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION 45

Christmas

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory.

4 Glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth.¹

5 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,

6 That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.²

7 And thou shalt call his name

Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins.³

8 My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

9 For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

10 For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

11 And his mercy is unto generations and generations on them that fear him.⁴

12 And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.

13 Because there was no room for them in the inn.

14 And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

15 And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

16 And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:

17 For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

¹ JOHN i. 1, 2, 14.

² JOHN iii. 16.

³ MATT. i, 21.

⁴ LUKE i. 46-50.

18 And this is the sign unto you:
Ye shall find a babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes, and lying in a
manger.

19 And suddenly there was with
the angel a multitude of the heavenly
host praising God, and saying,

20 Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace good will toward
men.⁵

SELECTION 46

ISAIAH 53

Good Friday

1 Who hath believed our mes-
sage? and to whom hath the arm of
the Lord been revealed?

2 For he grew up before him as a
tender plant, and as a root out of a
dry ground;

3 He hath no form or comeliness;
and when we see him, there is no
beauty that we should desire him.

4 He was despised, and rejected
of men; a man of sorrows, and ac-
quainted with grief:

5 And as one from whom men
hide their face he was despised, and
we esteemed him not.

6 Surely he hath borne our griefs,
and carried our sorrows:

7 Yet we did esteem him stricken,
smitten of God, and afflicted.

8 But he was wounded for our
transgressions, he was bruised for
our iniquities:

⁵LUKE ii, 8-14.

9 The chastisement of our peace
was upon him; and with his stripes
we are healed.

10 All we like sheep have gone
astray; we have turned every one
to his own way;

11 And the Lord hath laid on him
the iniquity of us all.

12 He was oppressed, yet when
he was afflicted he opened not his
mouth;

13 As a lamb that is led to the
slaughter, and as a sheep that before
its shearers is dumb; so he opened
not his mouth.

14 By oppression and judgment
he was taken away; and as for his
generation, who among them con-
sidered

15 That he was cut off out of the
land of the living for the trans-
gression of my people to whom the
stroke was due?

16 And they made his grave with
the wicked, and with a rich man in
his death;

17 Although he had done no vio-
lence, neither was any deceit in his
mouth.

18 Yet it pleased the Lord to
bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

19 When thou shalt make his
soul an offering for sin, he shall see
his seed, he shall prolong his days,

20 And the pleasure of the Lord
shall prosper in his hand.

21 He shall see of the travail of
his soul, and shall be satisfied:

22 By the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many: and he shall bear their iniquities.

23 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,

24 And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

25 Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:

26 Yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 47

Easter

1 Now late on the sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week,

2 Came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

3 And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven,

4 And came and rolled away the stone, and sat upon it.

5 His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

6 And for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men.

7 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified.

8 He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

9 And go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen from the dead;

10 And lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo: I have told you.

11 And they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word.

12 And behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. Be not afraid.¹

13 I am the resurrection, and the life:

14 He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.²

15 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

16 Who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

17 Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

18 Who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.³

19 If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above,

¹ MATT. xxviii. 1-10.

² JOHN xi. 25

³ I PETER i. 3-5.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

20 Where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God.

21 Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth.

22 For ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

23 When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory.⁴

24 Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.⁵

SELECTION 48

PSALMS 145, 67: 5-7

Thanksgiving Day

1 I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

2 Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

4 One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5 Of the glorious majesty of thine honor, and of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.

6 And men shall speak of the

might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

7 They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

8 The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

9 The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

10 All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Lord. And thy saints shall bless thee.

11 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

12 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

15 The eyes of all wait for thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.

16 Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

17 The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.

18 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

⁴ COL. iii. 1-4.

⁵ I COR. xv. 57.

19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry and will save them.

20 The Lord preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy.

21 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

22 Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

23 The earth hath yielded its increase: God, even our own God, will bless us.

24 God will bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 49

ISAIAH 60

Missions

1 Arise, shine; for thy light is come,

2 And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

3 For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples:

4 But the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

5 The nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

6 Lift up thine eyes round about,

and see: they all gather themselves together, they come to thee:

7 Thy gates also shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day or night;

8 That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations, and their kings led with them.

9 For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish;

10 Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

11 The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together;

12 To beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

13 And the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee;

14 And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;

15 And they shall call thee The city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

16 Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee,

17 I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

18 Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, desolation nor destruction within thy borders;

19 But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

20 The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:

21 But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

22 Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself.

23 For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

24 Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever.

25 The branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

26 The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in its time.

SELECTION 50

ISAIAH 61; MATT. 28: 19-20

Missions

1 The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

2 He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

3 To proclaim the year of Jeho-

vah's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God;

4 To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,

5 To give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

6 That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

7 And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations,

8 And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

9 And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,

10 And aliens shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers.

11 But ye shall be named the priests of the Lord: men shall call you the ministers of our God:

12 Ye shall eat the wealth of the nations, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

13 Instead of your shame ye shall have double; and instead of dishonor they shall rejoice in their portion:

14 Therefore in their land they shall possess double: everlasting joy shall be unto them.

15 For I the Lord love justice, I hate robbery with iniquity;

16 And I will give them their

recompense in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

17 And their seed shall be known among the nations, and their offspring among the peoples:

18 All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

19 I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God;

20 For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,

21 As a bridegroom decketh himself with a garland,

22 And as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

23 For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth;

24 So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

25 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;

26 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

SELECTION 51

DEUT. 28: 1-14; PSALM 67: 1-4

The Nation

1 And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,

2 To observe to do all his commandments which I command thee this day,

3 That the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth:

4 And all these blessings shall come upon thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

5 Blessed shalt thou be in the city,

6 And blessed shalt thou be in the field.

7 Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle,

8 The increase of thy kine, and the young of thy flock.

9 Blessed shall be thy basket and thy kneadingtrough.

10 Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.

11 The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thee:

12 They shall come out against thee one way, and shall flee before thee seven ways.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

13 The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy barns, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto:

14 And he shall bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

15 The Lord shall establish thee for an holy people unto himself, as he hath sworn unto thee;

16 If thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

17 And all the peoples of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord;

18 And they shall be afraid of thee.

19 And the Lord shall make thee plenteous for good, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground,

20 In the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to give thee.

21 The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain of thy land in its season, and to bless all the work of thine hand:

22 If thou shalt hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and to do them;

23 And shalt not turn aside from any of the words which I command you this day, to the right hand, or to the left, to go after other gods to *serve them*.

24 God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us;

25 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy salvation among all nations.

26 Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

27 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy;

28 For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

SELECTION 52

ROMANS 13; I Cor. 13

LOVE

Owe no man anything, save to love one another:

For he that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law.

If there be any other commandment, it is summed up in this word: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: love therefore is the fulfilment of the law.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have not love,

2 I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

3 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge;

4 And though I have all faith so as even to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

5 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned,

6 But have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

7 Love suffereth long and is kind;

8 Love envieth not, vaunteth not herself, is not puffed up;

9 Doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own;

10 Is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

11 Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness but rejoiceth with the truth;

12 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

13 Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;

14 Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;

15 Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

16 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

17 But when that which is perfect shall come, that which is in part shall be done away.

18 When I was a child I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:

19 Now that I am become a man I have put away childish things.

20 For now we see in a mirror darkly;

21 But then it shall be face to face:

22 Now I know in part, but then shall I fully know as also I am fully known.

23 But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;

24 But the greatest of these is love.

SELECTION 53

JOHN 14, 16; GALATIANS 5, 6

THE HOLY SPIRIT

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter,

That he may be with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth:

Whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him:

Ye know him; for he abideth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you. Yet a little while, and the world beholdeth me no more:

But ye behold me: because I live, ye shall live also.

But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name,

He shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you.

When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father,

Even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me.

It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you;

But if I go, I will send him unto you.

And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me:

Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world hath been judged.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth;

For he shall not speak from himself; but what things soever he shall hear, these shall he speak:

And he shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify me:

For he shall take of mine, and *shall declare it unto you.*

All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine:

Therefore said I, that he taketh of mine, and shall declare it unto you.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness,

Faithfulness, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk.

He that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life.

SELECTION 54

HEAVEN

1 And I saw a new heaven and a new earth:

2 For the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

3 And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God,

4 Made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

5 And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them,

6 And they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God:

7 And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes;

8 And death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

9 And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it:

10 For the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

11 And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof:

12 And the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it.

13 And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal,

14 Proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof.

15 And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month:

16 And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

17 And there shall be no curse any more:

18 And the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein:

19 And his servants shall do him service;

20 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads.

21 And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun;

22 For the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

23 Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to come to the tree of life,

24 And may enter in by the gates into the city.

25 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.

26 And he that heareth, let him say, Come.

27 And he that is athirst, let him come:

28 And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

29 He which testifieth these things saith, Yea: I come quickly.

30 Amen: come, Lord Jesus.

31 The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you all.

32 Amen.

SELECTION 55

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

1 We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

2 All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

3 To thee all angels cry aloud;

4 The heavens and all the powers therein;

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

5 To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, — Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

6 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

7 The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.

8 The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

9 The noble army of martyrs praise thee.

10 The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;

11 The Father of an infinite majesty;

12 Thine adorable, true and only Son;

13 Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

14 Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

15 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin.

16 When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death thou didst

open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

17 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

18 We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

19 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

20 Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

21 O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

22 Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

23 Day by day we magnify thee;

24 And we worship thy name ever, world without end.

25 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

26 O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

27 O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

28 O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

Prayers and Collects

The Lord's Prayer

First Prayer

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

The Minister

Second Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

A General Confession

(To be said by the Minister and Congregation)

Third Prayer

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, we have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore Thou those who are penitent; according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake; that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

A General Thanksgiving

(To be said by the Minister and Congregation)

Fourth Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we, Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men; we bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

Prayers and Collects

A Prayer for All Conditions of Men

Fifth Prayer

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for Thy holy Church universal; that it may be so guided and governed by Thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

A Prayer for the Unity of God's People

Sixth Prayer

O GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away whatsoever may hinder us from union and concord; that as there is but one Body and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayers for Social Blessings

Seventh Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech Thee to assist us by Thy heavenly grace, that we may follow the example of our Saviour Jesus Christ, in pitifulness of heart towards all those who are forlorn and distressed, in the desire to raise the fallen and protect the weak, in willingness to spend and be spent in the service of others; that all our hopes and desires being truly fixed on righteousness and justice, we may without weariness or wavering fight the good fight, and in the end, having finished our course in faith and patience, may have an abundant entrance ministered unto us into Thy eternal kingdom: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Eighth Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech Thee to prosper the godly endeavors of all such as desire Thy kingdom and toil for the general peace and happiness of mankind; granting them wisdom and discretion in all their undertakings, patience under their difficulties, triumph over their enemies, and a happy issue out of all their struggles, to the end that Thy kingdom may come and Thy Name be glorified; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Prayer for National Blessings

Ninth Prayer

MOST Gracious God, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, we heartily beseech Thee for Thy servant, the President of these United States, that he may always incline to Thy will and walk in Thy way; and that *Thou wilt likewise bless all who are set in authority over us, that their consulta-*

Prayers and Collects

tions may be directed to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the safety, honor, and welfare of the Nation; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations. These, and all other necessities, for them, for us, and for Thy whole Church, we humbly beg in the Name and Mediation of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Tenth Prayer *A Prayer for Missions*

O ALMIGHTY God, whose dearly beloved Son, after His resurrection from the dead, did send His apostles into all the world to preach the Gospel to every creature; hear, we beseech Thee, the devout prayers of Thy people, and look down in Thy compassion upon the multitudes that are as sheep having no shepherd, and upon the fields now white unto the harvest. Bless those Thy servants who, after the example of Thy first missionaries, have gone far hence to the nations, and prosper Thou their work of faith and labor of love; send forth more laborers into Thy harvest, to gather fruit unto life eternal; and grant us grace and power to be fellow-workers with them by prayers and offerings, that we may also rejoice with them in Thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Eleventh Prayer *Dedication of the Alms of the People*

FATHER in heaven, may these offerings bear fruit unto the glory of Thy Holy Name. Only of Thine own have we given Thee, for all that we have cometh of Thine hand and is Thine. Keep this, we humbly beseech Thee, forever in the thoughts of our heart, that as stewards who shall be found faithful we may be able to render unto Thee with joy a full account of our stewardship. Amen.

Twelfth Prayer *Abhent*

A LMIGHTY God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

Thirteenth Prayer *Lent and Holy Week*

O MOST mighty God and merciful Father, who hast compassion on all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made: Who wouldest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live: Mercifully forgive us our trespasses; receive and comfort all who are grieved and wearied with the burden of their sins; enable us to overcome our temptations, and henceforth live a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Fourteenth Prayer

A LMIGHTY and most merciful God, who didst permit Thine only Son, our Saviour, to endure such contradiction of sinners against Himself, that being tempted in all points like as we are He might yet be without sin; enable us amid all

Prayers and Collects

the manifold conflicts of this present time that we may follow His good example, and at last attain to that blessedness which He has prepared for all who truly love and serve Him; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Easter Day

Fifteenth Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, who through Thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we beseech Thee that, by Thy grace enabling us, we may rise from the death of sin into the life of righteousness; and that being evermore nourished and strengthened by the same grace, we may pass the time of our sojourning in the continual faith and hope of the life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

All Saints' Day

Sixteenth Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and hast prepared for all those who truly serve and follow Him such joys hereafter as ear hath not heard, nor eyes seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to comprehend: grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come at the last to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast promised to all who unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Closing Prayers

Seventeenth Prayer

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Eighteenth Prayer

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Nineteenth Prayer

A Prayer of Chrysostom

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

The Benediction

THE Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.



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